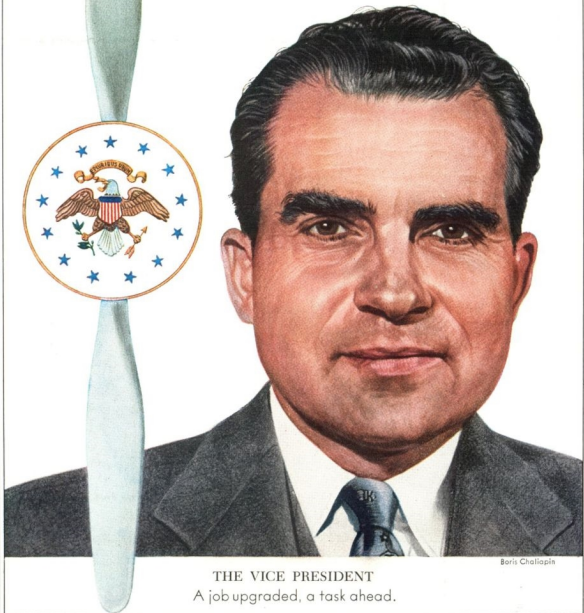


STATE of the **UNION**
with four pages of **IKE** in color

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

THE VICE PRESIDENT
A job upgraded, a task ahead.

New '54 Plymouth



On this page you see the beauty of it.

On the next page you see some of the value in it.

under the Beauty

solid value

Here are some of the new **PLYMOUTH'S** features...you judge the value

HY-DRIVE—newest, smoothest, least expensive no-shift driving in a low-price car. You get away fast in one flowing motion

like this  not like this 

Plymouth Hy-Drive lets you hold your car on an upgrade without using your brakes; gives you engine braking in down-hill driving.

Hy-Drive is available as optional equipment—at the lowest cost of any no-shift drive in the low-price field!

NEW POWER STEERING

and it operates full-time—"on duty" every mile you drive. You can turn the front wheels of a Plymouth with one finger when the car is standing still. And it makes parking a cinch. Power Steering does the driving work, you get the driving fun. Optional equipment at low extra cost.



Roads feel like this



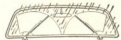
not like this

TRULY BALANCED RIDE Plymouth's famous Oriflow Shock Absorbers, low center of gravity, angle-mounted rear springs combine to give a Plymouth remarkable stability on all types of roads.

SAFE-GUARD HYDRAULIC BRAKES with two cylinders in each front brake where competing low-price cars have but one. Plymouth owners know they can count on smooth, quick, predictable stops.

SAFETY-RIM WHEELS which, in the event of a blowout, hold the deflated tire straight on the rim—keep it from twisting and causing loss of control.

CLEAR VIEW AHEAD—ALWAYS! The wide, one-piece windshield is virtually distortion-free, and Plymouth's low hood silhouette lets you see more of the road directly ahead.



In rain. Plymouth's electric windshield wipers act constantly—they never slow down when you step on it!



In shine. Solex Glass, available at low extra cost, protects you from the glare and heat of the sun.

GOOD IDEAS are found in the Plymouth!



For example:

Front seats in all two-door models are divided $\frac{1}{2}$ — $\frac{2}{3}$, not in the center. People in rear leave without disturbing those up front.



For another example:

The glove compartment in a Plymouth is located in the center of the instrument panel, within easy reach of the driver.



ROOM FOR COMFORT in a Plymouth! You enter through the widest and highest doors in the low-price field. The doors open to a straight-out position—and they stay there.

Comfort Level Seats, with their entirely new "spring on spring" construction, give full contact support from hips to shoulders, put driver and passenger in a natural sitting position—a special comfort when you are on a long trip.

These are only a few of the features in the new 1954 Plymouth. Your Plymouth dealer will gladly make one of these cars available so that you may judge for yourself the value built into this great new automobile.

PLYMOUTH

Chrysler Corporation's No.1 Car



Tune in Medallion Theatre every week on CBS-TV.
See the TV page of your newspaper for time and station.

**this free
booklet
shows you**

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to use
3-D
pictures
for profit**

Profitable uses for View-Master 3-dimension color pictures in business are almost limitless. Since 1939 hundreds of companies have used View-Master stereo color pictures with spectacular results. The new simple-to-operate View-Master Personal Stereo Camera now makes it possible for small as well as large companies to use this highly effective selling medium... at very low cost. The 24-page booklet pictured above tells how companies of all types and sizes utilize stereo pictures in their business. Write for this valuable booklet and sample 3-D picture Reel... they may suggest a profitable application in your business.

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

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Position _____



LETTERS

Hand to Mouth

Sir:

Indeed, I admire President Eisenhower. But I was surprised to see the President's hand over little David's mouth [Jan. 4]. In front of a public camera, I don't think that the great Calvin Coolidge would have cupped his hand over a child's mouth to prevent him from expressing mild gossip.

PAUL W. SCHNASE

Twin Falls, Idaho

Favorite Gals

Sir:

Two of my favorite "gals" made TIME [Dec. 38]: Grandma Moses, who causes the question to be asked, "Are you related to Grandma Moses?" (I'm somewhere on the family tree); the other—Clementine Paddelford, who keeps me behind the range from morning to night.

MRS. H. E. MOSE

Lafayette, Ind.

Sir:

Grandma Moses is a great, even a fabulous personality. Just look at that life beaming from your cover portrait. But her paintings are trash. The boys in the galleries are having great fun cashing in on a lucky winner, while the "discriminating" collectors have nothing to lose but a few greenbacks for the ride. She is a sweet old lady, as you say, whom "no one" could possibly have invented—and therefore that much more commercializable on a jaded, novelty-hungry public...

The issue is not at all whether hers is great art... but whether or not she is a great artist. I agree that she is... There

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TIME
January 18, 1954

Volume LXIII
Number 3

TIME, JANUARY 18, 1954

B.F. Goodrich



Traction Express tires roll 114,000 miles for food processor



TRACTION EXPRESS TIRES give more original mileage than a regular tire plus a recap, users report. Open spaces in the tread and shoulders prevent heat build-up. Square-cut shoulders and angled grooves defy slippage.

GREAT WESTERN FOODS is a food processing company in Fort Worth, Texas. Its trucks deliver canned products to wholesale grocers throughout the southwest, travel a million miles a year on B. F. Goodrich tires.

Recently the company tried a set of new BFG Traction Express tires—made especially for drive-wheel use. All of these Traction Express tires have rolled over 114,000 miles on the original tread and are still going strong! (Driver S. P. Allen examines one above.)

And truckers all over the country report similar mileages, call the B. F. Goodrich Traction Express the 100,000-mile tire. One reason for these outstanding records is the all-nylon Traction Express cord body.

Nylon is stronger than ordinary cord materials. It withstands double the impact, resists heat blowouts and flex breaks. The rugged Traction Express body outwears even its extra-thick tread—up to 46%

thicker than that of regular tires—and can still be recapped over and over!

This B. F. Goodrich tire is molded with the beads close together. When mounted, air pressure spreads the beads to full rim width. The sidewalls act as levers, compressing the tread. A compressed tread resists abrasion, adds mileage.

The all-nylon Traction Express more than repays its slight extra cost with bonus miles of service. (Rayon construction at lower prices.) See your B. F. Goodrich retailer. The address is listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Or write *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Tire & Equipment Div., Akron 18, Ohio.*

Specify
B. F. Goodrich
tires
when ordering
new trucks



NEW!



"The PUB"

Streamliner "CITY OF DENVER"

OVERNIGHT SERVICE
CHICAGO • DENVER
— NO EXTRA FARE —

Here's a really beautiful train designed for the comfort and enjoyment of Pullman and Coach passengers. One of its most distinctive features is an entirely new club car "The PUB," which carries out the atmosphere of old-world charm in its decor and gleaming oak furnishings.

There also are attractive lounge and dining cars. And you have a wide choice of freshly prepared meals.

The "City of Denver" leaves Chicago 5:00 pm, arrives Denver 8:30 am...leaves Denver 3:30 pm, arrives Chicago 8:30 am.

THE HALF FARE FAMILY TRAVEL PLAN applies when boarding the "City of Denver" on any MONDAY, TUESDAY or WEDNESDAY.

NOW IN SERVICE — A NEW Challenger

Streamliner between Chicago - Los Angeles. Features budget dining-car meals: breakfast 65¢, luncheon 85¢, dinner \$1.00. A no-extra-fare train.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

is greater value in painting a painting, to society as well as the artist, than there is in either the subsequent purchase or sale of it. The real question: How can a great artist produce trash? Answer: lack of training or undeveloped skill.

R. S. BARRIO

Alhambra, Calif.

Sir:

Your article... refreshingly presents one of America's most interesting artists... Grandma Moses has done much to bring good art into our national life; she dispels the myth that art is the province of the wealthy and the eccentric—it belongs to all of us. Perhaps her greatest contribution is to show the value of creating. Although untrained, Grandma Moses has no need for numbered paintings, but rather, paints what she feels... She serves as an inspiration in this age of tension and fear...

JONATHAN MARSHALL

New York City

Further Four-Letter Words

Sir:

Your Jan. 4 article about radio stations... sent me rummaging through lists... I came up with what I was looking for—a station I hope to visit some day: KNOX, Grand Forks, North Dakota.

ROBERT S. KNOX

Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

... Why not come to Santa Barbara and get KIST? (Owned by Harry Butcher, former aide to General Dwight D. Eisenhower.)

FRANK ROWLEY

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Sir:

May I add... those of the Wabash city schools' educational radio station WSKS? These call letters stand for "Wabash School Kids' Station."

PETE JONES

Wabash, Ind.

Royal & Friendly Feelings

Sir:

... TIME should be congratulated for an excellent article [Dec. 28] on Queen Elizabeth's recent visit to the Friendly Islands. Moreover, you should be lauded for devoting space to the gracious Queen Salote and her happy-go-lucky subjects.

I was stationed near the Tongan capital, Nukualofa, during the war. My artillery outfit was part of a task force consisting of Naval and Army units... and your fine account revived many pleasant memories. Tonga was (and is) a soldier's paradise—I recommend it as a haven to... non-artistic escapists.

JAMES A. SPRUNGER

Falls Church, Va.

SIR:

PROTEST NO MENTION OF THE ROYAL VISIT TO FIJI. THE COMMONWEALTH'S MOST LOYAL SUBJECTS GAVE IMPRESSIVE AND SINCERE WELCOME.

BOB HOWLETT

FIJI VISITORS' BUREAU

SUVA

Extravagant Devotion?

Sir:

The Church of England Newspaper has labeled as "rank heresy" the implications it found in our Holy Father's prayer [composed for the opening of the Marian Year—TIME, Dec. 28]. If the implications were true, it would be heresy. The Pope himself would be the first to denounce idolatry of Mary. The Virgin Mary remains dear to the hearts

A Self-Check:

HOW MANY OF THESE NEW BOOKS HAVE YOU BEEN "MEANING TO READ" AND HAVE FAILED TO?

- ☐ **CRSS DELAHANTY** by Jessamyn West
- ☐ **FIRE IN THE ASHES** by Theodore H. White
- ☐ **TOO LATE THE PHALAROE** by Alan Paton
- ☐ **THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS** by Chas. A. Lindbergh
- ☐ **SAYONARA** by James A. Michener
- ☐ **THE AGE OF THE MODULS** by Stewart H. Holbrook
- ☐ **VERMONT TRADITION** by Dorothy Canfield Fisher
- ☐ **THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA** by Ernest Hemingway
- ☐ **ANAPURNA** by Maurice Herzog
- ☐ **THE COMPLETE OGDEN NASH** —in five volumes
- ☐ **THE SILVER CHALICE** by Thomas B. Costain
- ☐ **THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY** by Ernest K. Gann
- ☐ **THE CAINE MUTINY** by Herman Wouk
- ☐ **THE SEA AROUND US** by Rachel L. Carson
- ☐ **THE MAUGHAM READER**
- ☐ **THE SILENT WORLD** by Capt. J. Y. Cousteau
- ☐ **THE NEW YORKER 25th ANNIVERSARY ALBUM**
- ☐ **CHARLES DICKENS (2 vols.)** by Edgar Johnson
- ☐ **ABRAHAM LINCOLN** by Benjamin P. Thomas
- ☐ **BEYOND THE HIGH HIMALAYAS** by Wm. O. Douglas
- ☐ **LIFE IN AMERICA** by Marshall B. Davidson
- ☐ **THE ADVENTURES OF AUDIE MARCH** by Saul Bellow
- ☐ **IDEAL MARRIAGE** by Th. H. Van de Velde, M.D.
- ☐ **THE MATURE MIND** by H. A. Overstreet

HOW OFTEN DO YOU HEAR YOURSELF SAYING:



"No, I haven't read it,
I've been meaning to!"



MEMBERSHIP IN THE Book-of-the-Month Club
WILL REALLY KEEP YOU FROM MISSING THE NEW
BOOKS YOU ARE EAGER TO READ

THE SELF-CHECK you have made at the left may reveal a sobering fact: the *extreme degree* to which you have allowed the irritating business of your life to keep you from the books you promise yourself to read. *There is a simple way to break this bad habit*, and many hundred thousand perspicacious readers over the country—like yourself—will vouch that it is effectual: membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club.

YOUR CHOICE IS WIDE: Your only obligation as a member, under the special offer below, is to buy six books during your first year of membership—and after your first year as a member you need buy only four such books a year. Every month the Club's distinguished Editorial Board chooses one outstanding work as the Book-of-the-Month. But in addition, the Club makes available Special Editions of widely discussed books. The list at the left is a good example of the wide range of books always available.

YOU BUY WHAT YOU PLEASE: As to the Book-of-the-Month, you buy it only when you want it. You receive a full and careful report about it in *advance of its publication*. If you judge it is a book you would enjoy, you let it come. If not, you send back a form (always

provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may simply say, "Send me nothing."

YOU PAY MUCH LESS: When you do buy the Club selection, you usually pay less for it than you otherwise would. Last year the average was 27% less! But there is a still greater saving: *After your sixth purchase under this special offer, for every two Club selections or Special Editions you buy, you receive, free, a valuable Book-Dividend from the Club.*

THE BOOK-DIVIDEND SYSTEM... WHAT IT IS: This unique system is member profit-sharing, similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed proportion of what you pay is set aside in a Book-Dividend Fund, which is used to manufacture enormous editions of other books, each of which is a Book-Dividend given without charge to members.

GOOD SENSE: Frequently you intend to buy Club selections, not knowing they are such. *Why not buy them from the Club?* You will usually pay less for them. You will share in the Book-Dividend plan. And, perhaps most important—in view of your self-check—this whole system will really keep you from missing the new books you want to read.

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Winston Churchill



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Address _____

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Glass
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E. Steigerwald and Sons, General Contractor.



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of most Christians (well, some) and all Roman Catholics, who regard her as our strongest intercessor before God.

We attribute no divinity to Mary. Prayer for her intercession does not "transplant faith from Christ..." nor does it "displace the Third Person of the Trinity." Any Roman Catholic holding that it did would be liable to excommunication... The last paragraph of the article is not only unintelligent but a little degrading—to accuse men who have dedicated their chastity to God of substituting in their imaginations the Virgin Mary "to occupy the place of a wife."

JOHN J. PHILLIPS, C.S.S.P.

Pittsburgh

Sir:

The Virgin Mary is not a Freudian hook to hang a frustrated hat on. She simply is the Mother of God, and will, with her open arms, accept and receive even those who despise her, acting as Mediatrix, advocate and helper. As a lawyer, I know the value of a good advocate; as a married Catholic man with a happy home life, I know the value of a good wife and helper; but... a man still needs God, and without Mary there is no God the Son...

WILLIAM H. MAIER

Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

Why must the Anglican publications lean so heavily upon the crutch of criticism of Rome—especially if they do not have even an elemental understanding of Roman Catholic beliefs such as the place Mary occupies in Catholic dogma?... From some of their more recent railings, it seems their publications have degenerated into a hodgepodge of misguided attacks on certain facets of Catholic belief.

Why this unadorned negativism? Why these attacks? Does it fill a hungry feeling for something a little more substantial than what they have?

JOHN B. DOUGHERTY

Hibbing, Minn.

Sir:

This Anglican and a good many others repudiate wholeheartedly the vulgarities of the *Church of England Newspaper*... If this publication had confined itself to a theological critique of Pope Pius' Marian Year prayer, noting how prayers couched in such terms seem to us to upset the balance of Christian devotion, we should have been in complete agreement...

PROFESSOR EUGENE R. FAIRWEATHER
Trinity College
Toronto, Ont.

Sir:

I accuse TIME of a calculated attempt to keep alive and foment religious discord and animosity... between Protestants and Catholics, and between Protestants and Protestants... This is tawdry and despicable...

(THE REV.) ROBERT J. MURPHY,
C.S.P.

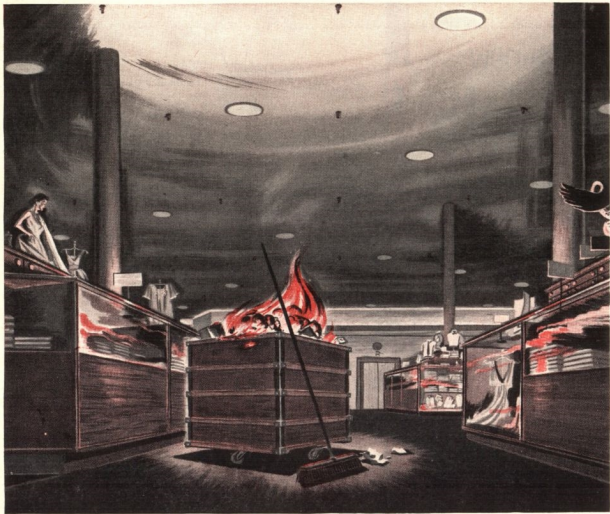
St. Andrews Church
Clemson, S.C.

The Boy Who Read Dryden

Sir:

Your closing sentence in the Fraden murder story, "Harlow was reading Dryden" [TIME, Dec. 28], may or may not come to have classic rank with "Veni, Vidi, Vici" or "Damn the torpedoes," but it will have at least as much effect as your suggestion (after last year's election) that the "eggheads" voted for Stevenson, in undermining your readers' respect for intellectual effort and our cultural heritage.

I can see thousands of your readers saying: "Who is this guy Dryden? Has he ever



The fire that will put itself out

Countless buildings are protected from fire by ingenious devices that detect fires and put them out. For example, the heat from this fire itself will turn on a sprinkler system and sound a fire alarm. Other types of alarms sound warnings in a central station. These automatic devices operate when temperatures reach a certain point—usually 165 degrees—or rise at an excessive rate. Fire insurance engineers have established standards of installation and operation for these devices and in other fields have developed 60 additional standards for your safety and protection.

For over 150 years the capital stock fire insurance companies have been protecting home owner, business man and farmer against unexpected losses. This protection enables men to invest in the future with confidence. It gives security to millions of families. Furthermore, your premium dollars do double duty. As a reserve fund, they are held to pay your losses; as working dollars, they are used to help build new homes, new plants, new businesses.

Today, 200,000 agents and brokers, representing

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the new Miracle MONGOL



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business pencil
in the world!*

Most everyone takes a pencil for granted until the point breaks or wears down too quickly... until it needs constant, wasteful sharpening... until the writing gets hard to read.

It is the elimination of these annoyances that marks the tangible superiority of the new Miracle MONGOL.

One feature alone—longer wear—makes each new Miracle MONGOL a smarter buy. One that pays off handsomely in substantial savings for busy business offices. Order some and see!

EBERHARD FABER

Since 1849



*Smoother Writing!
Blacker Lines!
Extra Strength!
Longer Wear!*

PERFECTION!

The new Miracle MONGOL is pencil-perfect at both ends. Exclusive compastic lead for more natural and easier writing, plus an eraser of fabulous Pink Pearl quality that removes mistakes cleanly.

NEW BULL'S EYE MARKING

spotlights each of 5 degrees of hardness



been investigated?" Another few thousands "Thank heaven, I never wasted any time on Dryden!" And a few dozens: "Oh dear, perhaps I'd better give Milton instead next semester!"

WILLIAM F. MARQUARDT

Wichita, Kans.

Death of a Unionist

Sir:

Bully for you, for publishing the Rev. Jack Hesketh's words at Jimmy Alcock's funeral (TIME, Jan. 4). They should be engrossed on deathless parchment, and a framed copy presented to every legislator and judge in the land.

J. H. COMPTON JR.

Westfield, N.J.

The Hidden Problem

Sir:

Your Dec. 28 Medicine Section makes a refreshingly clear and honest presentation of a difficult problem. Too long we have banished from society and thrown into prison the homosexual, rather than treating him as what he is: a medical problem. Too long have we blamed these helpless unfortunates for a personality that is not of their own making, but the natural result of their unhappy home life. Thanks to Dr. Kinsey, and the lifting of taboos on discussing the subject, we are making progress...

It ill befits civilized people to relegate the sexual deviate to the unhappy position of the outcast and the criminal... Articles such as yours will go a long way to help us face the problem squarely and thereby to assist the unfortunate individuals caught... in the mesh of their own emotions...

HERBERT L. CAMERON

Charlottesville, Va.

Overstreet on Deck

Sir:

Thank you for your report, in your issue of Dec. 21, on the recent experience of my wife and myself in Tucson, Ariz. We do feel that we were able to carry through our work there unscathed by the flames of the "burning deck" and reassuringly warmed by the support of press and public... Out of fairness to Congressman Velde and his committee, we are trying to keep straight the fact that we were not, in any legal sense, "cleared" by his letter to us. The committee, as we understand it, is not set up with any authority to give anyone a technically definitive "clearance." What we had from Mr. Velde was a letter to the effect that a sworn affidavit which we had voluntarily provided, because we wanted to straighten things out for all any ambiguities about certain tenuous "affiliations" of years past, was acceptable to the committee as a "clarification and completion of the record..."

Again, to say that we personally received a citation from the California American Legion for our anti-Communist activities rather overstates the case. The citation was given to a radio series... to which I contributed, thus I was included within the citation—but it was not to me personally.

Perhaps I ought to hang my head a little and make yet one more qualifying remark: Some of my vague "affiliations" with groups whose Communist tie-up or Communist leanings I learned about later were scattered here and there through the 1920s; not all were as long ago as the 1930s. My wife, by the way—as Mr. Velde has reported to us—has never been listed by the committee at all, and I do not think that any member of the Legion in Tucson claimed that she had been. Her "crime" is that of associating with me!

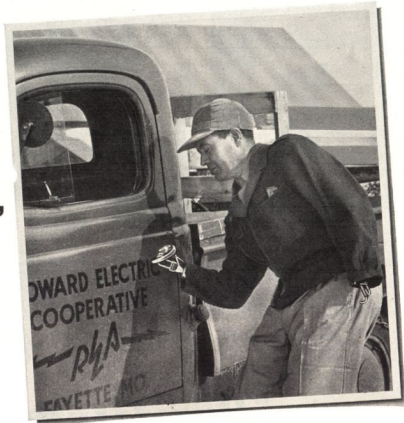
H. A. OVERSTREET

Mill Valley, Calif.

Did you read "Long Road Back" in LIFE, December 7th? Here's more on the same story.

"I LOST BOTH HANDS"

as told by
ROGER ROBB
of Fayette, Missouri



"I'm the guy who took 7,200 volts of electricity through my body — and lived. But I felt like dying when I learned that my burned arms had to be amputated to save my life.

"During the first agonizing days of my disability, I lived a lifetime, worrying about what was going to happen to me and my family. Sure, I'd get compensation payments. But I know I could never afford that home my wife and I had dreamed about. And how could a man without hands earn enough to educate his kids?

"Then came my first ray of hope! The Liberty Mutual Rehabilitation Nurse came to the hospital to see me. She convinced me that I could work again. She sent me to their Rehabilitation Center in Boston. And they paid for my wife to come along and care for me. What a place that was!

"First they took x-rays and they fitted me with artificial arms made just for me. But when I tried them on I got pretty discouraged. They felt like lead weights. And worst of all, I couldn't reach my face.

"But that didn't stop those Rehabilitation people. They went back to work readjusting the arms and even redesigned them twice. They made them fit. Now it was up to me. Everybody was pulling for me, the docs, the therapists — and most of all my wife and two children. I just couldn't let them down. And I didn't. It wasn't long before I could dress myself, shave, drive a car and even smoke a cigarette with my store-made hands. Believe me, it was great!

"When they sent me home, I found my children waiting for me — with outstretched arms. There was something else waiting for me, too. A job as boss lineman."

The story of Roger Robb is a typical example of the work carried on at Liberty Mutual's Rehabilitation Center. But rehabilitation is only one phase of "Humanics" — the most complete program ever devised by an insurance company to cut down loss in industry. By reducing the uninsured cost of accidents and by cutting compensation costs, "Humanics" can increase your profits. For information, call the nearest Liberty Mutual office, or write to us at 175 Berkeley St., Boston 17, Massachusetts.


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HOME OFFICE: BOSTON

We work to keep you safe



Dorothy Kilgallen, newspaper columnist and TV star says, "In my line travel time is important—so when I cross the Atlantic I appreciate the speed, comfort and dependability of Pan American Clippers." Pan Am has made over 44,000 Atlantic crossings.



Lowell Thomas and his son greet each other as Lowell, Jr. arrives from Turkey. "It feels mighty good," say the Thomases, "to know that almost anywhere in the world we want to go, we can go by Clipper—and be flown by U.S. pilots, the best in the business."



Richard Button, Olympic and World skating champion, says, "Comfort means a lot to me in flying . . . so I especially like the extra room Pan American's big, double-decked 'Strato' Clippers give." PAA flies more double-decked airliners than any other airline.

Experienced travelers agree:

"PAN AMERICAN KNOWS



Jacques Fath, the famous French designer, says, "Comfort in traveling is to me most important. Apparently Pan American World Airways recognizes this because they provide more berths across the Atlantic than any other airline." You can reserve a berth on any first-class flight for a modest surcharge.



Lauren Bacall. "The wonderful way Pan American takes care of its passengers on *The President Special* makes me certain they know their business. It was a superb flight!" Lauren Bacall stars in "*How to Marry a Millionaire*," 20th Century-Fox picture in CinemaScope. Color by Technicolor.

AND you'll know it, too, the moment you step aboard. You'll feel relaxed, assured—in the most competent, most experienced airline hands in the world.

Behind the ease and efficiency of your flight lies a quarter-century of air pioneering and leadership. First across the Atlantic, the Pacific, in Latin America—FIRST IN AIR TRAVEL THE WORLD AROUND—Pan American has but one aim: "Better and better air transportation at lower and lower fares for more and more people."

So well has this aim been carried out, you can now fly *The Rainbow* (Clipper* Tourist service) from New York as far as Calcutta, India, and save \$508 over first-class summer fares. Comfort all the way!

You can fly other Clipper Tourist services to all Europe, the Middle East, the Caribbean, Latin America, Hawaii. See list at right for typical fares . . . call your Travel Agent or Pan American for tickets.

PAN AMERICAN



Judge and Mrs. Harold Medina both agree, *It's certainly true that Pan American knows how to run an airline!* His Honor and Mrs. Medina chose a giant Pan American Clipper for their recent visit to Bermuda, for rest on the way, and for rest and study in the Islands. Pan American is the most popular airline to Bermuda.



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HOW TO RUN AN AIRLINE!"

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—on the World's Most Experienced Airline

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Choose from these and hundreds of other
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Bermuda from New York	95	115	3
San Juan from New York	128	180	6
Guatemala City from Los Angeles	—	288	8½
Hawaii from the West Coast	250	319	10
London from New York	425	610	12
Rio de Janeiro from New York	723	828	20
Buenos Aires from Miami	779	918	17½
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Fares to nearest dollar, plus U. S. tax where applicable.

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Escape from winter! Notice on the map above how many of Pan American's world-wide routes run South and across the Equator. You can be basking in warm sunshine in the West Indies, Bermuda, Hawaii, Rio de Janeiro—or many other vacation lands—in a matter of hours by swift, sure Clipper. Take your winter vacation now and enjoy better health and efficiency all year!

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World's Most Experienced Airline



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Many costly clerical errors can be traced directly to the fatigue that comes from poor seating.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

ON a recent Tuesday morning a phone rang in one of TIME's Manhattan offices. It was a call from the Circulation Department asking for a job to be done in a hurry. The job was a letter, which had to be printed and in the mail within three days. Could it be done? The answer was yes. Two days later, 160,000 finished letters were on their way and two handy little machines were folding and inserting more letters into envelopes for mailing at the rate of 4,000 an hour.

THE office that handled this particular job is a department in TIME Inc. called Central Printing. It handles an average of

3,000 printing jobs each year, which add up to a total of some 300 million pieces of printed matter. They range from special circulation and promotion letters and projects to annual reports, stationery and Christmas cards. The job of supervising this volume of internal printing calls for a good manager who also knows art, layout, type and paper.

THE man in charge of the Central Printing Department is Amos Bethke, who heads a staff of seven. The majority of printing orders are farmed out to regular printers and letter-mailing houses. But every job that comes in seems to have its particular problem. There is, for example, a book listing 18,000 different prices for envelopes and letters alone.

AS SOON as a printing order comes in, one of the staff takes over, selects the paper, picks an engraver, chooses a printer and schedules the job. "The important thing," says Bethke, "is to fit the job to the equipment which can do it best and most economically. The kind of job and the equipment of various plants are controlling factors in who does the work."

BETHKE began to learn about type at the age of eleven in Groton, S. Dak., when he got a job as printer's devil on the local paper, the Groton Independent. His tutor was Shop Foreman John Thoeny, who now owns the paper. Bethke worked before and after school and all day Saturday for a salary of \$3 a week. He began to learn hand composition, then linotype, layout and makeup. After graduating from high

school, he worked as editor of the paper for a year before going to Dakota Wesleyan University. During summers he toured the Midwest as an itinerant printer. "Working with the last of a famous breed, the oldtime tramp printers."

BETHKE next took a job as advertising manager for a small paper in Tarpon Springs, Fla. When the Florida boom broke in 1926, he headed for New York with \$50 in his pocket, got a linotyper's job on the New York Times the next day. For a year he saved money by living rent-free on the third floor of a Greenwich Village house occupied by a group of unemployed actors and an organization dedicated to the preservation of American

Indians. In lieu of rent, Bethke played the piano for the society's weekly meetings. As he recalls, "it was always the same tune—'Onward, Christian Soldiers.'"

In a series of later production jobs in New York and Boston, Bethke worked for advertising offices of department

stores, specifying type and doing layout. At night he went to school to study graphic arts and typography. It was in his Boston period that Bethke's type work caught the eye of Typographic Service Co. in New York, one of the largest suppliers of type service in the world. To an invitation to come down for an interview, Bethke replied that he would, but added: "I warn you I'll make no impression whatsoever on you." He got the job.

URING the next nine years, before coming to TIME Inc., Bethke tried his hand at designing a new type ("It was a lovely idea, but didn't come off; it was ashkanked"). One of his special jobs for TIME: designing the type and layout for the News Quiz.

PRINTING is a fine craft, says Bethke. "You can use your head and hands and create something that satisfies your eye and your taste." At home Bethke gets further satisfaction from a 100-year-old flat bed hand press on which he has turned out, among other things, a specially designed and printed children's book.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

A black and white photograph of a man and a woman standing in a room filled with various household appliances and furniture. The man is in a suit, and the woman is in a dress. They are surrounded by items like a refrigerator, stove, washing machine, dryer, television, radio, vacuum cleaner, and various small kitchen appliances.

ANACONDA

MANUFACTURERS OF: Electrical wires and cables, copper, brass, bronze and other copper alloys in such forms as sheet, plate, tube, pipe, rod, wire, forgings, stampings, extrusions, flexible metal hose and tubing. "ANACONDA" IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK.

In Metals

It's an age of exciting new electrical appliances. But, despite warnings, our homes—and factories too—often suffer from “skimpy” wiring. Here's how Anaconda helps your electrician correct this situation for you.

IS YOUR house—or apartment—almost new? *Already its wiring may be dated.*

Our “electrical” needs have grown day by day. Electric light companies have been saying this for years. Now, as we buy dishwashers, grills and air conditioners at an amazing rate, these needs have become acute.

Wiring never seems to catch up. Even just after we build them, we sometimes find our homes *underwired*. We can't enjoy all the fun, comfort and freedom from work that electricity offers.

Our factories feel the same pinch. We install wonderful new machines. Only to find last year's wiring a bottleneck.

Best prescription: wire ahead—years ahead! It costs less in the long run. Anaconda Wire & Cable Company now offers your electrician a wide choice of many new wires and cables. Modern plastic and synthetic rubber insulations make it possible to replace outgrown circuits most economically.

Good products and modern production methods—to meet U. S. metal needs—are typical of Anaconda and its manufacturing

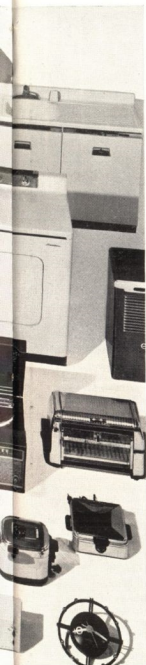


3-D GEOLOGY SHOWS COPPER TREASURE. Since 1876 Anaconda's famous Butte Hill in Montana has yielded over 13 billion pounds of copper. For more than 50 years three-dimensional records of Butte's geological structure were kept. Recently, this precise geological mapping paid off. It showed vast resources of low-grade ores. Anaconda is now tapping a proved reserve of 2,600,000,000 *extra* pounds of copper from “the richest hill on earth.” Much is already going into wires, cables and brass mill products for our homes, factories and electric companies.

subsidiaries. From their mills come products as varied as pre-formed *copper* tube grids for radiant panel heat, *stainless steel* flexible connections for jet engines, and *aluminum* cable, steel reinforced, for electrical transmission lines.

Leadership is a habit with Anaconda and its subsidiaries. Each is a part of a fully integrated business working with many metals. That's why each can serve you better . . . *today and tomorrow.*

DDMTA



WHERE WILL WE GET THE “EXTRA” ELECTRICITY WE NEED? In 10 years, electric companies have doubled their generating capacity, and in the next 10 years will doubtless double again. This year, the new Astoria plant of Con Edison will give New York City 360,000 kilowatts more power capacity. The American Brass Company, an Anaconda subsidiary, supplied thousands of “aluminum-brass” tubes which condense the steam that turns its turbines. Anaconda is well-equipped to help engineers select the best metals for such tubes. Its experience with copper and copper alloys goes back over a century.

Your family deserves a **Magnavox** now



ROOM BY
HUMPHREY &
HARDENBERG, INC.

THE MODERN CONCERTO. Three high-fidelity speakers (two 12", one 5"), true extended-range tone in both phonograph and AM-FM radio, 3-speed changer, Pianissimo Pick-up. Genuine mahogany or white oak. Only \$298.50.

The *High-Fidelity* radio-phonograph that gives you custom performance in fine furniture styling!

THERE'S a new world of pleasure in music awaiting you in new extended-range recordings, and in high-fidelity FM radio, too! You need only the instrument to release it—to re-create all the richness, transparency, and brilliance of the living performance.

Magnavox is the instrument, the greatest reproducing instrument ever developed. And more, Magnavox is always beautiful furniture, matching high-fidelity in

sound reproduction with the finest in cabinetmaking.

Choose from a wide selection of styles, priced from \$99.50 to \$495. You could pay up to a thousand dollars more and still get neither the fidelity, quality, nor value of a high-fidelity instrument by Magnavox.

Visit your Magnavox dealer's (Classified phone book lists his name)—learn how the rich beauty of new recordings and high-fidelity FM can be yours.



THE PLAYFELLOW.

Most sensational table model high-fidelity phonograph made. Equipped with two 6" high-fidelity speakers, powerful push-pull amplifier, 3-speed changer, and exclusive Pianissimo Pick-up. Only...\$99.50.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

A New Course

Wherever jet planes crisscross the skies, the U.S. is acknowledged to be strong. Wherever dollars go, it is acknowledged to be rich. No lucky by-blows of fortune, this strength and wealth are products of a national character. In recent decades, the national character has not been so plain as its products. That is why the U.S., more than it is understood, is feared for its strength and courted for its money.

All heads of state have a primary, supraconstitutional duty to express the national character so that foreigners and, even more importantly, the state's own citizens will understand it. Seldom has this function been better performed than in Dwight Eisenhower's second State of the Union message—the first since he developed the new, firm grasp on his formidable job (TIME, Dec. 28).

The message is specific, pragmatic and programmatic—as befits a business nation. The President invented no new goals, avoided argument with the concepts of his predecessors, rang no alarms, voiced no threats.

Through the departmentalized details of his proposals runs a clear, consistent thread, joining each fact and each measure with all the others. The thread is the general good. He has not thrown together a hodgepodge of group interests. Every proposal—especially the well-defined new strategic program and the sections on the domestic economy—seems to have been tested by the standard of the whole nation's interest.

It is a waste of time to try to judge this message by how closely it conforms to the Roosevelt and Truman policies, or how far it departs from them. Eisenhower is not trying to expunge the New Deal, or to project it. He is taking off from the facts of life as they are in the U.S., A.D. 1954, and going on from there to outline, in a new tone of confidence, a new course.

For all its strength and all its wealth, the U.S. has been reacting skittishly to internal pressures and external alarms. It has not been moving on a path consciously and deliberately chosen. The President notes that, in the international struggle, the initiative is coming into U.S. hands. That is no accident. Initiative is a bird that can be snared only by a firm purpose. It will never roost for those—however strong or rich or right—who do not know what they want to do with it.



Mark Kauffman—LIFE

STATE OF THE UNION

FOR more than four months, Dwight Eisenhower and his team labored over the State of the Union message. The job began last September, when the President sent out a call to heads of 20 major departments and agencies of the Federal Government. From the mountain of data that poured in, the White House staff distilled a 15,000-word rough draft. Then, line by line, President Eisenhower knifed through it with his sharp yellow pencil, suggesting, rewriting, calling for more new facts. The process went on at the White House, then in the little office in Georgia above the pro shop at the Augusta National Golf Club. In all, the message went through more than 20 formal drafts. Last week, only four hours after the last careful change had been sent through, President Eisenhower, message in hand, strode briskly into the House of Representatives.

It was a message of tremendous scope, ranging the whole field of the Federal Government's problems and responsibilities from the atom to the family's medical bill, asking Congress for legislation on more than 30 points and promising at least eight more detailed messages. It was a message that proudly enumerated substantial accomplishments and confidently outlined aims for the future.

The past year, said the President, brought "much for which we may be thankful. First of all, we are deeply grateful that our sons no longer die on the distant mountains of Korea . . . The nation has just completed the most prosperous year in its history. The damaging effect of inflation . . . has been brought under control. The cost of our Government has been reduced, and its work proceeds with some 183,000 fewer employees; thus the discouraging trend of modern governments toward their own limitless expansion has been in our case reversed. The cost of armaments becomes less oppressive as we near our defense goals; yet we are militarily stronger every day."

The President discussed strategy with a frankness and cogency never before equaled in a State of the Union message. "Communist aggression, halted in Korea, continues to meet in Indo-China the vigorous resistance of France and the Associated States, assisted by timely aid from our country. In West Germany, in Iran and in other areas of the world, heartening political victories have been won by the forces of stability and freedom. Slowly but surely, the free world gathers strength.

"Meanwhile, from behind the Iron Curtain, there are signs that tyranny is in

trouble and reminders that its structure is as brittle as its surface is hard. There has been, in fact, a great strategic change in the world during the past year. That precious intangible, the initiative, is becoming ours. Our policy, not limited to mere reaction against crises provoked by others, is free to develop along lines of our choice . . ."

Carefully departmentalizing his subjects, the President discussed the status of the U.S. and his recommendations field by field, point by point:

Brood Foreign Policy. The keystone of U.S. foreign policy is unity and strength in the free world's struggle against the Communist conspiracy. "More closely than ever before," said the President, "American freedom is interlocked with the freedom of other people." He could soon submit to Congress the mutual-security pact with the Republic of Korea, where "we are prepared to meet any renewal of armed aggression." The U.S. will continue to maintain bases in Okinawa, will continue to aid the non-Communist forces in Indo-China. Applause welled up from the Congress when he announced a clear, firm policy for an area often surrounded by doubt under the previous Administration: "We shall continue military and economic aid to the Nationalist government of China."

In Western Europe, U.S. policy rests firmly on the North Atlantic Treaty and on the formation of the European Defense Community. In the world as a whole, "the United Nations, admittedly still in a state of evolution, is the only real world forum . . . for international presentation and rebuttal," and "deserves our continued and firm support." (Minimum applause.) The U.S. will continue military and technical assistance abroad, but will reduce economic aid, except in a few critical areas, e.g., Korea. Said the President: "The fact that we can now reduce our foreign economic assistance in many areas is gratifying evidence that its objectives are being achieved."

Trade, Not Aid. A step that can benefit "our taxpayers and our allies alike is the creation of a healthier and freer system of trade and payments within the free world—a system in which our allies can earn their own way and our own economy can continue to flourish. The free world can no longer afford . . . arbitrary restraints on trade."

The Atom. Firmness and a tone of optimism characterized the President's pronouncement: "As we maintain our military strength during the coming year and draw closer the bonds with our allies, we shall be in an improved position to discuss outstanding issues with the Soviet Union. Indeed, we shall be glad to do so wherever there is a reasonable prospect of constructive results. In this spirit, the atomic-energy proposals of the U.S. were recently presented to the United Nations General Assembly. A truly constructive Soviet reaction will make possible a new start toward an era of peace, and away from the fatal road toward atomic war."

National Defense. President Eisenhower put in a sharper focus than ever before the nature of the new defense program, built around increased atomic power and reduced manpower. For a policy which "will enable us to negotiate from a position of strength as we hold our course toward a peaceful world," he proposed: 1) increase strength in the air, 2) share with our allies certain knowledge of the tactical use of nuclear weapons, 3) improve manpower and reserve policies to regain "maximum mobility of action," 4) increase benefits to keep well-trained, long-term career men in the service, 5) improve our continental defenses. Later special messages will spell out the details of the President's recommendations. As part of the continental defense system, the President urged that the U.S. join with Canada in the construction of the much-debated St. Lawrence Seaway.

Internal Security. Since the Eisenhower Administration took office, it has separated more than 2,200 employees from the payroll as security risks. This was far larger (by 744) than the last figure reported. With the comment that Communist activities in the U.S. are "akin to treason," the President made a recommendation that brought the loudest roar of approval from Congress: "I recommend that Congress enact legislation to provide that a citizen of the United States who is convicted in the courts of hereafter conspiring to advocate the overthrow of this Government by force or violence be treated as having, by such act, renounced his allegiance to the United States and forfeited his United States citizenship."

While this proposal seemed to win wide public approval,

second-thought criticisms in Washington took two main courses. One view was that it raised serious questions of principle (Should the U.S. set this kind of precedent for establishing classes of political outcasts?). Another view was that the proposal does not go much beyond present U.S. statutes. A provision of the Nationality Act of 1940, later incorporated in the McCarran Act (but never tested in the courts), provides that any citizen, "by birth or naturalization, shall lose his nationality by . . . attempting by force to overthrow . . . the United States." Thus the difference between what is on the books and what is proposed appears to be only the difference between "attempting" and "conspiring to advocate."

The Economy. The President left no doubt that his Administration is determined to prevent a depression. He said that his recommendations for congressional action will include: flexible credit and debt-management policies; tax measures to stimulate consumer and business spending; suitable lending, guaranteeing, insuring and grant-in-aid activities; strengthened old-age and unemployment-insurance measures; improved agricultural programs; public-works plans laid well in advance; enlarged opportunities for international trade and investment.

The Budget. In a budget designed to "foster individual initiative and economic growth," proposed expenditures will be \$5 billion less than during the current year, making a total cut of \$12 billion in the annual spending level of the Federal Government since the Eisenhower Administration took office.

National Debt. Because of the great backlog of Government commitments, the President renewed his request that the national-debt limit be raised from \$275 billion to \$290 billion. No applause came from the Congress. Many members glanced toward Virginia's Senator Harry Byrd, who opposes a debt-limit increase, and a nervous titter rippled across the chamber.

Taxes. Reductions in personal income taxes and expiration of the excess-profits tax were made possible "only because of the substantial reductions . . . in governmental expenditures." Further tax cuts previously scheduled for this year, e.g., in the regular corporation-tax rate and the excise taxes on liquor and gasoline, should be postponed. When further cuts are made in government expenditures, there should be further cuts in taxes, said Eisenhower with a smile, "so that taxpayers may spend their own money in their own way."

Agriculture. When he came to the agriculture section, Dwight Eisenhower showed—by facial expression and tone of voice—that he regarded this as one of the most difficult problems his Administration faces. But he forthrightly proposed a flexible support plan (see next page).

Post Office. To enable the mail to pay its own way, the President recommended approval of the bill, now pending in the House, to raise postal rates, including an increase in the regular intercity letter rate from 3 to 4¢.

Labor & Welfare. While taking the position that the Taft-Hartley Act is "basically sound," the President saw need for amendments. This week he sent Congress specific recommendations (see next page). In the welfare field, he urged extension of unemployment insurance to 6.5 million U.S. citizens not now covered (including civilian federal workers), and broadening of old-age and survivors' insurance to cover 10 million now excluded. In the health-insurance field, the President proposed "a limited Government reinsurance program" which "would permit the private and nonprofit insurance companies to offer broader protection to more of the many families which want and should have it." Vigorous applause greeted his statement that "I am flatly opposed to the socialization of medicine."

Housing. A new housing program which will include lower down payments and longer terms, so that more low-income families can own their own houses, will be detailed in a later special message. Said Eisenhower, who was born in a house near the railroad tracks in Denison, Texas: "If the individual, the community, the state and Federal Governments will alike apply themselves to the purpose, every American family can have a decent home." Then Ike added: "And no good American family should honestly have to be ashamed of its home."

Suffrage. Under this heading, the President offered three key proposals: 1) residents of the District of Columbia should get national suffrage and local self-government, 2) Hawaii should be made the 49th state, 3) the voting age should be lowered by constitutional action from 21 to 18.

THE ADMINISTRATION For Labor: A Compromise

President Eisenhower's recommendations on labor law, which went to Congress this week, were cut out of the same cloth as his State of the Union message. He recognized that the Wagner Act, passed "by bipartisan majorities" in 1935, was necessary to protect the workingman. He noted that the Taft-Hartley Act, passed "by bipartisan majorities" in 1947, was necessary to cope with the new power of unions. Taft-Hartley is sound legislation, Eisenhower said, but experience gained under it "indicates that changes can be made to reinforce its basic objectives."

The President's proposed amendments are a compromise between what labor and management want. They lean to labor's side, but not nearly enough to satisfy labor leaders. Among the recommendations:

¶ Secondary boycotts (using economic pressure against one employer to win a dispute with another) are "indefensible." But the law's sweeping ban on secondary boycotts should be amended to permit union action against 1) an employer who is performing farmed-out work for a struck employer, and 2) any employer on a construction site where another employer with a contract on the same site is struck. Also, the National Labor Relations Board should merely be permitted, not required, to seek an injunction in secondary-boycott cases.

¶ The law's provisions against union busting should be strengthened.

¶ Neither union nor management should be permitted to open a contract for new negotiations during a contract's term unless the contract specifies that it can be reopened or unless both parties consent.

¶ In cases of strikes which create a national emergency, the President should be able to require that his fact-finding board make specific recommendations for settling the dispute.

¶ In the construction, amusement and maritime industries, where employment is usually casual, temporary or intermittent, the law's ban on the closed shop should be relaxed. Employers and unions in these industries should be permitted to enter into agreements under which the union will be treated as the employees' representative, even before any employees are hired.

¶ A union should not be held responsible for an act of an individual member solely because of his membership in the union.

¶ The provision which requires union officials to sign non-Communist affidavits should be extended to employers.

¶ Congress should make clear that the right of free speech, as defined in the law, applies equally to labor and management.

¶ There should be a Government-supervised secret vote of the union members on whether they want to strike.

* For the Wagner Act: in the Senate, 49 Democrats, twelve Republicans; in the House, an overwhelming voice vote. For Taft-Hartley: in the Senate, 47 Republicans, 21 Democrats; in the House, 215 Republicans, 93 Democrats.

¶ An employee's authorization for a check-off of dues should be valid for the full life of the union-management contract, rather than for only one year.

In addition, the President looked forward to amendments on two other phases of the law: 1) he asked Congress to study methods of providing greater safeguards for the money paid into union welfare funds, and 2) he said the Administration is studying means of drawing a clear line between state and federal jurisdiction in labor disputes.

For Farmers: Flexibility

In this congressional election year, the vote-chaser's farm program would be a pleasantly flavored nostrum designed to produce a surplus of votes. This week, in the farm message he sent to Congress, President Eisenhower turned away from



Arthur Siegel
SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE BENSON
Down on the farm, the facts of life.

the politically expedient course. He faced the facts of life down on the farm.

The facts are uncomfortable. Granaries and warehouses are bulging with surplus farm crops—wheat, corn, cotton, dairy products—all paid for by the Government. Present farm laws still encourage production of surpluses. To meet 1954 commitments, the Administration had to ask for an increase from \$6.7 billion to \$8.5 billion in the amount it can spend on the price-support program. To meet the long-range aspects of the problem, the President and Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson proposed a basic change in the farm program.

"Insulations." Most important of the proposals: a shift, in 1955, to flexible supports for basic farm crops, e.g., wheat, corn and cotton. The basic-crop prices are now supported at 90% of parity. Under the Eisenhower program, a return to the principles of the farm bill passed by the 80th Congress, support prices would slide down to 75% of parity when a crop is in

surplus, rise to 90% when it is scarce. The theory: farmers, with an eye on the support price, would base their planting on the law of supply & demand. To cushion the effects of the change to flexible supports, the Federal Government would limit the rate at which support prices could drop to 5% a year. It would also "insulate" \$2.5 billion worth of Government-held surpluses, taking them out of the normal channels and diverting them to special uses, e.g., school-lunch programs and famine relief abroad.

There would be specific changes for various crops, e.g., corn-support prices would be allowed to drop faster than others because most corn, used to feed livestock, never leaves the farm on which it is grown.

Said Eisenhower, in his State of the Union message: "This farm program . . . will build markets, protect the consumer's food supply, and move food into consumption instead of into storage . . . It promises our farmers a higher and steadier financial return over the years than any alternative plan."

Help Needed. Other possible ways of handling the farm-price problem:

1) Ending price supports. This is politically unthinkable.

2) Continuing the present system, in which Government supports build up bigger and bigger surpluses for the Government to buy, thus encouraging still bigger and bigger surpluses, and so on.

3) Keeping rigid supports while cutting surpluses by stricter limitations of acreage, farm by farm, thus putting every farmer under Government control.

Despite the danger of these three other courses, Ike's program faced a rough time in Congress. The 1954 elections may well turn on the farm vote. Farmers are worried, sore over falling incomes, restive. If Benson is to get his program passed, he will need all the help Ike can give him.

THE ATOM

Agreement to Talk

Behind guarded doors, Secretary of State Dulles and Soviet Ambassador Georgi N. Zarubin sat down in Dulles' rose-mauve-carpeted office for half an hour this week to talk about a time, place and agenda for a conference on atomic questions.* The Dulles-Zarubin meeting was a fruit of President Eisenhower's U.N. speech proposing an atomic-material pool for peaceful uses. At first the Russians had attacked the speech; then, sniffing free-world approval of Ike's idea, they said they were willing to talk it over. Dulles suggested a preliminary exchange of views in Washington, and last week the Kremlin

* A subject with which Zarubin has more than the average diplomat's experience. Georgi Zarubin was the U.S.S.R.'s Ambassador to Canada when Code Clerk Igor Gouzenko fled the Russian embassy and, turning himself over to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, laid bare the workings of the Soviet Union's atomic spy ring in Canada, Britain and the U.S. Soon after Gouzenko told his story, Ambassador Zarubin abruptly left the country; he never returned.

agreed. Two days later, the Atomic Energy Commission announced that this month "men and materials will begin moving to the Pacific proving grounds [for] weapons tests of all categories," i.e., fission and thermonuclear.

THE CONGRESS

On Their Knees

The first drama of the new session of Congress took place last week, five hours after the President had delivered his State of the Union message, and after most Senators and Congressmen had pronounced their appraisals to newsmen and gone home to dinner. Just after dark, Ohio's white-haired Republican Senator John W. Bricker walked into the White House and made his way to Ike's second-floor study to meet with the President and an assortment of Administration brass, including Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, Attorney General Herbert Brownell and Senate Majority Leader Bill Knowland. The problem: what to do about the Bricker amendment (TIME, July 13), which has turned into a time-bomb threat to both G.O.P. unity and White House-congressional relations.

The Administration opposed the Bricker amendment at hearings last spring, but between sessions, John Bricker and his disciples carried their case through the nation. Bricker returned to Congress last week with not only the backing of his powerful old ally, the American Bar Association, but the endorsement of the American Medical Association and major veterans' groups. The plain fact confronting the conference in Ike's study: John Bricker had assembled enough Republican and Democratic votes to get his amendment through the Congress, and enough support in enough states to get the amendment into the Constitution.

Sticking Points. Brownell, Dulles, Knowland & Co. worked hard to get a compromise with the Bricker forces, but inevitably, both sides ran into two basic sticking points:

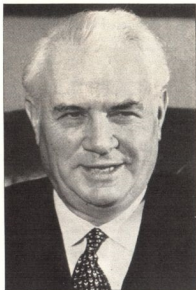
No. 1. Bricker insists that Congress shall have the power to regulate all executive agreements; the Administration will not yield these powers—which are all too slender in an era when events demand fast, detailed executive action in foreign relations.

No. 2. The amendment specifies that no treaty shall become the law of the land until both houses of Congress have passed enabling legislation. Bricker wants Congress to determine which treaties require enabling legislation; the Administration insists that the President must have the power to decide.

Dedicated Man. John Bricker's mood is one of dauntless dedication. He is willing to search for a compromise, if he can find one that suits his conscience. But he complains that the Administration does not really know its own mind. "It's my Administration," he says. "It's a Republican Administration. I want to get along with them. But they don't seem to want

to understand the issue. They haven't advanced one cogent argument against the principles of the resolution."

Bill Knowland is duty bound to call up the Bricker amendment for action in the Senate in the first weeks of the session. If no compromise can be reached with Bricker by then, the Administration has two fearsome choices: 1) tight-tipped acceptance of defeat, and all that it may mean in crippling the operation of U.S. foreign affairs; 2) a wide-open fight between



Walter Bennett

OHIO'S BRICKER
In the White House, a time bomb.

wings of the Republican Party, with subsequent peril to the Administration's legislative program.

Said Vice President Nixon at week's end: "All of the Republicans are virtually on their knees praying, but it'll take a miracle to bring this thing off."

ARMED FORCES

Full Speed Astern

Telephones jangled all over Washington within a few hours after the *Post* last week headlined on Page One: A-SUBMARINES HELD UNFIT FOR BATTLE NOW. Among those trying to find out about the story were Defense Secretary Charles Wilson, AEC Commissioner Lewis Strauss—and President Dwight Eisenhower. Cause of the excitement was a deliberate "leak" from the office of Rear Admiral Lewis S. Parks, the Navy's chief of information and distinguished submariner in World War II, who should have known better.

A Parks aide and fellow submariner, Commander Slade Cutter, onetime Annapolis football hero (he kicked the field goal that beat Army 3-0 in the 1934 game), was the direct source of the leak ("Hell," said an old Pentagon hand, "that was no leak, it was a fire hose"). The inside dope from the Parks office, as splashed out in the Pentagon pressroom: the atomic

submarine *Nautilus* is really unsuited for combat; it is too big, too expensive, too noisy; its torpedo tubes were added as an afterthought; its sonar equipment will not work at high speed; it has no safety features. All the criticisms were either false or distorted, and some of them were ridiculous as well.

A Brassbound Attempt. Veteran Pentagon newsmen recognized the story for what it was: a brassbound attempt to strike at Rear Admiral Hyman G. Rickover (TIME, Jan. 11) and his *Nautilus*. But a relatively inexperienced United Press reporter used the story. He quoted "a Navy spokesman," viz., Cutter, as saying: "The *Nautilus* is strictly a test vehicle. I doubt if she will ever fire a shot in anger."

When the story appeared in print, Strauss, Wilson and the White House raged. The White House called Strauss: Why, it wanted to know, is a Navy spokesman making destructive remarks about the boat which the top defense minds, including the Navy's best submariners, to say nothing of the President himself, have unqualifiedly approved.

The fact that Mrs. Eisenhower is to be the *Nautilus*'s sponsor at its christening next week aggravated the offense. Secretary Wilson, as the man in whose bailiwick the trouble had started, was madder than anyone.

A Radish-Red Admiral. Wilson called in a whole task force of top Pentagon personnel for a blistering, table-thumping session which started with midday lunch and ended after 6 p.m. Frequently during the afternoon, Wilson tapped with thumb and forefinger on a memorandum written by Parks and Cutter which, like the U.P. story, described the *Nautilus* as a "test vehicle." But a radish-red Admiral Parks stoutly denied that he had leaked the story.

The next day, Slade Cutter got Navy orders to go full speed astern. He had to endure the humiliation of going into the Pentagon pressroom and "leaking" the news that the *Nautilus* was indeed combat-worthy. When newsmen sniggered at his straight-faced efforts, Cutter said: "Well, that's the party line, anyway."

All in all, on the eve of the atomic revolution in seapower, it was one of the Navy's less-inspiring demonstrations.

Tell It to the Army

From their posts at Camp Barrett, two U.S. Marine sentries spotted a strange object and, in the best traditions of General Order No. 2 ("To observe everything that takes place within sight or hearing"), made their report to the Officer of the Day: a flying saucer had just landed near Quantico, Va., some 15 miles away. Marine spokesmen staunchly denied that 1) a Marine helicopter had flown to investigate and found nothing, 2) two platoons had been deployed to capture The Thing.

Last week the marines' flying saucer was identified: a new type of red blinker light on commercial airliners, stronger than those previously in use.



EISENHOWER: MAN IN MOTION

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY MARK KAUFFMAN

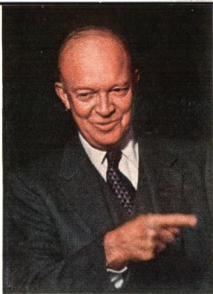
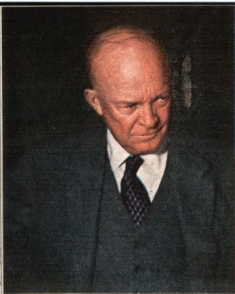
DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER is the most photographed and best reported man in the world, yet the stranger who sees him for the first time is inevitably surprised at what he sees. Partly this is true because newspaper readers and TV viewers think of Ike in black & white photographs, where his bland coloring makes for a washed-out picture. (Before he makes his TV broadcasts, the makeup men have to pencil in hairline and eyebrows.) But in full color Ike Eisenhower emerges as a warm study of a man of 63 years, ruddy of complexion from the jaw to the top of his broad, bald head, with the ruddiness contrasted by blue eyes, blond-whitish eyebrows and thin wisps of greying blond hair. The pictures on the following pages were taken at the White House and in Augusta, Ga., during the period when the President was working on his State of the Union message. They show that Ike is, facially and bodily, a man in motion.

Irrespective of their actual ages, some people move old, some move young. Ike moves young. It is noticeable in the

spring of his walk as he enters a room. It is noticeable in the flash-like speed in which he moves from sitting to striding in the middle of an interview. It is noticeable in a meeting when, with youthful effortlessness, he swings from a low slouch (pressure on third lumbar) to bolt upright.

The only time Ike seems to sag is when he is bored. When he is interested, his eyes sparkle and his mobile mouth twists to a hundred shadings of response—grins of varying intensity if he approves what he hears, a shallow S in disbelief, a wry turndown at the corners if he is disgusted. When the going is heavy he concentrates as he listens, sometimes fiddling absently with a cap on a front tooth with thumb and forefinger. Sometimes he picks up his heavy-rimmed spectacles and twirls them or chews the stems. Or he will play with the top of his right ear, then drop his hands to the desk to rub his knuckles and massage each finger (*see spread*).

Then Ike is out of his chair, ready with an answer. He paces the deep-piled green carpet, stopping occasionally to



cock his head at the ceiling to get a grasp on his thoughts. As he talks, he comes back to his desk, stands at an easy parade rest, plunging one hand into a pocket, or crossing and uncrossing his arms. His gestures have no oratorical flair, and betray no nervousness. Ike does not squirm or fidget. He moves smoothly, as an athlete moves.

If he is dictating he likes to sit on the edge of the desk and swing a putter or a nine iron. Or sometimes he slips a specially designed 5-lb. weight over the toe of his left shoe, and swings the leg back & forth to exercise the knee which he injured during his West Point football career.

If he is speaking to a small group, he may stab the air with an emphatic forefinger (*above*). Or, as he makes a solid point, he may make a clenching gesture with one fist, held so close to his side as almost to escape notice. But his expressive face does most of his gesturing for him; people rarely misunderstand Ike in a face-to-face conversation,

even though, in cold transcript, his sentences sometimes balloon into syntactical confusion.

Ike's staff knows the signs when his temper is tried. He claps a hand across his mouth, his long, spatulate fingers covering most of his face, and slowly appears to wipe the anger away. Occasionally he lets go like a geyser. His face creases with angry lines. His jaw juts out and he seems to be grinding his teeth. His face and head, to the back of his neck, turn red, and the veins in his temples throb. He bounds out of his chair and lets go a burst of profanity to scorch the ears of an infantryman. Then, with the pressure off, he relaxes almost contritely.

Far more frequent than the temper outburst is the magnificent Eisenhower laugh. It seems to start inside. His eyes turn warm, his eyebrows knot over his nose, the skin crinkles around the edges of his eyes, his nose flares, his head goes back and he roars with a deep-down merriment.

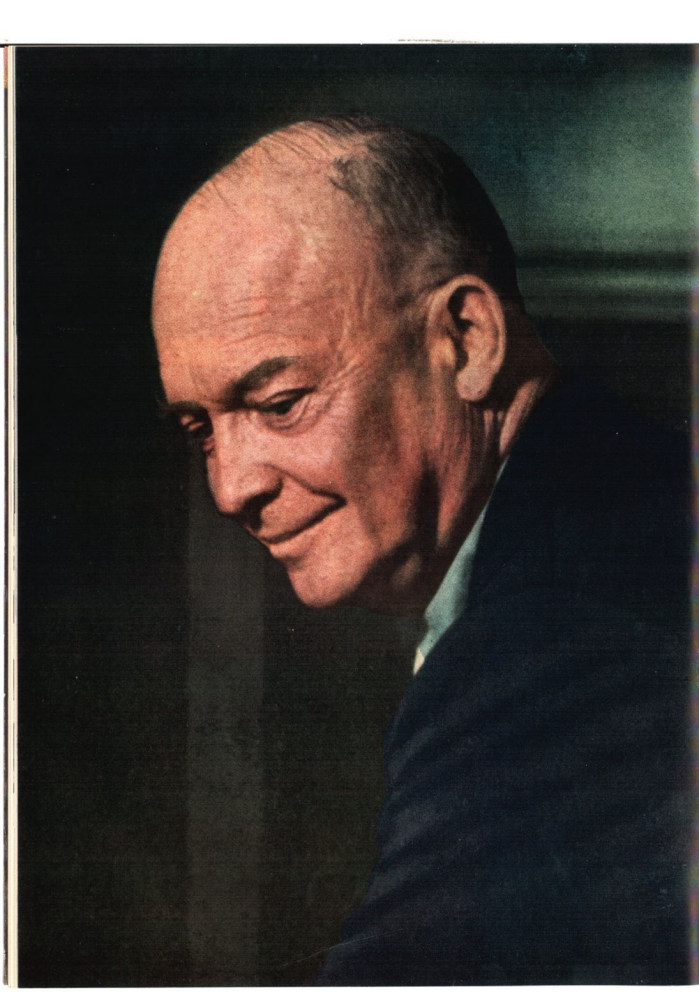


LEAVING CAR to attend church in Augusta, Ga., Ike swings out past Usher John Capers (center) and Secret Service man.



AFTER SERVICES, the President pivots to greet the Rev. Massey Heltzel outside Reid Memorial Presbyterian Church.





THE VICE PRESIDENCY

A Bridgebuilder

(See Cover)

Reminiscing last week about the job that took him to the White House, Harry Truman told a piece of personal history in homely barnyard simile: "I tried to argue with those fellows at Chicago [in 1944] that I didn't want to be Vice President. I told them, 'Look at all the Vice Presidents in history. Where are they? They were about as useful as a cow's fifth teat.'"

When he first said it, Harry Truman was roughly right; but today, any generalization about the uselessness of Vice Presidents falls over the example of Richard Nixon, 36th Vice President of the U.S., who is one of the busiest, most useful and most influential men in Washington.

Nixon has made himself into a projection of President Eisenhower. He builds bridges from the White House to Congress, to Government departments, to the officials and people of other lands, to the press and to the U.S. public. Much of his work is outside the spotlight's edge. But his unique achievement in making a real job out of the vice presidency is signaled by a sharp fact: he is the first Vice President in history to preside over meetings of the Cabinet and of the relatively new (1947) National Security Council. When press of other business calls Ike away in mid-meeting, Ike turns to Nixon and says, "Dick, you take over."

One day last August, during the President's Denver vacation, Vice President Nixon was scheduled to be chairman of a full NSC meeting for the first time. Staffers sitting around the room whispered among themselves about "how Junior will do." Recalls one of them: "After two minutes we had forgotten we called him Junior. Everything seemed natural."

It seemed natural because Nixon (unlike Harry Truman, who was not even told about the atomic bomb until he became President) has become, with Eisenhower's enthusiastic encouragement, steeped in knowledge of the U.S. strategic position and policy. His advice also carries as much weight as that of any of the men around Ike on such questions as internal security (including the McCarthy problem), labor policy, and general political tactics and timing.

To Be & Not to Do. The amazing redefinition of the Vice President's job can be appreciated by a glance at the records

of some of the first 35. They included a generous proportion of nonentities, some able men, and four towering figures: John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, John C. Calhoun and Theodore Roosevelt. Not one—not even the four greats—made anything of the job of Vice President.

Adams, who knew world political history as few men before or since his time, said that the vice presidency was "the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived." Jefferson found the post "tranquil and unoffending," assuring him of "philosophical evenings in winter" and "rural days in summer." When Henry Clay, defeated for the presidency, sour-

does not give the Vice President much work to do. His sole, specific mission is to preside over the Senate. Since the jealous Senate has always made it plain that "preside" was to be interpreted in the narrowest possible sense, anybody who can stay awake can do that job.*

If the Vice President is a strong character or has a political following independent of the President's, he can easily get into trouble. (Calhoun and Henry Wallace are two who got too big for their vice-presidential boots.) Most Vice Presidents, great and small, have accepted the apparently inevitable and used the office as a stepping stone to oblivion. They have resigned themselves to a part in which the sole importance is being around if the President dies or is incapacitated.

A Mixed Bag. A random sample of Vice Presidents might include:

¶ Aaron Burr (1801-05), who put the accent on the vice. Taking advantage of a gimmick (since corrected) in the Constitution, Burr, running for Vice President with Jefferson (who was running for President), was almost able to get the top job for himself. While he was Vice President, Burr killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel, was indicted for murder, skipped to Georgia, returned to preside over the impeachment trial of Justice Samuel Chase, made a moving farewell address to the Senate and slammed the door when he walked out. He drifted to New Orleans, got involved in a plot to take over part of the western Territories, was tried for treason, acquitted, and exiled himself to London, Sweden, Germany and France, where he lived by his wits and off his women. He returned to New York, practiced law successfully for 24 more years, married an aging prostitute who in a year accused him of infidelity. At 80, Burr, full of years and dishonor, died after making a will in favor of two illegitimate daughters, aged 6 and 2.

¶ John Tyler was nominated for Vice President (1840) by the Whigs because, as a Jeffersonian, he was a nuisance to them in the Senate. A month after he was inaugurated, Tyler was playing marbles in a Williamsburg street when Daniel Webster's son brought him the news that President William Henry Harrison was dead of pneumonia. Tyler picked up his marbles, went to Washington, became a better

* Charles G. Dawes on one occasion failed to stay awake. He was napping in his hotel when a critical tie vote came up in the Senate, and did not reach the chamber in time to break the tie.



VICE PRESIDENT NIXON AT WORK*
Too busy to hear the chandelier.

Honk Walker—LIFE

graped, "I'd rather be right than President," John C. Calhoun, just elected Vice President, said: "Well, I guess it's all right to be half right—and Vice President." But it wasn't all right. Calhoun quit in disgust and got elected to the Senate. Teddy Roosevelt referred to his election to the vice presidency as "taking the veil." Later, when he had succeeded President McKinley, Teddy was annoyed by the tinkling of the enormous "Jefferson chandelier" in his office, and ordered it removed. "Take it to the office of the Vice President," he said. "He doesn't have anything to do. It will keep him awake."

The trouble is that the Constitution, with White House Liaison Man Gerald Mogan,

President than anybody expected, died in 1862, just after being elected to the Confederate Congress.

☐ John Cabell Breckinridge (1857-61) complained that President James Buchanan consulted him only once—and that was on the wording of a Thanksgiving proclamation. But if he found the vice presidency dull, the rest of his life was not. He ran for President against Lincoln, splitting the Democratic vote and assuring the defeat of Stephen Douglas, later became a combat major general in the Confederacy, and then its Secretary of War. He refused to surrender, fled to Cuba, stole a ship, became a pirate, moved to London, then to Toronto, and died, with his citizenship rights unrestrained, in his old Kentucky home.

☐ Levi P. Morton (1889-93), a Vermont-born New York banker who was one of the richest men of his day, picked the wrong term to be Vice President (with Benjamin Harrison). He turned down a chance at the Republican nomination in 1880 (he might have succeeded Garfield), and another chance in 1896 (he might have succeeded McKinley). Morton was an efficient fund-raiser for his party, entertained lavishly at his town and country houses, kept a herd of purebred cattle, tried to popularize milk by saying: "I serve milk alternately with champagne—one costs the same as the other." Alternating milk with champagne, he lived to be 96—the record for Vice Presidents.

☐ Thomas R. Marshall (1913-21) had the humility the vice presidency requires. He was not too dignified to pose on the Capitol steps wearing a World War I German helmet. After Woodrow Wilson had a stroke with 17 months of his term left, Marshall refused to consider taking over the presidency. Bored by a pompous Senate speech about what the nation needed, Marshall turned to a clerk, muttered: "What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar." Marshall is remembered with affection largely for this remark and for saying that the condition of a Vice President is like that of a man in "a cataleptic

fit. He is conscious of all that goes on, but has no part in it."

On the Ball. So firmly was the vice presidency fixed in the American mind as the symbol of uselessness that it was easy for the musical satire, *Of Thee I Sing*, to establish Alexander Throttlebottom as the quintessence of vice presidentiality.

Richard Nixon, heir to the Throttlebottom dynasty, realized the painfully narrow limits of the job and, in the best vice-presidential tradition, made jokes about it. On Election Day 1952, Candidate Nixon and a friend were tossing a football on Laguna Beach, Calif. with three marines who happened by. Chasing a fumble, Nixon and one marine almost collided. Recognition lit up the marine's face. He exclaimed: "Good God, you're some kind of a celebrity!" Answered Dick Nixon: "No, I'm not a celebrity. I'm running for Vice President."

But Nixon refused to have Throttlebottomness thrust upon him. Now 41 (last week), he is the first Vice President to be born in the 20th century. He is a new kind of politician and, with a fresh approach, he was able to see that the mid-20th century problems and responsibilities of the Government's executive branch created an opportunity for a new kind of Vice President.

The Chief Executive now presides over an enormous bureaucracy of civilian and military experts whose work cannot be closely shaped by the President. Each service tends to go its own way, pursue its own interests and those of the citizen group most directly interested. How can a President maintain unity and cohesion of policy? In recent years, Presidents have had growing staffs of White House aides. But an aide has no authority, little prestige. He cannot really represent the President. And the President cannot spread himself thin over his thousands of responsibilities.

Eisenhower and Nixon are engaged in an effort to strengthen the executive branch at the top, to enlarge the presidential influence in the Congress and the

bureaucracy. If it works—and it seems to be working—the new function of the Vice President may help to solve a crisis of modern government: the conflict between the unity of national policy represented by the President and the divisiveness and multiplicity represented by Congressmen, specialized administrators and their attendant pressure groups.

The Wheel of Fortune. The young man who has undertaken this formidable task was born at Yorba Linda, Calif. to Hannah Milhous and Francis Anthony Nixon. When Dick was 13, his older brother Harold contracted TB. Hannah Nixon took him to Arizona where, on visits, Dick earned money as barker for a wheel of fortune carnival booth. In Whittier, Calif., where the Nixons had moved after their Yorba Linda lemon grove failed, Frank and the boys kept the home, grocery store and filling station going. After five years in Arizona, Harold died* and Hannah returned to Whittier, where she worked 18 hours a day in the store. As the oldest surviving son, Dick had to carry a heavy burden of family responsibility. Recalls his brother Donald: "None of us had too much time to play. Dick had a lot to make him serious."

At Whittier College, young Dick Nixon showed two qualities that are still conspicuous in his make-up: hard work, and a passion for simplified expression. One evening the political history students had a party. For a time the ice cream was missing, and so was one of the invited students. Presently, in rushed the missing boy—Richard Nixon. He dumped the ice cream on the table, said that he could not stay because he had to make more deliveries for his father's grocery, and left. Whittier's President Paul Smith remembers that Nixon used to write very brief answers on exams. "At first you thought that he couldn't answer the question in that short a space. But, by golly, he had gone to the heart of the problem and put

* A younger brother, Arthur, aged 7, died in 1925.



VICE PRESIDENTS MARSHALL, TYLER, BURR, BRECKINRIDGE & MORTON
In office, cataleptic; in old age, infidelity; in exile, piracy.

Harris & Ewing; Culver; Keystone Press Agency; Brown Brothers; International

it down simply." Nixon got an A.B. degree from Whittier (second in his class), won a scholarship to Duke University Law School (in faraway North Carolina), where in 1937 he finished third in his class.

Back home in Whittier, Nixon practiced law and married Thelma Patricia Ryan. When war came, he went to Washington as a lawyer for the OPA. Soon fed up with bureaucracy, he got a Navy Commission and went to war—in Ottumwa, Iowa, in the Solomon Islands, and in Hagerstown, Md., emerging a lieutenant commander.

Mud & Rabbits. He went back to Whittier—and promptly ran for Congress against able, New Dealer Jerry Voorhis. It was a tough, bitter campaign. Southern California politics has not yet discovered Technicolor; white is still white and black is mud. Voorhis' record included some respectable anti-Communist credentials, but he was vulnerable as a friend of the C.I.O. and of its national Political Action Committee. Although the Los Angeles PAC, which was Communist-dominated, did not endorse Voorhis, Nixon pinned the PAC label on his opponent, who had the support of many California PAC leaders.

Another Nixon charge: Voorhis had his name on only one piece of legislation, a bill transferring responsibility for the rabbit population of the U.S. from the Department of the Interior to the Department of Agriculture. Before laughing crowds, Candidate Nixon made the most of it. He beat Voorhis (who quit politics and California).

Congressman Nixon, a husky (5 ft. 10 in., 180 lbs.), black-browed young man with a fire in his eyes, typified an eager new generation of Republicans. Spared the bitterness of futile opposition during the long, lean years of the New Deal, Nixon went to Washington with a positive approach. He voted with the bulk of his party on 78% of the issues; most of his deviations from the party were on the liberal side. To become an "Eisenhower Republican," Nixon did not have to twist away from his voting record. What Eisenhower stands for today is remarkably like what Nixon was voting for in 1947-52. But Nixon was just another promising young Congressman when the Alger Hiss case broke in the summer of 1948.

"That Richard." So convincingly did Alger Hiss deny Whittaker Chambers' charges, that the House Un-American Activities Committee was about to call off the investigation and run for cover. But Committee Member Nixon detected ominous hedging in Hiss's testimony. "I was a lawyer and I knew he was a lawyer," Nixon recalls. "I felt [he] was just too slick . . . If Hiss was lying, he was lying in such a way as to avoid perjury, with a very careful use of phrasing . . . It was very possibly an act, it seemed to me."

To get facts, Nixon worked around the clock, often traveling to Chambers' Maryland farm. Sometimes he would stop at the York (Pa.) farm where his parents were living temporarily. Says Hannah Nixon: "That Richard looked so tired I



Harris & Ewing

CONGRESSMAN NIXON EXAMINING PUMPKIN FILM*
He was right when others were wrong.

thought he would break apart. Then he'd go to the piano and play for maybe an hour. When he sat up, he looked refreshed and ready to go on down to the Chambers farm." In the second Hiss trial, Nixon's efforts paid off.

Armed with his Hiss case success, Nixon ran for the Senate in 1950 against Helen Gahagan Douglas, and won by a 680,947-vote margin.

"You're My Boy." Less than two years later, Dick Nixon was the Republican nominee for Vice President. He was running a smooth, effective campaign when a thunderstorm burst over his head: disclosure of a private fund raised by backers in California to pay some of his political expenses while he was a Senator. Democrats bellowed that the money was 1) raised from favor-seeking-California fatcats, and 2) used to provide Nixon with luxuries. They demanded that Ike drop his running mate. Some Republicans did, too. Ike called for the facts and let the storm blow.

National emotions were at gale force when Nixon took to a nationwide TV hookup with his memorable "Checkers" speech. The Democratic charge appealed most to those who did not know the laws and rules governing U.S. politics. Nixon could have made a technically solid defense by expounding the rules. Instead, he met the attack at its own untutored, emotional level. In a masterpiece of political showmanship, Nixon explained his fund in simple terms, projected his engaging personality onto thousands of screens, and turned a desperate back-to-the-wall defense into a victory. Nixon got a sensationally favorable audience response, flew to Wheeling, W. Va., where Ike threw his

arms around him and said "You're my boy."

Until campaign's end, Nixon's enemies tried to smear him with new charges of bribery and corruption. None was even remotely proved, and one was based on forged evidence. When Ike and Nixon were elected, a favorite Democratic crack was: "The country can probably survive it as long as Ike lives out his term, but the thought of Nixon being one heartbeat from the Presidency is terrifying." Much of the anti-Nixon feeling stemmed, consciously or unconsciously, from the resentment of those who were wrong about Alger Hiss when Nixon was right.

Mr. Fixit. Soon after he took office as Vice President, Nixon became the Administration's "Mr. Fixit," the handyman with a ball of friction tape who bound up leaky pipes and raw wires. This job was one for no mean plumber, for it involved some explosive fixtures, notably Joe McCarthy. As an investigator with a far, far better record of success, Nixon was in a position to argue with McCarthy. His most effective tactic was to persuade Joe that some of his projects would backfire and hurt Joe. As a result of such warnings, McCarthy called off his investigation of Allen Dulles' Central Intelligence Agency, his threat to make a Senate floor fight against confirmation of Harvard President James B. Conant's appointment as German High Commissioner, and his demand for a statement by Ike on the delicate details of East-West trade restrictions.

At least once—when McCarthy took credit for forcing Greek ship owners to stop their China trade—Nixon decided that McCarthy's efforts in the case were, on balance, for the good. Backing Joe, Nixon served as catalyst in working out a

* "Regardless of what they say," Nixon told listening millions, he would keep cocker spaniel Checkers, a gift from a Texas. Last week Checkers gave birth to five mongrel pups.

* At left: House Un-American Activities Committee Investigator Robert Stripling.

McCarthy-Dulles communiqué, in which the Secretary of State agreed that what Joe had done in the case was all right.

During last year's congressional session, Nixon made his voice heard more and more. He arranged military briefings for congressional leaders, lobbied in the House of Representatives for the Hawaiian statehood bill, and saved the foreign-aid bill from impending defeat at the hands of junior Republican economizers. When the Bricker amendment to curb treaty-making power came up, the Cabinet thought the whole issue would blow over if Ike denounced it. Not so Nixon. "You'll be running into a buzz saw," he told the Cabinet. He knew the bill was not a passing senatorial fancy. Result: the Cabinet decided to work for a compromise.

In the fight over Defense Secretary Wilson's cut in the Air Force budget, Nixon shrewdly counseled that the Democratic attack would overcome Wilson's exposed position unless Ike threw his full weight behind it. As it turned out, no less was needed. Nixon broke a Cabinet dead-

lock on the St. Lawrence seaway project by telling Ike that Canada will build the seaway without U.S. participation, if necessary. Since the seaway was both right and inevitable now—instead of delaying further—the President promptly proposed U.S. participation in the seaway.

Mr. Stand-In. Successful as Mr. Fixit, Nixon gradually assumed the more important role of Mr. Stand-In for the President. No man can push himself into that position, and Dick Nixon did not push. He let Ike take the initiative at every stage. Nixon's part was to demonstrate that he could take responsibility, wade through mountains of factual homework, handle older and more powerful men tactfully, and, above all, that he had no policy but Ike's policy.

As the No. 2 man in the executive branch of the U.S. Government, as Ike's stand-in, Vice President Nixon, accompanied by his wife, last October set off on a 45,539-mile, ten-week, globe-girdling trip to spread good will in the Far East and to find some facts. As usual, the Nixon method was to keep it simple and work hard.

Nixon's simple way to express friendship: shaking hands with close to 100,000 amazed Asians. Aloft between countries, while Pat wrote thank-you notes to the last stop, the Vice President prepared for the next stop with intensive briefings by embassy officials. Since Nixon's return, and partly as a result of his findings, certain viewpoints are gaining headway in Washington. Among them:

China. The U.S. must not even talk about recognizing Red China. One reason: such talk would discourage 13 million overseas Chinese in Southeast Asia from their present strong anti-Communist drift.

Japan. The Communist menace, especially in the labor unions, has been underestimated. Needed: more encouragement of non-Communist laborers.

Indo-China. Strategically and economically, Indo-China is three times as important as Korea. Needed: stepped-up U.S. assistance (equipment, not men) for the French effort to win the war.

India. The U.S. should not appease Nehru. Reason: he is contemptuous of such weakness.

Iran. The British are not seizing their opportunity to be reasonable in the oil dispute; their stubbornness may provoke another crisis.

Back in Washington, Nixon found that his prestige had grown with the success of his trip. He took up his role of adviser on domestic policy, argued the Cabinet into proposing changes in the Taft-Hartley Act, reversing a decision to duck such political dynamite in an election year. Sold on Nixon's view, the Cabinet asked Ike to plump for the amendments in a major speech. This time the Vice President sounded a note of caution: save the President for the real fight; don't waste his prestige where it isn't needed. The Cabinet agreed. Then it assigned the Vice President the job of nursing the improvements through Congress.

On Capitol Hill, Nixon is a presidential agent, not a congressional leader. His fellow Californian, William Knowland, the Senate Majority leader, has immediate access to the President when he wants it, so Nixon would never dream of telling Knowland, "This is what the President wants." Knowland must decide what bills the Senate will take up; Nixon can only advise the President on what to ask for. Knowland must worry about every Administration program; Nixon leaves many of them to White House liaison men. Another difference: Knowland may, on occasion, disagree publicly with the President; Nixon submerges his views if they conflict with Ike's.

The Common Touch. Vice President Nixon and his wife Pat (she hasn't used the Thelma since grade school) live in a \$41,000 home in Washington's Spring Valley. Their two exuberant daughters, "Tricia," 7, and Julie, 5, wake Nixon every morning at 7:15. From then until after breakfast is his only time to play with them. At 8 he leaves for the Capitol and a full day of meetings, handshaking, appointments and phone calls.



THE NIXONS IN FORMOSA
Keep it simple.

Dunn Shu-Pi

Pat's day is almost as full as her husband's. She does most of the laundry and housework, half the cooking and all the marketing. The live-in maid's job is mostly baby-tending. With Nixon seldom home, Pat has learned to repair squeaky stairs, sticky doors, faucets, light fixtures. She even tried to install one of her husband's Christmas presents, a new shower head, but her pliers failed her. In an average week, she answers 200 letters, many of them requests for recipes (her favorites: tamale pie, walnut clusters). Pat's afternoons are crowded with lunches, charity benefits, bazaars.

For both the Nixons, most evenings involve formal dinners. A Nixon New Year's resolution is to try to hold such engagements down to four a week. Nixon would like to spend the time thus saved with his family and his friends—but that is not how he will spend it. He has more homework to do, more preparations for the Cabinet and NSC meetings, and for the quiet, persuasive two-, three- and four-man conferences held in his office under the Jefferson chandelier. If it tinkles, as it did in Teddy Roosevelt's day, Dick Nixon will probably not notice. He is too busy understanding the complex problems well enough to state them in simple language, too busy concentrating on how the thousands of details fit the big picture in Ike's mind, too busy being the first incumbent in the vice presidency to upgrade it into a man-size job.

HISTORICAL NOTES

Off the Record

Former President Truman, on a filmed television program with Columnist Drew Pearson last week, gave his version of the famed "red herring" crack about congressional spy hunts in 1948. Said Harry Truman: "The facts of the case are that, in a press conference one morning, some young man . . . asked me if the action of the House Un-American Activities Committee was not in the form of a red herring to cover up what the Republican Administration in the 80th Congress had not done, and I said it might be."

"I never made any statement that there was a red herring, although the Republicans when they're in power always try to cover up their mistakes by attacking somebody or some institution."

Quick were newsmen to look at the record. The record: at a press conference on Aug. 5, 1948 (the day Alger Hiss swore to the Un-American Activities Committee that he had never been a Communist), Truman was asked: "Mr. President, do you think the Capitol Hill spy hearings are a good thing, or do you think they are a red herring to divert attention from the anti-inflation program?" Mr. Truman's reply: the hearings are a red herring. Then & there he made an exception to the rule banning direct quotes from presidential press conferences. Said Mr. Truman: "Yes, you can quote me. I said they are simply a red herring. They are using this as a red



Packer—N.Y. Daily Mirror
"OH, THAT AGAIN!"

herring to keep from doing what they ought to do." The further record: Harry Truman subsequently criticized G.O.P. "red herring" tactics on Aug. 12, Sept. 2, Sept. 13, Dec. 9, Dec. 16, all in 1948, on May 26, 1949, and on Feb. 13, 1950—nearly a month after Alger Hiss had been convicted.

STATES

Voices from the Capitals

With state capitals again beginning to buzz with legislative activity, several governors last week counted their blessings, measured their woes, shrugged off trouble and told homely stories. Examples:

¶ In Massachusetts, Republican Governor



Ernest Mornin Baker
MASSACHUSETTS' HERTER
To millions, a hero.

Christian A. Herter, pointing with pride to his administration's economy record, made himself a hero to taxpayers by proposing to the legislature a 25% cut in state personal income taxes—with the reduction made retroactive to include 1953 income.

¶ In Colorado, where old-age pensioners have long been thought to hold life & death political power, Republican Governor Dan Thornton asked for a constitutional amendment authorizing the use of old-age-pension funds to balance the state's budget. Gasp! A Democratic Senator: "One of the most courageous speeches I ever heard." Said the head of the Annuity League: "Thornton has sung his swan song."

¶ In Illinois, after at least 125 men, including two generals, resigned from the state's National Guard in a whirlwind stirred up by G.O.P. Governor William G. Stratton's merger of two divisions for economy reasons, the governor said: "There is no controversy."

¶ In Georgia, Democratic Governor Herman Talmadge, musing on the subject of farm prices, said: "The other evening four of us went to an Atlanta restaurant for dinner. We had shrimp cocktail and steak. With the tip, it cost around \$5.50 each, or \$22 for the party. I had in my pocket a check for proceeds from the sale of seven calves. [It was not enough to pay the check.] So seven whole calves would not pay for the very small part of the cow that we ate."

CALIFORNIA

Big Bill Goes Over the Hill

William G. (for George) Bonelli is one of the noisiest, most powerful politicians in California. A hawk-beaked, hail-fellow rancher, lawyer and onetime associate professor, "Big Bill" Bonelli, 58, wears wide-brimmed hats and, when the occasion demands, a Phi Beta Kappa key (won at the University of Southern California). He is also the boss of one of the most potent political agencies in the U.S. As chairman of the California State Board of Equalization, Bonelli supervises the tax assessments of big businesses; as the board member for Southern California, he hands out all liquor licenses from Santa Barbara to the Mexican border.

Over the Fence. During most of Bonelli's 26 years in politics he has had some mighty angels hovering overhead: the enormously wealthy, influential Chandler family of Los Angeles (real estate, publishing, TV). In his political contests, Republican Bonelli usually had the warm backing of the Chandler-owned Los Angeles Times. Last week, in a loud-roaring fight, the Chandler-Bonelli alliance came to an end. Bonelli changed his registration from Republican to Democrat, announced that he was scared: "Political, economic and social enslavement is being accomplished by the aggressive Chandler fam-

* An odd fit: Big Bill is 5 ft. 8½ in. tall, weighs about 190 lbs.



Murray Bonelli—Graphic House
CHAIRMAN BONELLI
A brush of the teeth.

ily through the Republican Party and its kowtowing leadership . . . The picture of this scheming Chandler family . . . is frightening."

Reasons for the big split were obscure, and there were a dozen different explanations. According to one rumor, Bonelli had cast covetous eyes on the governorship, but Publisher Norman Chandler, 54-year-old chief of the Chandler clan, thought that was going too far. Whatever the reasons for the falling out, the Chandlers drew first blood last October (TIME, Oct. 19) with a series of articles in their tabloid, the Los Angeles *Mirror** denouncing Bonelli and his "saloon empire." Big Bill's board, charged the *Mirror*, displayed incredible laxity in freely handing out liquor licenses to racketeers and political cronies for only \$525 each, and allowing them to be resold at the going rate of \$6,500. Bonelli retaliated with a 15-page demand for retraction, hinted darkly that the Chandlers had tried to get his board to rule favorably on tax matters affecting them. At the same time, the Board of Equalization rejected the Chandlers' appeal of assessments on their national advertising revenue just 13 days after the *Mirror* series ended.

The charges against Bonelli were nothing new. Almost since the day he entered politics in 1927 as a candidate for the Los Angeles City Council (with the blessing of the Chandlers), Big Bill has been battling accusations of graft. A wealthy man, he has boasted that his \$14,000-a-year state salary does not pay his federal income taxes. In 1940 he was tried and acquitted, in a directed verdict, on 23 counts of bribery, bribe solicitation and criminal conspiracy. In 1951 he blustered his way through a stormy session with the Senate's Kefauver crime investigating committee, forced Estes Kefauver into blush-

ing, stuttering apologies for "aspersions" on his character.

Kick the Cow. To the Democrats, Bonelli brings a package of mixed blessings. He has a considerable political following (it has been estimated that he can deliver 50,000 votes), but the Chandler charges may cling to his coattails. In view of Bonelli's record and the Chandlers' power, most California politicians, of whatever affiliation, were understandably mum last week. Big Bill Bonelli was not. "Well, what the hell," he shrugged, "somebody has to have enough guts to kick a few sacred cows around here, or a man won't be able to brush his own teeth without getting the Chandlers' permission."

Urbane Norman Chandler shrugged back: "Mr. Bonelli's sudden about-face reminds me of a quip credited to Voltaire. When informed [that] a man of whom he had spoken highly had referred in slighting terms to him, Voltaire said: 'After all, we could both be wrong.'" In California last week, many voters were wondering whether Chandler and Bonelli could both be right.

MANNERS & MORALS

Royal Harvest

In New York, the society of Ward McAllister's Four Hundred has become emulsified in café society's bottle. In Washington, the society of the cave-dwellers was sacrificed on the time clock of a U.S. Government that became too busy for measured elegance. But in Chicago, high society has survived almost intact from the days when Mrs. Potter Palmer led the elite around by her pearl rope necklace. Even in Chicago something has been lacking. Not in years—not, in fact, since the Palmer days of the '90s—has Chicago had an acknowledged queen of society.

The lack bothered Athlyn Deshaies, a



Murray Chandler—Graphic House
PUBLISHER CHANDLER
A quote from Voltaire.

conscientious newshen who runs the Chicago *Daily News*'s lively society page. Last month Athlyn decided that, since no bona fide *doyenne* was in sight, she had better arrange to have one chosen—by democratic referendum, of course. Just before Christmas she sent out ballots to 2,000 pedigreed socialites, to elect a new queen. Society reacted with murmurs of pleasure and squeals of outrage. Just about 50% of Athlyn's 2,000 sent in their ballots. Day after day, the *News* breathlessly reported the latest tabulations. Thirty-five of Chicago's hostesses were nominated, and even Mammy Yokum, of Dogpatch, received six votes. The old Chicago wheat-pit spirit raised its head. Laughed International Harvester Director Chauncey McCormick: "I've been offering a dollar apiece for votes for my wife, but I heard Ed Cudahy is offering \$1.25, so I'm upping my offer to \$1.50."

This week Athlyn Deshaies announced the name of the winner and new queen: Mrs. Chauncey McCormick. Sighed Mrs. McCormick: "I'm completely overcome." Certainly the new queen was eminently qualified for her job. Marion McCormick, a grandmother in her 60s, is a third-generation Chicagoan, and one of the richest women in the U.S. She gives impeccable dinners, served on gold plate and fine Lowestoft china. She is a cousin by marriage of Bertie McCormick. She owns fabulous emeralds, pearls and old masters, presides over a luxurious Lake View Avenue apartment, a Wheaton suburban estate, a mansion at Seal Harbor, Me. and another in Miami. She is a generous benefactor of the Chicago Art Institute (her husband Chauncey is president), and a bountiful worker for many charities. The queen, nearly everybody in Chicago agreed, was just right. After all, Athlyn explained, "Mrs. McCormick was a Deering, you know. She's farm implement on both sides."



Mrs. Chauncey McCormick
A link in the necklace.

* For other news of the *Mirror*, see PRESS.

INTERNATIONAL

COMMUNISTS

Shh! Happy Birthday

One index to the prestige of Russian leaders lies in the official fervor with which their birthdays are celebrated. It took nearly two years for Russian newspapers to print all the tributes to Stalin on his 70th birthday, but last Dec. 21, when his birthday rolled around again, no mention of it was made. Last week Premier Georgy Malenkov came to his 52nd birthday (on Jan. 8). In anticipation of the great day, Rumania's Communist news agency, Agerpress, filed a canned eulogy in preparation for the standard big jinks. Czechoslovakian editors also got set with big laudatory spreads. Soon both Czech and Rumanian editors got urgent word from headquarters: no birthday greetings for Malenkov.

MIDDLE EAST

A Start Is Made

The West's defensive cordon against Soviet aggression starts at the Arctic Ocean, sweeps down across Western Europe to the Mediterranean and into Turkey. There, in the vicinity of Mount Ararat, the West's defenses end—and Soviet opportunity begins. An offensive rolling through Iran and on to Iraq 120 miles away might easily overrun the West's advanced air bases at Habbaniya (Iraq) and Dhahran (Saudi Arabia). It might also outflank Turkey and open the back door to Europe.

The old deterrents to Russian ambitions in the Middle East—the Ottoman Empire (before World War I) and the Indian army operating as the "Imperial Reserve" behind British and French strength (before World War II)—are not what they were. What remains—one division of the British-officered Arab Legion and two British divisions in the Suez Canal Zone—would be toothpicks in the

torrent. (Britain, moreover, is negotiating to quit the Zone.) The Arab states are divided against each other and divided within, more scared of Israel, and more resentful of Britain, than of Russia.

The Thin Chain. Last week, for the first time, the West seemed to be on the way to closing the gap. The method: a thin chain of defense positions across the Middle East's northern perimeter, to be built piece by piece in separate pacts between the U.S. and the states of Pakistan, Iraq and Saudi Arabia. Later, if Iran gets hold of itself internally, it would become another link. So would Afghanistan.

This project does not even have an official name; it was not even announced, only leaked. Its existence means that the West's original, highly touted but over-advertised MEDO (Middle East Defense Organization) is dead. MEDO, in fact, was stillborn. In November 1951 the U.S., Britain, France and Turkey proposed a Middle East Command as a kind of eastern extension of NATO, complete with blueprints for bases, armies and fleets, and a headquarters at Cyprus. It had everything, in fact, but the support of the people most concerned.

To begin with, the West did not even bother to consult Egypt, the biggest Arab state, in advance. Egypt at that time was rioting against the British in the Suez, and it immediately decided that the MEDO scheme was just a clever British trick to perpetuate imperialism. Moreover, disregarding the fact that the Arabs and Israelis were still technically at war, it was proposed that they sit down together at headquarters and swap secrets. The plan was hastily revised to answer objections, but again was spurned by the Arabs.

Countries Willing. Last May, U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, touring the area in search of allies, arrived in Saudi Arabia, a dusty, disillusioned man. He had found the Arab world fragmented by fears and quarrels. In Riyadh, Dulles got the advice he needed from the dying

old desert King, Ibn Saud. Arabs, explained Ibn Saud, would never agree to MEDO. They detest legalistic documents so crammed with fine print and annexes "as to resemble a telephone book."

Dulles began seeking informal agreements. In Iraq he found the Foreign Ministry anxious for U.S. military assistance. In Pakistan he was asked for arms. In Ankara he discovered the Turks worrying about their eastern flank. Dulles concluded that help must not be thrust on those who do not want it, but concentrated on "those countries which want strength." No longer would the U.S. have to wait on the least interested nations.

By last week, without trumpet call or handout, the plan was under way. Leaders of Iraq, Saudi Arabia and Turkey are preparing to visit Pakistan. Shortly, the U.S. is expected to approve the first arms shipments to Pakistan.

India's Nehru, determined to be neutralist, and also unwilling to see his hated neighbor Pakistan strengthened, had deliberately set out to organize Indian opinion against both the U.S. and Pakistan (TIME, Jan. 4). Last week that campaign was moderating. But in Cairo, India's suave, fellow-traveling Ambassador Sardar K. M. Panikkar was trying to stir up the Egyptian battle against the idea, and working to prevent the British and Egyptians from settling their Suez differences. He was skillfully opposed by Pakistan's representative Tayeb Hussein, who, when Britain and Egypt seem on the verge of a break, has a way of getting the negotiators back together again over his friendly dinner table.

Privately, Egypt's ruling military leaders admit that the defense perimeter is a good idea, and might protect Egypt in the future. They are not so unrealistic about Russia as is Nehru. Regardless of Egyptian hesitations and Indian hostility, the U.S. has decided to get on with its policy of strengthening those anti-Communist nations who want to be made strong.



Time Map by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

COLD WAR

Be Prepared

The preparations for meeting the Russians at Berlin began last week as such things usually do—by an inability even to agree on where in Berlin to meet. Both parties on the scene circled warily. So, in their separate home capitals, did the foreign ministers themselves. It had been nearly five years since Western foreign ministers sat down with Molotov. What was in store?

A growing nervousness was detectable in the Western chancelleries. Molotov could probably not be held to a discussion only of Germany and Austria. He might convincingly talk of total atomic disarmament—and a ban on atomic weapons, without any other kind of disarmament, would, as SHAPE Commander Alfred M. Gruenther acknowledged this week, be to Russia's advantage. Molotov might suggest a truce in Indo-China, and thereupon demand that Red China be invited to Berlin. Whatever the details, the Communists made no secret of their main ambition at Berlin: to defeat the West's plan for a European Army. The method would be to rouse France's ancient fears of German arms. Said John Foster Dulles this week in Manhattan: "Distrust between France and Germany is inflammable, and already Soviet agents are looking to it as a means for international arson."

The British asked for an advance huddle in Berlin of Dulles, Eden and Bidault a couple of days before the formal talks with Molotov begin.

Despite the last-minute nervousness, the West knows what it wants at Berlin. A cogent State Department memorandum to U.S. diplomatic missions in Europe put the objectives roughly as follows:

- ¶ To reach agreement on a free, unified Germany, and thus open the way to a general European settlement.
- ¶ Failing that, to establish that U.S. proposals represent the only means of re-establishing a free, united Germany.
- ¶ To show that Western proposals on Germany form part of a program which takes into account security requirements of all Europe, and the Soviet Union too.
- ¶ To throw light on Soviet intentions. If the Soviet Union takes a negative position, to make clear that the Soviet Union alone is responsible for the continued division of Germany and of Europe.
- ¶ To keep open the prospect of negotiation with Russia at a later date.
- ¶ To conclude a treaty to insure political and economic independence of Austria.
- ¶ In the event of Soviet obstruction, to make clear that the Soviet Union alone is responsible for failure to agree on an Austrian treaty.

"There remain sections of public opinion, particularly in Western Europe," says the memo, "which still continue to picture the U.S. as reluctant to engage in genuine negotiations with the Soviet Union for fear that any relaxation of tension which might result would work to the detriment of the U.S. policy of

strengthening European defense . . . It is essential that it be made clear that we are not going into this conference in order merely to satisfy public desire for a conference, nor merely to demonstrate the intransigence of the Soviet Union."

KOREA

South to Freedom

In 55 barbed-wire compounds at Panmunjom sit more than 22,000 defiantly anti-Communist Chinese and North Korean prisoners of war whose determination not to go home was the main issue that hung up a Korean truce for a year and a half. If all goes well next week at 12:01 a.m. on Jan. 23, the 22,000 will walk south to freedom. To bring about this event—which will liquidate the blood-stained prisoner problem once and for all—the



Joe Scherschel—UPI

GENERAL THIMAYYA
On the way south, white tape.

U.S. last week had to deal forcefully with three troublemakers: 1) India, 2) South Korea, and 3) Red China.

India's Jawaharlal Nehru, who hesitates to do anything that would vex Red China, has already communicated his misgivings about the Jan. 23 release to able Lieut. General K. S. Thimayya, who is responsible for the Indian troops guarding the prisoners. Nehru thinks that the prisoners should be held at least 30 days beyond the release date set in the armistice agreement. But last week U.S. observers on the scene believed that Thimayya had convinced his boss in New Delhi of another proposition: India cannot try to hold the prisoners beyond the deadline without risking a mass breakout and bloodshed, and India would be held responsible for it before the world. The U.S. has told Thimayya flatly that responsibility of the Indian troops for holding P.W.s in custody ceases at 12:01 a.m. Jan. 23. Thimayya, cooperative but cautious, is devising

a formula that would seemingly call for a delay in liberating the prisoners while actually allowing them to go free as scheduled.

South Korea's embittered old Syngman Rhee, angry because a last-minute head count by the Indians had sent 135 more prisoners (who presumably had changed their minds) back to the Communists, threatened to attack the Indian guards. The U.N. command told Rhee, in effect, that if this happened the Eighth Army would have to repel the assault.

Red China last week demanded that India hold the prisoners beyond the deadline so that more "explanations" could be undertaken. The Eighth Army's General Maxwell D. Taylor warned that any Communist attempt to interfere with the release would be met with force.

If there is no struggle, on Jan. 23 the prisoners will walk south under the control of the compound leaders. Searchlights, loudspeakers and barbed-wire lanes marked with white tape will guide them. At the edge of the demilitarized zone, the North Koreans will be met by South Korean officials, whisked aboard trains and taken to Kunsan and Pohang, where they may (if they choose) be inducted into the ROK army. The Chinese prisoners will be met by Nationalist officials, trucked to Inchon and loaded on U.S. Navy LSTs bound for Formosa.

INDO-CHINA

Jean Leriche's Story

At Christmas time, the Viet Minh radio announced that 300 prisoners would be released as a token of the Communists' devotion to world peace. Last week the first batch of 109, wearing safe-conduct insignia reading "*Hochiminh Muon Nam*" (One thousand years for Ho Chi Minh), arrived at a French strong point on the Red River delta perimeter. Among them was 24-year-old Jean Leriche, a civilian cameraman attached to the French army, who was captured by the Communists in November 1952.

In a Saigon hospital where he was being treated for malnutrition (he lost 55 lbs. in captivity), Leriche was interviewed by an old acquaintance, TIME Correspondent François Sully, who cabled his story—a rare view of life with the Viet Minh enemy.

Peril from Tigers. During the first weeks of his life with the Reds, they made Leriche do chores such as carrying supplies for combat troops, but he had time (and was permitted) to watch the Viet Minh preparations for an assault on Moc Chau. The commanders built crude sand tables, then made their men practice the attack again and again. "Each soldier rehearsed his job 50 times, maybe 100 times. *C'est formidable*. When they attack they move like machines."

The prisoners were loosely guarded. One moonless night, Leriche, four other Frenchmen and one German legionnaire stole away. They soon learned why escape had been so easy: travel through the jun-

gle was impossible, partly because of tigers. The fleeing men moved only by night, and stuck to the main colonial route leading to Hanoi. It was jammed by tens of thousands of Communist coolies and Russian-made Molotov trucks, and they escaped notice in the turbulent swarm. On the third night, however, they ran up against a check point where they could not give the password, and the jig was up.

Workers Like Ants. Punishment was light—their shoes were confiscated for two days, during which they had to march. The Reds' view was that the escape try had been stupid rather than criminal. One officer explained: "Of course, you're fresh from colonial slavery and you don't understand. You're like children. Later you'll learn it's our policy to release prisoners as soon as they have been taught the righteousness of our cause—so why try to escape?"

In March, Leriche was put to work on a road that was under daily attack by French bombers. "It was fascinating. One day the B-26s made a series of direct hits on the road, converting hundreds of meters to a mass of rubble. When a Viet Minh officer said it must be repaired for use that very night, we thought he was joking. But before long, thousands and thousands of people began converging on the road. The Communists evidently colared the whole population for miles around, peasants, coolies, children, women with babies, old people, everyone who could walk. It was raining. They worked with straw baskets, shovels, picks, bare hands. They were like ants. After dark they worked by torchlight, singing a strange, monotonous chant like a dirge. At midnight, we saw the lights of the first trucks coming through."

Tears for a Song. For eight months, Prisoner Leriche was quartered in a cluster of straw huts called Camp No. 113, in a valley 50 miles from the China border. It was so remote that the Viet Minh did not bother with barbed wire or close guarding. Of 350 French, Senegalese and North Africans in the camp when Leriche arrived, some 200 died of starvation, beriberi, malaria, dysentery. Yet, grotesquely, Camp 113 was proudly regarded by the Reds as a special operation. It was run by a pair of polished, French-speaking Vietnamese who addressed the prisoners as "*Mes chers amis*."

The No. 3 man was a French professor named Pierre Boudarel, a former philosophy lecturer at a Saigon *lycée*. Boudarel's line was that the U.S. was backing the Indo-China war because it wanted to take over colonial power in Indo-China from the French.

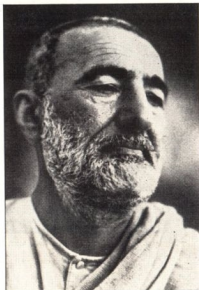
In November, Professor Boudarel told the prisoners: "You are now new men. My government has pardoned you. You will soon be freed." They were fattened up, treated in a hospital, equipped with shoes (Leriche had had none for eight months). As the lucky 100 headed across the noddyside toward freedom, Professor Boudarel began singing "*Madelon*." On hearing that Jean Leriche burst into tears.

PAKISTAN

The Frontier Gandhi

Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan stands 6 ft. 3 in., and once weighed 220 lbs. He has a martial beak of a nose and a clipped white beard. Though at 63 he is ailing, he used to look capable of tearing a bullock apart with his hands. For the past 30 years, Ghaffar Khan has practiced and preached nonviolence. He was Gandhi's chief convert among the Moslems, and in the rugged Khyber Pass region he is still known as "the Frontier Gandhi."

A Pathan, and scion of Moslem nobles in the North-West Frontier Province, Ghaffar Khan tramped the roads, spreading the gospel of *satyagraha* (passive resistance). His followers were called "Red Shirts" because they wore garments dyed with a cheap red coloring from red bricks.



R. Wadia—Triangle Photo Service
GHAFFAR KHAN
In Nehru's heart, a thorn.

The British came to fear his nonviolence more than the rifles of the Frontiersmen, and Ghaffar Khan was jailed repeatedly, serving a total of six years. Once in a British prison, his ankle was bound so tightly that the flesh became infected. He came out of jail 100 lbs. lighter. Said he: "With love you can persuade a Pathan to go to hell, but by force you can not take him even to Heaven."

When India and Pakistan won their freedom, the North-West Frontier Province, 92% Moslem, voted adherence to Pakistan. Ghaffar Khan then set up a clamor for a separate Pathan nation, to be called Pathanistan or Pukhtoonistan. Once again he was jailed for subversion—this time by the Pakistan government. India's Jawaharlal Nehru called him "one of the bravest and straightest men in India" and bewailed his imprisonment, saying it was "a thorn in my heart."

Last week, after he had served more than four years in the grim prison at

Rawalpindi, the Pakistani suddenly freed Ghaffar Khan, along with 44 other political prisoners. Probable motive: to give a more convincing ring to Pakistan's protests against India's jailing of the deposed Sheikh Abdullah of Kashmir. The Indians, who had long agitated for Ghaffar Khan's release, front-paged the good news. They got a shock when, upon leaving jail, Ghaffar Khan proved to be as independent and plain-speaking as ever. To the cheering crowds who garlanded him with flowers, he declared that Kashmir rightfully belongs to Pakistan—and that he had twice offered his services in Kashmir on Pakistan's behalf. Jawaharlal Nehru had no comment.

DIPLOMACY

Unwanted

For more than a quarter of a century, peppery Dr. (of medicine) Fuat Husuli Tugay has been considered one of Turkey's key diplomatic representatives abroad. But even a diplomat can forget his diplomacy where his wife is concerned. Last November, while he was at home on leave from his job as Turkish Ambassador to Egypt, Diplomat Tugay learned that Egypt's new revolutionary government had decided to confiscate the property of all blood relatives of the deposed King Farouk. Under normal circumstances, no foreign emissary would concern himself with such a purely domestic affair, but it happens that Tugay's wealthy wife Emine, whose holdings included a palace in Cairo, many acres of rich Egyptian land and a bankful of Egyptian pounds, is Farouk's cousin. Ambassador Tugay complained publicly that Egypt's high-handed action was illegal. The Egyptian government countered by declaring him *persona non grata* as ambassador.

Soon afterward, the ambassador returned to Cairo to voice his protest in person to Foreign Minister Mahmoud Fawzi. Fawzi cut him short by pointing out that diplomatic protocol permits a *non grata* ambassador to see a Foreign Minister for only one reason—to say goodbye. Spluttering Tugay thereupon gave a farewell banquet to which not one Egyptian was invited. "You will not see me again in this dirty place," he told his guests.

Last week, after he had treated Egypt's Deputy Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser to a torrent of insults at Cairo's fashionable opera opening, Tugay was told bluntly to get out of Egypt within 24 hours. Tugay complained again, and the grace period was extended another day. Then, with only the British and Belgian ambassadors on hand to wish him *bon voyage*, Dr. Tugay went aboard a plane at Cairo airport. Treating him like a common tourist, Egyptian customs inspectors made a painstaking search of the ambassador's 14 pieces of luggage, but it was too late to catch the 200,000 Egyptian pounds of his wife's money and the family jewels which Egypt's public prosecutor charges, had already been whisked out of the country by diplomatic pouch.

FOREIGN NEWS



EX-PREMIERS DE GASPERI & PELLA
Searching for unity.

Italy's News Photos

ITALY

Illness in the Family

America's attention, so long fixed in morbid fascination on the sickness of France, was rudely diverted last week to an even more dramatic threat to the family of the West. Democracy is seriously ill in Italy.

The crisis could be dramatized in cold, simple arithmetic: the Christian Democrats, who govern Italy, hold only 44.4% of the seats in the Chamber of Deputies. Italy's Communist Party, the largest, strongest, richest and smartest side of the Iron Curtain, controls 36.9%. With a switch of only 24 seats—4%—from the center to the Communist-controlled side (i.e., Communists and the Red Socialists of Pietro Nenni), the Red left would be the dominant bloc in Italian politics. And on the far right, with 4.9% of the Chamber's seats, sit the neo-Fascists—often willing helpers in Communism's war on parliamentary democracy.

The tragedy is that in this perilous position democracy's defenders, the Christian Democrats, are themselves riven by conflicting philosophies, contradictory aims and quarreling personalities. For six months they have hardly governed, and merely held on to power by a melancholy juggling of parliamentary numbers. Order, purpose and initiative trickled out of government like sand whispering through the neck of an hourglass. Last week the whisper grew to a crash. Premier Giuseppe Pella and his government resigned; Italy was left leaderless.

Contrast to France. Though the crash was long in the making, it hit the Western nations with the jolt of grim surprise. Outsiders had grown accustomed to the

idea that democracy had taken firm footing in postwar Italy. Over nearly eight postwar years, wily old Alcide de Gasperi, expertly pulling the strings of governmental bureaucracy and party politics, built his defeated country into a respectable, economically vigorous and politically forceful ally of the West. On the surface, Italy seemed a healthy contrast to perpetually ailing France.

The first warning came in last summer's elections. The extreme left and extreme right gained strength. The Christian Democrats' three minor-party allies were crippled. The Monarchists took 26 more seats (for a total of 40) away from the Christian Democratic right—and thereby earned themselves the bitter enmity of Democrat de Gasperi. By a hair, 55,000 votes out of 28 million, the De Gasperi coalition missed winning the parliamentary bonus which De Gasperi's electoral reform law held out to any party or coalition winning more than 50% of the popular vote. De Gasperi could not assemble a majority to govern.

Yet he really had won, and the voters didn't know it. That startling fact illustrates the present muddle of Italian politics. The De Gasperi coalition actually polled more than a majority of the gross vote—some 52%—and was entitled to a bonus, which would have given De Gasperi 657 of the seats. He did not claim it. The Communists had cannily challenged 1,300,000 ballots—three times more than they challenged in the 1948 elections. The bulk of the questioned ballots are known to be legally pro-De Gasperi, entitling the democratic coalition to about 70 seats held by the Communists, and some scattered others. But the electoral reform law itself (called everywhere the "fraud

law") was so unpopular, the risks and difficulties of trying to oust 70 well-entrenched and improperly seated Communists from power so great, that the Christian Democrats feared to press their legal right, and concealed their own triumph. To this day, the facts of the ballot recount have not been mentioned in any Italian newspaper.

The Caretaker. Last August Giuseppe Pella got power chiefly because he promised not to exert it. He is a Christian Democrat, and he served for five years in De Gasperi's government as the brilliantly successful keeper of the budget. But Giuseppe Pella had no political organization of his own, no party faction behind him. The party did not choose him to be Premier. It was not even consulted in advance. Pella's old friend and mentor, President Luigi Einaudi, tapped Pella because he merely wanted someone to govern as a caretaker while the Christian Democrats settled among themselves on a more permanent Premier.

To Pella's surprise, he found the job to his liking. To Italy's surprise, he became almost immediately popular. His round, beaming face blossomed from newspaper and magazine front pages. Deputies in Parliament—even the thundering Communists—were charmed by his quiet yet firm courtesies. His popularity leaped dramatically over Trieste. Many decided that here was a man strong enough to put together a government that would attack Italy's problem No. 1: the Communists.

But as the excitement over Trieste faded (largely because the U.S. and Britain would make no move for fear of offending Yugoslavia's Dictator Tito), the basic weakness of Pella's position began to overtake him. A caretaker can dust the desk,



Melodioli

COMMUNIST TOGLIATTI
Waiting for chaos.

but he cannot move the furniture or redecorate the place. Italy was full of continuing discontent—over the 2,000,000 unemployed, over low wages and high costs, over clericalism v. anticlericalism in politics, over land reform. The caretaker Premier, by the nature of his position, had neither program nor machinery for doing much about it.

Against his lack of program and lack of action, the Communists seemed more and more the one group that knew what it wanted to do. Palmiro Togliatti's Communists are rich (among other funds, the party gets millions a year from their commercial monopoly as middlemen for all Italian trade with Eastern Europe); they are minutely organized and cleverly led, even able to turn to advantage such anti-Communist events as financial aid from the U.S. Example: a U.S. contract recently allowed a closed-down factory in Milan to reopen; because they had been shouting for its reopening, the Reds took public credit for the event.

Inside Pella's own party, a new faction began to be heard from. It called itself the "Democratic Initiative," and was headed by a dynamic little Tuscan, Minister of Interior Amintore Fanfani, 45, who as Secretary of Agriculture under De Gasperi had been a prime mover in land reform, and through it built himself an efficient machine and a strong following on the left edge of the Christian Democratic Alliance. Democratic Initiative is vigorous and devout, and it has grown by leaps and bounds. It is closely allied with the militant leftist Catholic movement, which centers around Florence's popular Mayor Giorgio La Pira and Bologna's influential Cardinal Leraro. Fanfani's group wanted Pella to oppose Communist growth by more vigorous social reforms.

Think It Over. Three weeks ago, Pella decided to stop being caretaker and stay awhile. But when he tried to put together a program and a Cabinet, he ran into difficulties in his own party. To the conservative, lira-conscious businessman from the north, the proper direction to turn seemed to be right, where rest the precious 40 votes of the Monarchists. Premier Pella decided to replace a Fanfani man who was Secretary of Agriculture with Salvatore Aldisio, a wealthy Sicilian who had voted against land reform and was favored by the Monarchists. Alcide de Gasperi advised Premier Pella against the appointment: "You had better think that over again." Other Christian Democratic leaders protested: Aldisio would be acceptable in some other job, but not Agriculture. Pella insisted: Aldisio in Agriculture, and the party could take Pella's word that land reform would not be sabotaged. Amintore Fanfani finally put the issue to the party steering committee. By 24 to 1, it voted against Pella—an unexpectedly sharp victory for Fanfani and his Democratic Initiative.

At that point, the few fortunate enough to be plugged into Italy's new (and limited) television network got a strange and unintended hint of what was happening.

By some quirk of electronics during a thunderstorm, a private radio-telephone line from De Gasperi's house was connected with the TV network. "You had better go and tell him," said the voice of De Gasperi over several hundred TV loudspeakers. "I had rather not," said the other voice. "You know what an uncivil type he is." De Gasperi insisted: "Well then, ask someone else to tell him." Apparently the two were discussing how to break the bad news to Aldisio.

Through more normal channels, Premier Pella heard the party's decision. "I shall now draw my own conclusions," said he. He summoned his Cabinet and calmly announced that they were through. He rode



CANDIDATE FANFANI
A new faction was heard from.

to the Palazzo Quirinale to hand his resignation to President Einaudi (it does not take effect until a new government takes over, but Pella may initiate nothing of consequence in the interim). Then he telephoned De Gasperi to report that he had quit.

"Why did you do it?" asked the old ex-Premier. "You didn't have to, you know." "But," answered Pella, "it was too bitter a pill to swallow." De Gasperi, who had worked for months to keep party and Pella together, replied sadly: "If you only knew how many bitter pills you, Pella, have made me swallow." Within 24 hours, Pella boarded a northbound train for Biello and his aged mother. "Now," said he, "I can do some skiing."

A Historical Example. At first Italians showed resentment of Alcide de Gasperi for the quick and unceremonious demise of the Pella regime; his picture was even booed in some newsreel theaters. The Vatican newspaper *Osservatore Romano* took the rare step of publicly entering a political scrap—on Pella's side. But with surprising haste much of the newspaper following which Pella had built up petered away within hours of his resignation; two of Italy's strongest newspapers came out

next morning against any attempt to reform the government along Pella's lines. "No rightist solution is possible in the present situation," said Turin's *La Stampa*, which is owned by Fiat. Added Milan's respected *Corriere della Sera*: "The rank and file of the party, supported by a large percentage of the clergy and even the episcopate, have turned left . . . at the same time that the Christian Democratic Party hierarchy has stood still . . ."

In a confusion of class bitterness and divided counsels, Italy began the delicate search for someone to govern. Narrow as they were, the figures still favor the democratic center. Strong enough to gain from dissension, patient enough to wait for chaos, the Communists are still neither able nor willing to take power legally. The far right is imposing enough to harass, but too weak to be a threat. Only the Christian Democrats have the chance to patch together a parliamentary majority.

The question of the moment is whether the Christian Democrats will heal divisions, bury grudges and seize their chance. The first sign in Rome was hopeful.

Twenty-four hours after the government fell, the Christian Democratic high command gathered in the home of Alcide de Gasperi. It briskly agreed on a program (more reforms, more vigorous measures against Red-led violence, unemployment remedies), and nominated Fanfani as its candidate for Premier. Fanfani, the shrewd politician, hoped to widen his support by getting Right-Winger Attilio Piccioni as his Vice Premier. There were signs this week that politicians from left to right might have become enough aware of the common peril to rally around Fanfani. Even one group of Monarchists hinted that they might support him—or at least refrain from opposing him.

If the sense of the common peril proves lasting, democracy in Italy may yet survive those who seek to kill it, those whose discordant actions discredit it, and those who are indifferent to its plight.

A Column of Smoke

Some 20 months ago, a sleek new Comet jet-powered transport plane, the pride of the British Overseas Airways, took off from London Airport to inaugurate a new era of travel in which men could hurry about their business on the globe's shrinking surface at speeds close to eight miles a minute. One day last week, the same plane took off from Rome on the last leg of the now routine jet flight from Singapore to London. Aboard were 35 passengers and crewmen, including Australia's able historian of World War II, Chester Wilmot (*The Struggle for Europe*).

Half an hour later, an Italian fisherman cruising off the island of Elba (where Napoleon was once a prisoner) marked the Comet's presence in the sky overhead. "I heard a roar," he said, "very high. Then there was a series of blasts. The next thing I saw was a column of smoke plunging straight down into the sea."

As BOAC technicians hurried down from London to investigate the crash, the

third fatal crash in Comet history, fishermen, rescue planes and ships from the U.S. Sixth Fleet combed the water for survivors. They found none, but amid the flotsam of wreckage that floated on the Tyrrhenian Sea to mark the Comet's grave, 15 bodies were recovered. In an age of urgency and jet propulsion, the Comet's passengers had met their end as swiftly as they had pursued their goals upon earth. Said an examining surgeon: "They showed no look of terror. Death must have come without warning."

GREAT BRITAIN

Portrait of a Hero

Eddie Chapman is a gay dog. International society intellectuals like Director John Huston admire his mind, and blondes his wire-and-whipcord body. He can keep a pub in fits of laughter or a softly lit drawing room at hushed attention. He is Mayfair's favorite criminal ("I'd like you to meet Eddie Chapman, my smuggler friend. Tell us about the jobs you've pulled lately, Eddie"). And low society in Britain pays him homage, for in his time, Eddie was the prince of safecrackers. After the war, it became apparent to all his acquaintances that Eddie had also been one of the coolest of World War II's coolheaded spies. Big question was: For which side?

A poor man's son, born in England's industrial north, Eddie Chapman enlisted in the Coldstream Guards and was discharged (for overstaying his leave in a brunette's apartment) before he was 19. Two years later he was famous as the leader of the Gelignite Gang, which specialized in blowing safes. "Eddie gets nervous at the thought of anything locked up," said friends proudly. He drove a low-slung car, had a West End flat stocked with a succession of girls, and was well known in Soho's nightclubs. Caught on a routine job one night in Edinburgh, Eddie was released on bail, promptly went to London and scooped up enough cash to bail out his two friends. With Eddie's girl, they lit out for the Isle of Jersey. There the police caught up with him. Eddie spent the next three years in Jersey's jail.

Cognac & Code. During the war, the Germans took over Jersey. The day Eddie was released, he marched into the office of the German commandant and boldly asked to join the German secret service. He hated England, he explained, and produced clippings of his cases to show that he would be jailed for countless years if the British police ever caught up with him. The Germans whisked Eddie off, first to a prison near Paris (where Eddie beguiled his time by sawing through the doors which led to the women's quarters), then to a chateau on the Loire. Soon Eddie was happily drinking wine and cognac with the bibulous major in charge.

Between drinks he was drilled in secret codes, in how to make explosives out of homemade materials, how to make a time bomb out of a wristwatch, how to blow up ships (drill a hole in a chunk of coal, fill

with explosive, drop coal in bunker. When fed to boilers, the explosion bursts the boilers). When Eddie was judged ready, the Germans strapped £2,000 on his back, fitted him out with an English-made suit, shoes, detonators, wireless set, and an identity card salvaged from the dead of Dieppe. His mission: to blow up the De Havilland factory making Mosquito bombers. Von Rundstedt himself wished him godspeed.

Eddie was dropped by parachute, made his way on a commuters' train to London, and holed up in a suburban boarding-house. With his wireless set he established contact with his German masters. But he also made a call from a pay telephone to a British official. Eddie explained that he had been parachuted in by the Germans, and described his mission, but said he wanted to work for England. Brashly,



EDDIE CHAPMAN & WIFE

Nobody knows the trouble he's seen.

he named his price—a full pardon for all his safecrackings, and permission to keep the £2,000 the Germans had supplied him with. The British accepted his terms.

In return, Eddie turned over all the messages from his German contacts, transmitted answers (on bomb damage, location of government offices, etc.) composed by British intelligence. For his major mission, the British undertook a gigantic hoax: they camouflaged the De Havilland works to look as if they had been blown up from the inside, took air photographs to check telltale fawks. When all was ready, Eddie radioed that his mission had been completed. A German reconnaissance plane circled the plant. Then Eddie was told by wireless to return to Germany via Lisbon.

Misinformation. Eddie went—without knowing whether the hoax had fooled the Germans. That took courage, and Eddie had it. But the hoax worked. In Germany he was hailed as a hero. His chief

decorated him with the Iron Cross itself.

For a year, Eddie drank and roistered with Nazi secret service men on his reward money. Then the Germans asked him to go on another mission. Eddie refused until they met his price: £50,000, payable on his return. In mid-1944 Eddie once again parachuted into England, and set up his wireless in a London suburb. With Eddie's help, British intelligence systematically misreported the location of V-2 hits, gradually moved the Germans' center of fire from the heavily populated heart of London into the sparsely settled suburbs. And again, Eddie kept the money (£6,000 this time) the Nazis furnished him with.

The Persecuted. After the war, Eddie appeared again in his old London haunts, debonair as ever and free as air, despite his record of 47 safecracking jobs. To anyone who wondered, he had the full story ready. But he had a grudge. The War Office would let him tell only half the story publicly—that he had spied for the Nazis. Once, when he tried to get into print with the other side, they haled him into court and fined him £50 under the Official Secrets Act.

Eddie began to complain that he was persecuted. He had hired a surplus landing craft to run cargoes into Britain from Ireland and France, added a small steamship, then a small aircraft in which he made frequent "business" trips to that black-marketeer's heaven, Tangier. Wherever he landed, police were waiting to question or search him. Frequently his ships were stopped and searched. Persecution, cried Eddie, because of his disagreements with the government. But when Eddie ran into real trouble on a currency transaction charge, a senior officer from the War Office appeared uninvited to testify that Eddie was "one of the bravest men who served in the last war." Yet when his biography (*The Eddie Chapman Story*) appeared six weeks ago, and began to be serialized in the papers, the War Office cut out all references to his services to Britain.

Last week Eddie was making his merry rounds of pub and club, brash and bumptious and complaining of his wrongs. Far away on Africa's Gold Coast, a scandal had broken (*TIME*, Jan. 11), with charges of bribery of government officials. As so often when things happened, it turned out that Eddie had been near by. Eddie, it appeared, had spent much of the past two years winning and dining Gold Coast ministers, while his pretty, blonde wife became so friendly with bachelor Prime Minister Nkrumah that she did his shopping and supervised his menus. And somehow, every firm that hired Eddie had got a fat government contract. Said Eddie cheerfully from London: "These people were my friends. I didn't have to bribe them."

There was also a spot of trouble in London. Eddie was charged with assaulting a man in a pub brawl, and in the process, relieving a drinking companion of £19 without his consent. Police hounding,

You're So Smart to Smoke Parliaments

A close-up photograph of a man's torso and hands. He is wearing a vibrant red suit jacket over a white shirt and a light-colored tie. In his right hand, he holds a single cigarette with a white filter. In his left hand, he holds an open pack of Parliaments cigarettes. The pack is gold and white, with the brand name 'Parliament' in a stylized script. The cigarettes are white with gold filters. The background is dark and out of focus.

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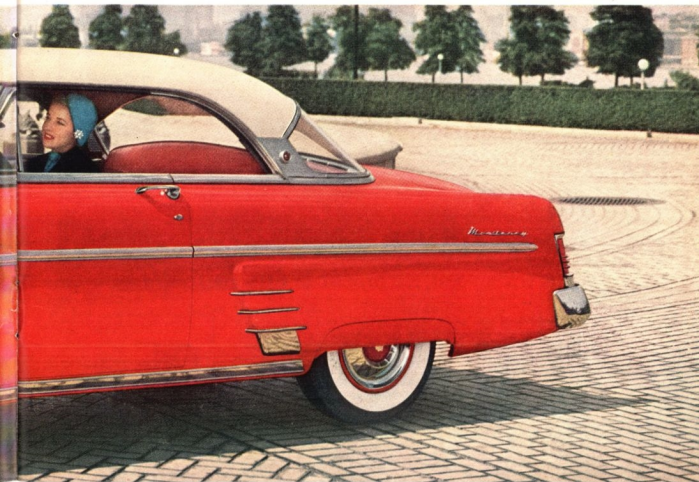
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said Eddie. But the judge fined him £5 and costs for assault. This time no War Office officer came to speak for him. But for the first time, the War Office last week confirmed that Eddie's version of his war services was true.

Eddie took it as no more than his due. The robbery charge still hung over him, but Eddie did not let that bother him.

José Ferrer and his new wife Rosemary Clooney were flying in, and Eddie organized a gang of mutual friends to meet them at the airport—all stumping on their knees and dressed in beards and bowlers like so many Toulouse-Lautrecs. Everybody laughed and laughed and agreed Eddie was one in a million.

YUGOSLAVIA

The Rest Is Silence

When a man is Vice President in Tito's Yugoslavia, a maxim for staying on good terms with the boss is: never, never poll more votes than the President. In the election last November, Milovan Djilas, No. 3 man in the Yugoslav hierarchy and one of its four Vice Presidents, broke the rule.

Apparently it affected his judgment. For he sprang into print with a series in *Borba*, the party newspaper. Djilas gave it as his personal opinion that the Yugoslav Communist Party's methods were outmoded. Compulsory "cell" meetings through which leaders exercised guidance over lesser comrades were "sterile." The "churchlike" insistence on dogma had become unnecessary.

Djilas also saw fit to lecture his colleagues on their manners and morals. In top Tito circles, it is *de rigueur* to marry a girl who had a good battle record as a partisan. In a magazine article, Djilas roundly reproved the "inner circle" of the administration and their wives for snubbing the pretty young actress-bride of Yugoslavia's chief of staff just because she had not fought in World War II. Snorted Djilas: the girl was only 13 years old when the war ended. Besides, who were these wives to point a finger of scorn? asked Djilas—and proceeded to describe in unmistakable detail and almost unprintable terms the premarital practices of some of these lady war veterans. (Tito himself married a 28-year-old army major and partisan fighter.)

Suddenly last week, Djilas was pounced on by the party's full executive committee. It denounced him for views "basically contrary" to the party, demanded that he write no more.

At last report, Djilas was still Vice President, but a silent one.

SPAIN

Buried Sinner

"I sometimes think," sang the Poet Omar, "that never blows so red the rose as where some buried Caesar bled." Few, if any, roses bloomed in the church of Spain's highland town of Viana where lethal and licentious Cesare Borgia was

buried in March 1507. But over his remains, bled white by assassins' knives, rose a fine sarcophagus bearing the legend: "Here in little earth lies he who was feared by all, who held peace and war in his hand."

Like Cesare himself, whose violent life came to a violent end at 32, the tomb was not long for this world. In 1527, a touring bishop of Calahorra, whose family had long been persecuted by Rome's ruthless Borgias, caught sight of it and howled at the outrage of such a sinner as Cesare being buried in church ground. The sarcophagus was demolished forthwith. The remains of Cesare Borgia, illegitimate son of Pope Alexander VI and himself a cardinal at 18, an accomplished murderer at 25, and military conqueror of a good part of Italy at 27, were carried into the street and buried beneath the cobblestones and



CESARE BORGIA
Beware the night of March 11.

the dung of passing cattle. For 400 years the villagers of Viana avoided the unmarked grave, particularly on the night of March 11, when Cesare's ghost is said to be abroad and thirsty for vengeance. For generations the city fathers of Viana urged Cesare's reburial inside the church; for generations the priests of Viana resisted them.

In 1945 workmen overhauling the town sewer solved part of the problem by inadvertently digging up Cesare. The disinterred Borgia bones were shrouded in a casket of silver and oak and placed in the town hall, while the ancient debate raged with new fury. Time passed; an old priest died, and a younger priest took over; an old mayor died, and a younger mayor took his office; both agreed that it was time to end the ancient rift and to give Cesare a decent burial.

One day last week as the villagers of Viana lined the streets, the casket bearing all that remained of Cesare Borgia was

carried at last from the town hall and laid to rest once again in Santa Maria Church, with the full blessing of the see of Calahorra. In Viana it was felt that everyone would sleep better from now on.

FRANCE

How to Stay Alive

"Where is Clemenceau? Where are Gambetta, Jaurès, Briand, Poincaré? These great figures already seem to belong to a distant past.

—Frédéric Hoeffet,
Psychanalyste de Paris

In a time of small men, however parlous the time, the small men carry on, sometimes gamely. Last week France's durable Premier Joseph Laniel—whose government has lasted for almost seven months, longer than the average for the Fourth Republic—mounted the eight carpeted steps to the National Assembly's rostrum, put on gold-rimmed glasses and read a 45-minute speech. Purpose: to win a vote of confidence so that Laniel's government would stay alive and Laniel's Foreign Minister Georges Bidault could go to the Four-Power Conference in Berlin.

Surveying the domestic scene, Joseph Laniel pointed out proudly that the treasury was in much better shape than he found it last summer. For six months there had been no inflationary movement; the "parallel" (black-market) rate for the dollar had fallen 30 points. Foreign sales in November were the highest in 29 months. In July there was only \$13 million "in the till"; now there is \$457 million, with another \$71 million soon to be added.

These figures caused murmurs of surprise and pleasure among the Deputies.

On foreign affairs, Laniel was cautious. On EDC: "In the weeks following the Berlin conference it will be up to the French parliament to take definite decisions. Any postponement . . . would then be inadmissible." On the Big-Four meeting: "We have the firm will to sacrifice no serious chance, in our relations with Russia, of improving the international climate." On Indo-China: "We desire peace. We wish to negotiate."

Joseph Laniel wound up bravely by demanding that the Deputies vote flatly for him or against him, saying that it would be better to have a Cabinet crisis then & there, rather than another weak vote (marred by abstentions), such as the one that preceded Bermuda. Result: a solid vote of confidence, 319 to 249, with the bulk of the noes coming from Communists and Socialists. Conservative papers (*Figaro*, *L'Aurore*) proudly called the favorable vote a "reinvestiture." The left-wing *Franc-Tireur* mocked: "Here he is consenting once more to become Mr. Interim." No one needed to point out that, although M. Laniel's government would be represented at Berlin, there would be no Frenchman there comparable to Clemenceau, Gambetta, Jaurès, Briand, Poincaré.

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Dream Pipe

The world's longest gas pipeline is going to be built across Canada. This was announced last week by Trade & Commerce Minister C. D. Howe after a four-day conference in Ottawa with officials of two pipeline companies. Canadian-owned Western Pipe Lines Ltd., which had sought permission to transport Alberta's natural gas to Winnipeg and Minneapolis, and U.S.-controlled Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Ltd., which wanted to build an all-Canadian line, had agreed to merge. The new combine will build a 2,240-mile pipeline from Princess, Alta. to Toronto and Montreal. The pipeline will be 200 miles longer than the U.S.'s biggest, Tennessee Gas Transmission's 30-inch line linking Texas and Massachusetts, and nearly 1,000 miles longer than famed Big Inch, first of the big-bore tubes.

If the U.S. Federal Power Commission approves, a lateral line will run south from Winnipeg to take gas to the Minneapolis area. But Howe emphasized that Canadian consumers will get preference; the U.S. market will be served only after the pipeline to eastern Canada is assured.

BRAZIL

The Prestes Proposals

The Brazilian Communist Party has been outlawed since 1947, but it still has some 60,000 members. Its newspapers are illegal, but are tolerantly allowed to publish. Its boss, Luis Carlos Prestes, has been hunted by the cops for seven years. Last week the missing chieftain published in the outlawed press some instructions for the illegal party.



Kurt Paul Klagsbrunn
COMMUNIST PRESTES
The test: Is it anti-U.S.?



Prestes, who once led 1,200 men in a two-year battle with 30,000 soldiers in Brazil's backlands, learned Communism in Moscow. Now, abandoning his former out-and-out revolutionary line, Prestes declared that there is only one Red test for Brazilian policy: Is it anti-U.S.?

Brazil, said Prestes, is only a colony of the U.S. Even the U.S.-Brazil Joint Commission's plan for better roads and ports is just a trick for the U.S. to get war materials out of the country. Nationalists and others interested in building up a Brazilian economy free from *yunqui* rule should take heed, said Prestes, to these proposals: 1) annulment of all treaties with the U.S., 2) confiscation of all capital and enterprises belonging to "American monopolists," and 3) cancellation of Brazil's debt to the U.S.

COLOMBIA

The Habit of Murder

Political murder, the scourge of Colombia, is on the rise again. Last week alone, there were eight killings; there have been more than 100 since last June, when Lieut. General Gustavo Rojas Pinilla seized the presidency of Colombia and promised "no more bloodshed."

In the main, Rojas has kept that promise; he stopped the four-year war between the brutal policemen-followers of his fanatically Conservative predecessor, Laureano Gómez, and the Gómez-hating Liberal guerrillas. Although a Conservative himself, Rojas fired the cops, earning their hatred, and annexed the Liberals, earning their gratitude. The new peacebreakers are mostly Laureanista ex-cops, far gone in the habit of murder and bitter toward Rojas and the Liberals.

The Laureanistas are often called Bluebirds—blue being the Conservative color and bird the local slang for villain. One area where the Bluebirds are on the rampage is the south. Two months ago they hacked 14 Liberal farmers to death and hurled their bodies into the Baché River. Terrorized Caicedonia, 125 miles west of Bogotá, is another Bluebird battlefield. A two-street town with a population of only

5,200, it has seen twelve murders in the last six weeks. Twenty others have been killed in the area around Caicedonia.

The Rojas government answered the new violence by ordering troops into Caicedonia, and by replacing the town's entire police force. It named new police chiefs or mayors, many of them army officers, for 38 nearby towns. To the south, Rojas sent a bipartisan commission which will report directly to him. Despite these measures, at week's end four more Liberal farmers were killed (two by beheading) by thugs who shouted, "Down with Rojas Pinilla!"

VENEZUELA

Ore for Fairless

Standing on a dock edging the black Caroni River one day last week, Venezuela's President Marcos Pérez Jiménez pressed a button, started a conveyer belt, and sent baseball-sized chunks of iron ore tumbling into the hold of a Swedish freighter. When the ship was properly "topped off," her hatchcovers were closed and she steamed downstream with the first cargo of ore for the U.S. from the steel-hungry 20th century's greatest ore find, Cerro Bolívar.

The 500-million-ton mountain of ore was discovered seven years ago in a world-wide iron search by U.S. Steel Corp. Since then, Orinoco Mining Co., U.S. Steel's Venezuelan subsidiary, has been working on the problems of how to get the stuff out of such a remote, tropical place. Cerro Bolívar ore coats the top of the mountain like a turtle shell. It is brought down in 93-car trains which have to be eased cautiously down a 3% grade for nine miles under smoking brakes. Against the chance that the brakes might fail, special sidetracks were built to switch any runaways to an upgrade. Once off the hill and on a tamer grade, the 91-mile railroad winds through a palm-tufted savannah, a rocky badlands where flash floods can fill dusty ravines with ten feet of water in a few minutes, and finally a sandy semi-desert to the Caroni river.

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Robert A. Stranahan, President of Champion Spark Plug Company: "I've never had finer food or service than on the UNITED STATES." On her service staff of close to 800 are many with 20 years or more of experience.



Thomas J. Watson, Board Chairman, International Business Machines: "A ship that lives up to her great name!" On her maiden voyage, the UNITED STATES set new speed records on both eastbound and westbound trips.



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John Lyon Collier, President of the B. F. Goodrich Company: "The AMERICA is my idea of luxury at sea. She makes you feel genuinely proud that she flies the Stars and Stripes."



Oliver J. Gingold of the Wall Street Journal, dean of stock market columnists: "It's not only good business for Americans to cross on these American ships but genuine pleasure."

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S.S. UNITED STATES Sails from New York 12 noon, arrives Havre early morning of 5th day, Southampton same afternoon. Sails Feb. 2*, Feb. 18*, Mar. 6*, Mar. 24*, Apr. 10*, and regularly thereafter. First Class \$350 up; Cabin \$220 up; Tourist \$165 up.

*Also arrives Bremerhaven sixth day

S.S. AMERICA New York to Cöhl in 5½ days, 6¼ to Havre, 7 to Southampton, 8 to Bremerhaven. Sails Jan. 27, Feb. 20, Mar. 13, Apr. 2, Apr. 23, and regularly thereafter. First Class \$295 up; Cabin \$200 up; Tourist \$160 up.

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Time Map by J. Donovan

U.S. Steel has spent \$175 million developing Cerro Bolívar. Whole towns were built: Ciudad Piar at the mountain. Puerto Ordaz on the river. But now the payoff starts. The rich hematite and limonite (eventually 10 million tons a year) will feed the \$400 million Fairless Works at Morrisville, Pa.—where the first ore will arrive next week.

ARGENTINA

"A Lone Man Like Me"

Juan Perón has been like a generous rich uncle to the members of Buenos Aires' High-School Girls' Union. Since he first started teaching them to ride motorcycles at his presidential *quinta* in suburban Olivos last August, he has hardly let a day pass without some kindness. Recently he gave the union the rambling old presidential palace on downtown Calle Suipacha—unused since President Ramon Castillo's overthrow in 1943—for a clubhouse. To notable girl athletes he gives a standard present: a plastic vanity case with \$36 inside.

The *quinta* in Olivos, a eucalyptus-shaded estate at which the President and Evita passed some of their happiest times, has been drastically rebuilt since Evita's death. Crews of workers added tennis and basketball courts, a swimming pool, open-air theater and riding stables. So that the high-school girls could go to the nearby river beach without crossing a busy street, Perón had a costly tunnel dug. Last week, with most of the alterations completed, President Perón turned the *quinta* over to the girls for a second clubhouse. "It's too big for a lone man like me," said he.



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Towering high above Rochester, N. Y. are the masts of our stations WHAM, WHFM and WHAM-TV. From them, Sid Caesar, Stella Dallas—and scores of others—are welcomed daily into the homes of Western New York, neighboring states and Canada.

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Since the very early days of radio in 1922, we've been in AM broadcasting; in FM, which we helped to develop, since

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week, these names made this news:

In Baltimore, Iconoclast **H. L. Mencken**, 73, startled an interviewer with some relatively kindly comments on things in general. As he puffed on a long cigar and sipped some Canadian ale, Mencken conceded that **Dwight Eisenhower** is not a bad President. A "better-than-average President," said Mencken, and doing well "for a general." All this was a sign to his friends that Mencken, who has denounced every U.S. President since Teddy Roosevelt, is mellowing. Only once did Mencken unleash a hearty blast. General **Douglas MacArthur**, he said, is "a dreadful fraud, who seems to be fading satisfactorily."

After some four years of armed truce, the enemy camps of **Winthrop Rockefeller**, who is holed up on his big, new farm near Little Rock, Ark., and his estranged wife, **Barbara Sears** ("Bobo") **Rockefeller**, who is holed up in their Park Avenue penthouse apartment in Manhattan, fired major salvos at each other. Winthrop's lawyer led off by announcing that Bobo had upped her "insatiable" settlement demands from \$5,500,000 to \$10,000,000. Countered Bobo, through a friend: Nonsense. The settlement offer which Winthrop made last October and she returned for "consideration of new terms not involving money" was revised and has now been accepted. Moreover, said Bobo, she had not got a dime from her husband since October. Rockefeller's lawyer promptly waved a \$2,500 check, endorsed by Bobo, which he said she accepted as a "Christmas gift" to Winthrop Jr., 5, in December. Replied Bobo: even now, a cruel Man-

hattan merchant was trying to repossess her \$100 vacuum cleaner. At week's end hostilities cooled as abruptly as they had flared up. The settlement, to which Bobo agreed "in principle," was handsome—and had plenty of principal: for Bobo, \$2,000,000 cash, a \$1,000,000 trust fund, plus either \$70,000-a-year alimony or income from another \$500,000 trust fund; for little Winthrop Jr., two trust funds totaling \$2,500,000.

In Edinburgh, love was triumphant over the law, religion and an imperious father. No sooner were the banns published announcing the marriage of **Maria Isabella Patiño y Bourbon**, 18, and **James**



Carl Mydans—Life
ISABELLA & BRIDEGROOM
Love over law.

Michael Goldsmith, 20, than **Isabella's** Bolivian father, **Tin Tycoon Antenor Patiño**, dispatched private eyes and legal beagles to stop the wedding. Papa Patiño had been hunting his daughter, a French citizen, ever since she ran off with Goldsmith early in December. But the young couple, who had fled to Scotland (where 18-year-olds are permitted to marry without their parents' consent), continued to hide successfully from detectives. Antenor was joined in his objections (he did not want his Roman Catholic daughter to marry outside the Church) by his estranged wife **Princess Maria Cristina**, member of France's out-of-season royalty, whom he has fought over money matters in French and U.S. courts for 13 years. When Patiño got an Edinburgh temporary injunction against the marriage, young Goldsmith, scion of a rich British hotel family (London's Savoy



George Skodding—Life
HELEN KNOWLAND
Work before wit.

and Claridge's, Paris' Scribe, etc.), began corraling lawyers to fight back. Finally, last week, the old man gave in, left Scotland without waiting to see his daughter. At their hideout in a 12th century castle outside Edinburgh, **Isabella** and **Jimmy** beamed at the news, rode off to Kelso to get married.

Looking toward Yale's forthcoming junior prom, the undergraduate radio station announced the selection of this year's ideal "Junior Prom Date": cat-eyed Negro Songstress **Eartha** (*I Want to Be Evil*) **Kitt**.

Pretty **Helen Knowland**, wife of Republican Senate Leader **William Knowland**, confided that when she first met Bill he was only eight years old but was already lisping precociously: "Wepwe-mentative government ith the way we do thingth in thith country." Writing in the *Pathfinder Town Journal*, Mrs. Knowland gave her view of the rivalry that is supposed to flourish between her husband and Vice-President **Richard Nixon**: "Actually they are the warmest friends, and I'm sure Pat Nixon feels the way about me that I certainly do about her." After 27 years of marriage, Mrs. Knowland is still "awed by the way Billy brushes off irrelevant matters," nevertheless has decided that the Senator is a fellow who, on being exposed to humor, must always tell himself: "See here, you must see the funny side of this." But, she implied, Billy seldom gets the witty point.

Invited to London by the British Film Institute, veteran Actor-Director **Eric von Stroheim**, 68, showed his cropped poll in Britain for the first time in twelve years, growled through a showing of his old masterpiece *Greed*—the standard ten-reel version, which in 1924 was trimmed down from a colossal 42 reels by a film



Associated Press
BOBO ROCKEFELLER
Principal for principle.

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Speaking at the dedication ceremonies, Brig. Gen. David Sarnoff, Chairman of the Board of RCA, said:
"May I express the wish, which I know all in our Armed Services share, that this powerful instrument for transmitting intelligence may add to our national security and to the peace of the world."

The first message flashed by the "Big Jim" transmitter was from Admiral Robert B. Carney, Chief of Naval Operations, to U. S. Navy personnel around the world. He said:

"With this message we forge another link between you and your homeland. With it, we build a new security channel from America to the naval units which form its outer ramparts of defense."



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cutter whom Von Stroheim has never forgiven. Snarled Erich: "[The cutter] had never read the script and had nothing on his mind but a hat." Later, at a press conference, he screwed into his eye a half-crown—a substitute for his famed but absent monocle—and leered villainously at the cameras. When Von Stroheim asked for an ashtray, a puckish reporter offered him a cupped palm and said: "If you are the man you used to be on the screen, you'd stub it out on that." Rasped the master of menace: "If you were a woman, I would."

In New York, Poet **W. H.** (for Wystan Hugh) **Auden**, 46, 1948 Pulitzer Prize-winner (*The Age of Anxiety*), was informed that he has won another award: the Bollingen Prize in Poetry, offered by the Yale University Library in recognition of Auden's lifetime work.

In the Manhattan hotel suite where she began a honeymoon with her fifth husband, Dominican Diplomat-Playboy **Porfirio** ("Rubi") **Rubirosa**, five & dime Heiress **Barbara Hutton** tumbled and broke her left ankle. At her side, bearing up nobly, Rubi was consoled a bit on hearing that the Dominican Republic had reinstalled him at his Paris diplomatic post, which had been yanked out from under him last month. To cheer Porfirio further, the Custom Tailors Guild of America announced that he had beaten out **President Eisenhower** in a poll of its members to choose America's best-dressed man. Said a Guild official: "Whatever else may be said about him, Mr. Rubirosa is, indeed, perfection itself in sartorial matters . . . The nation's men could profit by following his example."

Though not mentioning any villains by name, **Eire's** fierce old (75) poet-playwright **Lord Dunsany** reared up before a group of London authors and ground modern poets under his hobnailed heel: "They are bells of lead. They should tinkle melodiously, but usually they just 'klunk.' " Then he took aim at modern verse containing sexy lines: "If this is poetry, there is plenty of it on the walls of the public lavatories of England which is quite as vulgar."

Showman **Billy** (*Aquacade*) **Rose**, whose estranged wife **Eleanor Holm Rose** locked him out of their Manhattan town house more than a year ago, showed up at the place recently, was admitted by Eleanor and sat down with her in the kitchen for a cozy chat over some coffee. In the shared cups they found grounds for a divorce settlement, which the courts and their lawyers had been unable to work out in a two-year tug of war. Provided one of them divorces the other by April 10, Eleanor will go on swimming in the kind of money to which she is accustomed: alimony of \$30,000 a year, plus a tidy bonus of \$20,000 a year for a decade. Billy chirped: "Too bad neither of us had sense enough to have that cup of coffee 24 months ago."



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Good news for everyone who saw the Coronation on Television

TELEVISION coverage of the Coronation made the glory and greatness of present-day Britain seem very real to millions of Americans.

What few Americans realize is that they can see the same kind of pomp and circumstance almost every day—if they pay a visit to Britain in her New Elizabethan Age.

The scarlet uniforms, the jingling cavalry, the grandeur and gaiety are back—an irresistible magnet to any American with a sense of history and

an appreciation for showmanship in the grand manner.

It costs surprisingly little to visit Britain nowadays. A tourist-class round-trip ticket by air or sea is under \$500—less during thrift season. And a fortnight of sight-seeing need not cost you more than \$200.

Food rationing is virtually at an end, and British cooking has improved out of all knowledge. You can get a magnificent roast beef dinner almost anywhere for about a dollar.

You will come home laden with plunder—cashmeres, antiques, tweeds, china, silver, leather goods—bought at prices that will make stay-at-homes green with envy.

And memories of your trip will last a lifetime—memories of scarlet and gold, of a New Elizabethan Age, of a great renaissance, and friendly people who speak your language.

See your Travel Agent or write to British Travel Association, Box 2M, 336 Madison Ave., New York 17.

THE PRESS

End of Shortage

The worldwide newsprint shortage is over. For the first time since the shortage began more than ten years ago, the Newsprint Association of Canada, where 53% of the world's supply is produced, announced in its year-end report that there is enough newsprint to satisfy the world demand. In 1952, said the association, supply was only 47,000 tons less than demand, while in 1953, with an increased output of 285,000 tons, supply equaled demand. Total world newsprint production for 1953: 10,877,000 tons, v. 8,144,000-ton pre-war average.

The Friendly Enemy

As editorial cartoonist for the New York *Herald Tribune*, Daniel B. Dowling, 47, is one of the best practitioners of the old-fashioned school of cartooning. Instead of blasting with broad, charcoal-black strokes like the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch's* Dan Fitzpatrick or the Washington *Post's* "Herblock," Dowling gently spoofs with fine-line ink strokes and light caricature. A lifelong Republican. Cartoonist Dowling, who is syndicated in more than 100 papers, is guilty of one big heresy. "I really miss Harry Truman," says he. "When he was President, there was a three-ring circus in Washington." Dowling's heresy is understandable. Like all good cartoonists, whatever their political coloration, he is better off in opposition to the party in power. "The Republican Administration simply does not provide me with enough good cartoon material. There aren't enough villains."

Last week Cartoonist Dowling, whose political humor always keeps on top of the news, put his pen to work on the big political consideration of the week: President Eisenhower's need for Democratic support in Congress to push through his legislative program. But Dowling still has more fun with the opposition, e.g., his cartoon of Stevenson in a lifeboat after his recent speech on the "fears" that have spread in the U.S. since the Republicans took office (see cut).

Fast Watch. Dowling's light touch is the result of heavy work. He puts in more than ten hours a day (six days a week) to turn out six cartoons. He attends the daily morning *Trib* editorial conference, and though he rarely gets his subject there, the run-through helps him focus on the main news. After the 11 a.m. conference, he races to make his 4:30 p.m. deadline. Dowling always keeps his watch set an hour and a half fast. "Sometimes," says he, "I look at my watch and it says 4 o'clock and I haven't got anything on paper. Then I remember I'm an hour and a half fast and I feel better." When an idea is slow to jell, he has turned out a cartoon in less than 40 minutes.

Though Dowling's cartoon world is populated with recognizable caricatures, he plasters signs all over his drawings. For example, he recently tagged a battered



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"THAT'S ALL SETTLED"



Richard Meek

CARTOONIST DOWLING



Copyright, 1953, N.Y. Herald Tribune, Inc.
"SOME AREN'T ENJOYING THE TRIP"

Malenkov the "New Homebody," showed him sitting in a kitchen piled high with dirty dishes (labeled "consumer-goods demand"), with squalling children armed with hammers ("satellite unrest," "collectivized farming") climbing into his lap. In a Republican Administration, Liberal Republican Dowling's main target is the "division of the Republican Party between the liberals and the McCarthy right wing" (see cut).

Slow Gase. Dowling's style of cartooning came from famed retired Cartoonist J. N. ("Ding") Darling. A Nebraska-born banker's son, Dowling met Ding at 16 and patterned his cartoons on Ding's from then on. He graduated from the University of California at Berkeley ('28) and worked as a police reporter for the City News Bureau of Chicago. He started to study at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, but after a month was advised to go out and work on newspapers. He got a job as an artist for the Associated Press in New York, and in 1938 became a full-time cartoonist for the Omaha *World-Herald*, after submitting several cartoons in the "Ding manner." At the beginning of World War II, Dowling went into the Army as a private, got out as a captain in 1946, and went back to the *World-Herald*. Three years later, when Darling retired, the *Trib*, which had been printing his syndicated cartoons, hired Dowling. Dowling lives at Ardsley-on-Hudson, N.Y., with his wife, two children and "the biggest dog in the world" (a 180-lb. Newfoundland), has one consuming pastime that will fit his gentle nature if not his size (6 ft., 175 lbs.). As often as he can, he plays his own complicated brand of croquet. Says he: "Golf and bowling require no brains at all. Croquet is a game of skill and brains—forgotten in all these years."

Uphill Climb

After the Los Angeles *Times's* publisher Norman Chandler launched the Los Angeles *Mirror* in 1948, he made a frank confession: "I'm no miracle man. Every newspaperman knows it takes three to five years to pull a new paper out of the red." He was optimistic. At the start, the *Mirror*, only new U.S. metropolitan daily since war's end, was also a strange-looking infant. Its tabloid Page One was printed sideways, so that it looked just like a full-size daily until readers took it off the newsstand and opened it up. Few readers bothered; from its first press run of 500,000 copies, its sales plummeted to only 72,000 readers a day.

The *Mirror's* publisher, Virgil M. Pinkley, ex-U.P. general manager for Europe, knew what to do about that. He turned its front page around and set out aggressively to give the *Mirror* a crisp, sensational style ("All news stories are written too long, including those in the *Mirror*"). Los Angeles, said Pinkley, "needs a fighting newspaper [and] the *Mirror* is anyone's fist in a good fight." The paper picked its fights carefully, more often to woo new readers than for any lofty civic motives. *Mirror*men breezily campaigned against everything from "black-market

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baby rackets" and Southern California's "Saloon Empire" to ugly female legs.

"Sizzling & Sensational." One of the *Mirror's* fiercest battles was against its two afternoon competitors, Hearst's *Herald & Express* and the ailing *Daily News*. In editorials and news stories, all three papers constantly fire away (*TIME*, Nov. 24, 1952 *et seq.*) at one another. For example, in the middle of the *Mirror's* liquor-license series, *Newsman* discovered that *Mirror* Movie Columnist Florabel Muir had herself sold a license in just the way *Mirror* had said was "sizzling and sensational." Columnist Muir promptly resigned (*TIME*, Oct. 19).

The *Mirror* had another enemy: the city itself. In sprawling Los Angeles, which covers 452 square miles, distribution costs are high, and they keep rising, along with spiraling production costs. Slowly, however, the *Mirror* began to win the battle.



Murray Garrett—Graphic House
PUBLISHER PINKLEY
A fist in a good fight.

Its circulation climbed steadily to its present high of 224,438. During the same period, circulation of all the other papers except the *Times* dropped sharply. To take readers away from its competitors, Owner Chandler has poured millions into the *Mirror*. Despite this rapid growth, starting a new daily is such an expensive, uphill struggle that, even after five years, the *Mirror* has still not moved out of the red.

Full Size. Last week the *Mirror* got ready for another big step to try to make its own way. Publisher Pinkley announced that beginning next month the *Mirror* will change its format again, this time into a full-size, eight-column paper like its morning sister, the *Times*. Pinkley said the change was the result of a poll which showed that its readers, 6-to-1, preferred an eight-column paper. "Besides," added Pinkley, "Los Angeles just isn't a tabloid

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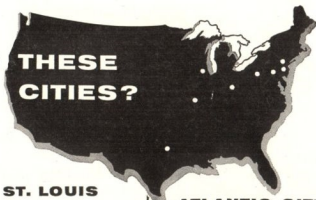
Admiral

TIME, JANUARY 18, 1954

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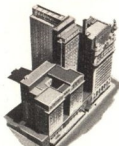
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town. Tabloids thrive where two things exist: dense population and good public transportation; Los Angeles has neither."

But Los Angeles newsmen pointed to another reason: advertisers preferred to load the *Times* with full-size ads instead of placing them in the tabloid-size *Mirror*. The change would give the *Mirror* a chance at some of this revenue. "When

we make the changeover," says Owner Chandler, "we anticipate our losses will be cut from between \$6,000 to \$8,000 a week." Publisher Pinkley hopes that the new full-size *Mirror* will hit the 300,000 reader mark. Says he: "I doubt that any metropolitan newspaper can make money with less than a 300,000 to 325,000 circulation."

THE THEATER

New Plays in Manhattan

Mademoiselle Colombe (adapted by Louis Kronenberger* from the French of Jean Anouilh) is an amorality play written in Gallic terms, i.e., the playwright never reveals whom he is rooting for. This has proved dismaying to Broadway audiences in the past because, though relishing a good fight between right and wrong, U.S. playgoers prefer to know which is which. Opposed in the turn-of-the-century plot are Eli Wallach, a young man top-heavy with virtue, and his wife Julie Harris, who cannot see why he must do everything the hard way when the easy way is so much more fun. Called up for military service, Wallach nobly refuses to seek deferment, even though it means he must reluctantly deposit his wife with his termagant mother (Edna Best), one of the great ladies of the Paris theater.

In the hothouse atmosphere of forced-stage life, Julie experiences a back-growth. So much so that when her husband returns to Paris he discovers that, in only three months, she has become a minor actress and he a major cuckold. It is in dealing with this most recent crime against man that the play finds its cynical laughter, stony tears and best scenes: Sam Jaffe is shockingly funny as he recites the litany of despairs that afflict deceived husbands, and Actress Harris is painfully enchanting as she lies and charms away her husband's suspicions.

Through and around these scenes sweeps Edna Best, wearing a stomach, a red wig and a putty nose. Though a skilled actress, she is miscast and overplays the vulgarity of her role as she declaims fake-heroic verses, shouts uncomfortably ribald asides, and trails behind her a retinue of hairdressers, manicurists and poets. William Windom and Harry Bannister are effective as youthful and aged incarnations of women-chasers. Superbly costumed by Motley, *Colombe* is played against Boris Aronson's fine settings—a gauzy, grey-and-golden evocation of the Paris of yesteryear. The language of the Kronenberger adaptation has a French clarity as well as an Anglo-Saxon bluntness.

In *Colombe*, as in so many of his other plays (*Legend for Lovers*, *Cry of the Peacock*), Anouilh has looked at the face of Love and found once again that it mirrors little more than self-gratification. In its alternations of farce and tragedy, flam-

* *Time's* drama critic, but not the writer of this review.



Eileen Dorby—Graphic House
EDNA BEST & JULIE HARRIS
Which is which?

boyance and reserve, sweetness and acid, *Colombe* is as colorful as a *pousse café*. But, like a *pousse café*, it may not be to everyone's taste.

His and Hers (by Fay & Michael Kainin) uses a comic framework as neat and narrow as a coffin. Written by a pair of playwrights who are married, it concerns a pair who are divorced (after two Broadway failures). In a freak legal wrangle, because they have both thought up a play with the same plot, they get a court order to write it together. Propinquity makes hearts grow fonder, and they decide, if the new play clicks, to remarry. Then they decide that love outweighs success, and to remarry whatever happens.

On any realistic basis, two people so bitten with the success bug would find love only a momentary antidote. On a purely comic basis, *His and Hers* never really gets off the ground. So little free will is allowed the plot that something specially gay is needed in the writing; and the writing is so metallic as to seem mirthless. Beyond pleasant performances by Celeste Holm and Robert Preston, *His and Hers* offers only a certain smoothness.



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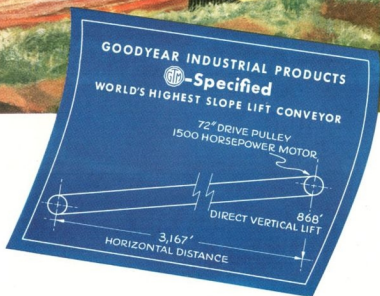
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Sligham

Insect Optics

Most optical instruments use lenses, mirrors or prisms to coax rays of light. This system works all right for microscopes and telescopes but not for the long, flexible probes (gastrosopes and bronchoscopes) that physicians use for peering into human stomachs and lungs. To permit the peeper to see around irregular curves, the instruments have to be packed with many small lenses, which absorb a lot of the light. Unless the field of vision is very small, the image is badly distorted before it reaches the eyepiece end.

According to Britain's *Nature*, copying the principle used in the compound eyes of insects may get around this difficulty. Instead of having a single lens, as human eyes do, to focus an image on the retina, insect eyes have many fine tubes, each tipped with a small lens. Each lens views a small part of a wide field, and the light that enters the lenses follows the tubes and forms a mosaic image. Some of the tubes are curved, but the light follows them just the same.

H. H. Hopkins and N. S. Kapany in Britain and A.C.S. van Heel in The Netherlands have copied this system by binding transparent fibers (glass or plastic) into compact bundles. When a lens forms an image on one end of the bundle, each fiber transmits a small part of it to the other end, where it shows as a pattern of bright dots, one from each fiber. The bundle can be bent into sharp curves, but the image follows it faithfully without losing its sharpness. If poked into a human stomach, it could give an insect-eye view of anything there.

Gs & Men

Demons always threatening fast-moving humans are the G-forces (one G equals normal gravity) that strike during changes of direction or speed. They are felt when an airplane makes a turn or pulls out of a dive, when a rocket takes off, when any vehicle is braked or hits an obstacle. As man moves faster and faster, the Gs become more and more dangerous.

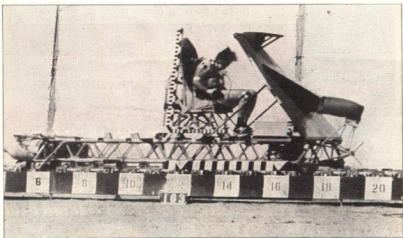
The effects of moderate Gs developed by a turning airplane have been studied in whirling "human centrifuges," but the brief, intense forces of sudden starting or stopping cannot be simulated in this way. The Air Force uses, instead, a rocket-propelled sled that slides along steel rails at Edwards Air Force Base. A human guinea pig rides on the sled. When it is shot down the rails, or stopped by powerful brakes, almost any number of Gs can be brought to bear on the man's body. Last week Colonel Donald D. Flickinger of the Air Research and Development Command told some of the results of playing with this toy. Main conclusion: In the battle of the Gs, the human body is pretty tough.

Into a Brick Wall. In a stunting airplane, where the G-forces last for several seconds, a sitting pilot can take about

ten Gs, when he is dressed in a special suit to keep the blood from being drained from his brain. A man on the Air Force sled can take more for shorter periods. How much he can take depends on his position and how his body is supported.

When the passenger (not dressed in special clothing) is lying on the sled—head foremost—he can take only seven Gs for 1/10th of a second without being damaged. If he is lying feet foremost, he can stand as much as 32 Gs because the feet can take more impact than the head. When his body is at right angles to the motion of the sled, he can survive even more.

Champion G-survivor, so far, is Lieut. Colonel John P. Stapp, a husky flight surgeon whose sled rocketed at 175 m.p.h. before being braked. He was strapped facing



COLONEL STAPP IN TEST STOP ON ROCKET SLED
Humans are tougher than hardware.

U.S. Air Force

backward in a specially built seat, which is what saved him. He took 46.8 Gs for .008 seconds (equivalent to running an automobile into a solid brick wall at 120 m.p.h.). His body at the moment of impact weighed close to four tons, and his blood was more than three times as heavy as mercury.

Practical Results. Colonel Flickinger believes that human tolerance might be increased to 90 or 100 Gs if the passenger took the impact lying transversely to the sled's motion on a properly contoured support. But he does not believe that this experiment will be tried soon. "It is not possible," he says, "to build that much tolerance into the hardware."

These unpleasant experiments have already brought practical results. Proof that a person facing backward is more likely to survive an airplane crash than one facing forward supported only by a body-cutting belt has convinced the Military Air Transport Service that it should turn its seats around. Some British Commonwealth airliners have already made the change. They have had several crashes, from which all the backward-facing passengers have walked away unhurt.

A massive steel and copper ring 700 ft. in diameter will make Long Island the world's atom-smashing capital. This week the Atomic Energy Commission announced that it will finance an "alternating gradient synchrotron" to shoot out beams of protons with energies up to 25 "beV" (25 billion electron-volts). It will be built at Brookhaven National Laboratory, Upton, L.I. Probable cost: 20 megabucks (\$20 million). Completion time: five to six years.

The ring, big enough to encircle seven baseball diamonds laid end to end, will be a sight like nothing else on earth, but what it will do for scientists may be even more spectacular. The accelerators already in operation (most powerful is Brookhaven's 2.3 beV cosmotron) have revealed that the nuclei of atoms are anything but simple.

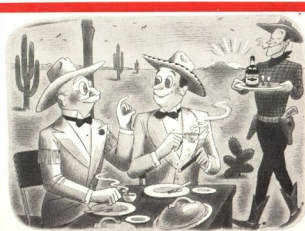
When hit by a fast-moving proton, they shatter into many fragments. The list of these sub-atomic objects (mesons, V-particles, etc.) is growing rapidly, and with it grows the baffled curiosity of the physicists.

There is good reason to believe that proton projectiles of much greater energy will be needed before the mystery of the nucleus can be cleared up. At present only the primary cosmic rays (which have to be sought by rockets or balloons) can supply such energies, but the new accelerator will shoot beams of "primaries" right into the scientists' instruments.

The 2.3 beV cosmotron, a "doughnut" 70 ft. in diameter and 8 ft. in cross section, needs 2,000 tons of steel for the magnets that keep its protons on circular orbits. To build a 25 beV machine on this same pattern would have required a fantastic amount of steel. Chief difficulty: the particles cannot be kept on accurate orbits, and so they must be provided with a wide (32 in. cross section) vacuum chamber. It takes massive steel magnets to fill this space with the necessary magnetic field.

In December 1952, Drs. Ernest Cou-

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rant and Hartland Snyder of Brookhaven, Dr. M. Stanley of M.I.T. and Dr. John Blewett published a new method of focusing the protons in a chamber only 6 in. in cross section. They had been anticipated by Nicholas C. Christofilos, a U.S. citizen of Greek extraction who had been stranded in Greece during World War II and had taught himself physics from books distributed by the Germans. In 1953 he revealed that he had applied in 1950 for a U.S. patent on a "strong focusing" system much like the one developed at Brookhaven. His patent rights have been recognized, and Christofilos is working happily at Brookhaven.

The Brookhaven-Christofilos system will allow the ring of magnets to be much slimmer, only 3 ft. in cross section. The ring can be made larger in diameter without using too much material. Though it will produce protons with ten times as much energy as those from the cosmotron, it will need only 500 tons more steel.

The Road to Fertility

Prophets of agricultural doom are fond of saying that U.S. farms are rapidly losing their fertility and will some day turn into sterile wastelands. This is not happening in one long-cultivated U.S. region. C.L.W. Swanson, chief soil scientist of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, says that the farmland of New England, which was not naturally fertile when the Pilgrims landed, has been made fertile by proper farming methods, and is growing more productive all the time.

The virgin soil under a long-established forest is not always good. Often it is "podzolic"; i.e., it has a top layer (called the "A-horizon") that is rich in humus. Below it is a "B-horizon" from which nearly all plant food has been leached by water percolating from the surface.

When the settlers cleared New England forests 300 years ago, the A-horizon (topsoil) that they found was only two to three inches thick (Iowa topsoil formed under permanent grass is often 18 inches thick). Below this was sterile subsoil, and when the plow mixed the two together, the blend was low in nearly everything that a good soil should have. It was not the lavish virgin soil of popular fancy.

Such soil could not support extractive agriculture, which takes nutrients out of the soil and does not replace them. Many New England lands that were treated in this way soon went back to forest. But since the development of scientific farming, most New England land that remained in farms has been cultivated intensively and intelligently. Chemical fertilizers, manure and cover crops have improved the poor virgin soil. Each year New England's farmers put more plant food into their lands than they take out.

The result: a thriving agriculture that grows high-value crops on "man-made" soil. Maine's potato farms produce 4½ times as much an acre as they did 80 years ago. In the 1950 census, Connecticut led all the states in income per acre of land in farms: Connecticut, \$95.31; Iowa, \$27.73; South Carolina, \$17.96.

Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking

There is no substitute for **PALL MALL**
— the finest quality money can buy

Discover a Smoothness, Mildness and Satisfaction
No Other Cigarette Offers You

Pall Mall is Longer... Compare PALL MALL with any short cigarette. See how mild PALL MALL's smoke becomes as it is filtered further through PALL MALL's traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos. PALL MALL — the cigarette that changed America's smoking habits — gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette can offer you.

GUARD AGAINST THROAT-SCRATCH



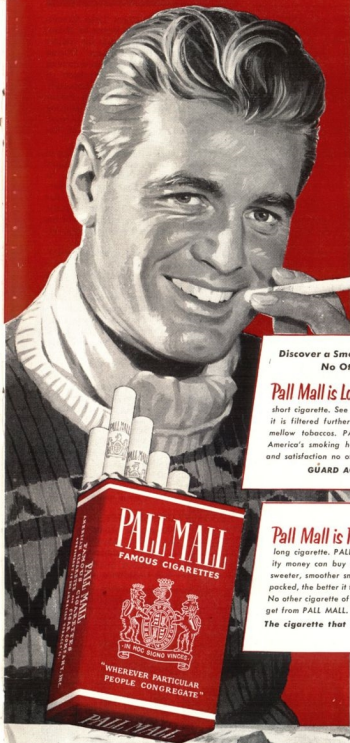
Pall Mall is Finer... Compare PALL MALL with any long cigarette. PALL MALL's fine tobaccos are the finest quality money can buy and fine tobacco is its own best filter for sweeter, smoother smoking. Moreover the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat. No other cigarette of any length can give you the pleasure you get from PALL MALL.

The cigarette that changed America's smoking habits



Outstanding...and they are mild!

Copyright 1954, American Cigarette & Cigar Co., Inc.



Joy for the Looking

For the past three years, half of the Metropolitan Museum of Art has been closed down for remodeling, and much of the museum's impressive trove of old and modern masters has been hidden away from public view. Last week the nation's No. 1 repository of art reopened its picture galleries: 44 completely modernized rooms equipped with every device designed to make picture-viewing easy and enjoyable. In the first two days, more than 25,000 visitors trooped (admission: free) into the refurbished picture galleries on Manhattan's upper Fifth Avenue to enjoy one of the world's greatest collections of European paintings. The richness and the variety of the collection of 700 paintings, ranging from medieval Italian and Flemish primitives to Picasso and Matisse, brought a common reaction: "Why I never knew that was in the Met."

Sea-Fresh Standout. In two rooms alone there were 19 Rembrandts, including a masterfully calm and triumphant self-portrait and the reverent, mystical *Head of Christ*. In other rooms, there was a breath-taking assemblage of masterpieces by Velázquez, Goya and El Greco (including his stark, disturbing *View of Toledo**) that could not be equaled in any museum outside of Spain. Pieter Bruegel's ecstatically tranquil *Harvesters* dominated one room. Caravaggio's *Musicians* another. In the galleries devoted to modern painters, Pablo Picasso's peaceful *Woman in White*, recently acquired from the Museum of Modern Art, and Edouard Manet's great, sea-fresh *Boating* were standouts.

If the quantity and quality of what the Met had to show was impressive, so was the way it was shown. Metropolitan Curator of Paintings Theodore Rousseau Jr. had arranged the pictures in chrono-

logical order rather than by nationalities, so that the gallerygoer got, in addition to the pleasure of seeing great art, an easy-to-take education in the history of European painting.

The décor of each gallery was adapted to the pictures it housed: one roomful of Rembrandts was placed against rich red brocade draperies; against a green brocade background Titian's *Venus and the Lute Player* took on a sensual grandeur. Other rooms were done in soft pastel shades or fine-grained wood veneers: Jan Vermeer's wonderfully clean *Young Woman with a Water Jug* was flanked by two exquisite German vases in a cool green room.

Windowed Nook. Curator Rousseau, who believes that "a museum should be essentially a theater where a visitor can find delight and entertainment," had done everything possible to make the galleries a refreshing place in which to wander and look. In the larger galleries, unobtrusive labels over each painting gave the name of the artist, so that it was no longer necessary to squint closely at a picture to see who did it. Conveniently placed in the chronological order of the galleries was a windowed nook. There gallerygoers may rest on comfortable couches, smoke and contemplate either Central Park and the Manhattan skyline outside or a masterpiece like Rodin's *Eternal Springtime* inside.

The 44 galleries opened last week represented only a part of Metropolitan Director Francis Henry Taylor's \$9,600,000 refurbishing program. Still to be opened later this year are 51 other galleries, six period rooms, a new auditorium equipped for televising art, a new restaurant seating 300.

Beaming at the opening of the picture galleries was Director Taylor, proudly playing host to directors and curators of the world's top museums, assembled for a congress on art history and museology. Taylor's comment on the new galleries: "For the first time, you can really see what we've got here."

LOCOMOTIVE Engineer Luigi Cremonini, who plies from Rome to Milan, is an art-minded man, and his fellow workers call him "the Professor." During station stops he makes a habit of sketching in his cab. When his son was born 28 years ago, Luigi Cremonini hopefully named the boy Leonardo Raffaello. Father and son spent days off together painting by the green-scummed Navile Canal, which connects their native city of Bologna to the Po.

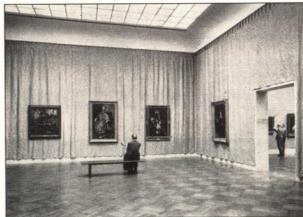
After four years' formal art training in Milan, young Cremonini began to show signs of fulfilling his father's dreams. At 26 he won a French government scholarship to study in Paris. Cremonini has never yet had a major showing in Italy, but this week a startling exhibition of his art opened at Manhattan's Catherine Viviano Gallery.

The main element of Cremonini's paintings is force. His father cultivates a gentle sensibility while coaxing locomotives up to 75 miles an hour; the son works up power standing before an easel. Among his early subjects were slaughterhouse carcasses—gleaming slabs of meat and bone which caught his eye in the local abattoirs. Later came the fishermen and bathers of Ischia, where he is living, and rock-hard women like the one at right. He works on as many as 20 canvases at once, explains that "they are all slowly maturing."

The same may be said of Cremonini himself. He still limits himself to simple shapes, smooth textures and cold colors, expresses little besides pity and terror. But Cremonini's art has the growing vitality eventually to crack its own limitations. Once the clumsiness and harshness that now constrict him are thawed away, the engineer's boy may well start high-balling down the artistic track.

Penny Watercolors

London's Victoria & Albert Museum was staging one of the oddest special exhibitions in its history. Amidst the elaborate splendor of Indian carpets and inlaid furniture last week were close to 100



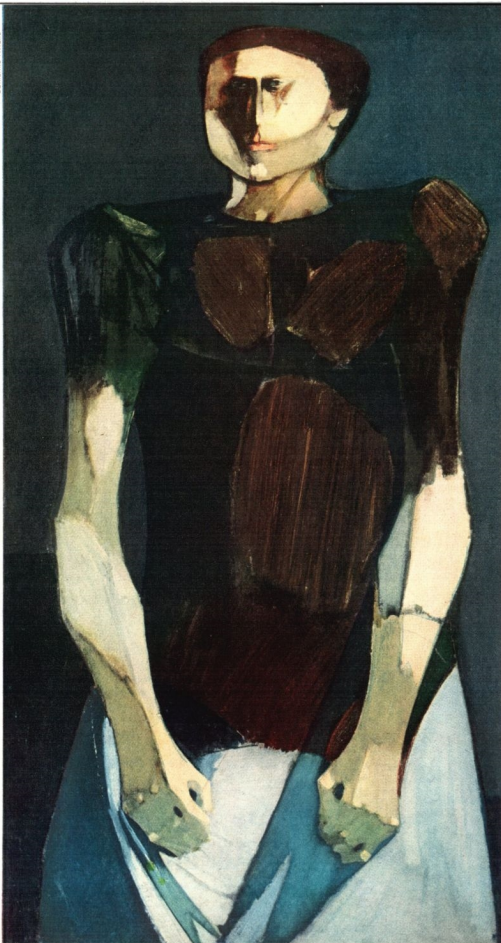
MODERNIZED METROPOLITAN: GALLERY WITH EL GRECO'S & SMOKING ROOM
A theater for delight and entertainment.

Richard Meek

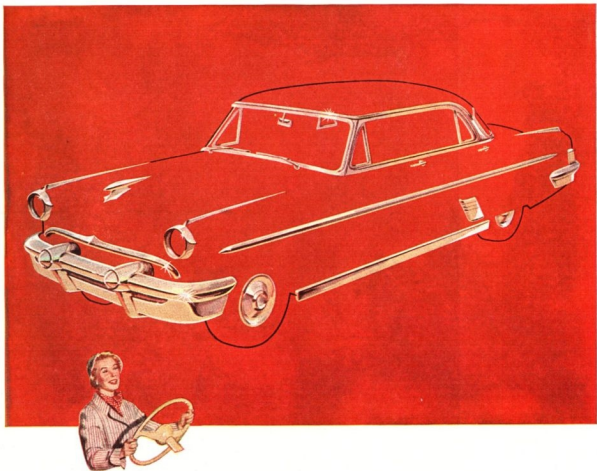
* Not to be confused with El Greco's *View and Plan of Toledo*, painted c. 1609, which now hangs in Toledo's Greco Museum.

CREMONINI

This stark painting, called simply "A Woman," is the work of one of the most forceful Italian painters in the group which reached maturity after World War II. The woman's blouse seems to be of the earth, her skirt of ice, and her arms of bone. In her fierce, half-shadowed face is the raw power of elemental nature.



*B*right good looks that **WON'T** wear off
... value that **CAN'T** wear out!



STAINLESS steel brightwork (ask about it on the car *you* buy!) has much more than surface attractiveness. It has built-in, timeless beauty. Beauty that goes all the way through—doesn't scratch off or rust off. Beauty that lasts—outlives the car itself. And beauty that's practical . . . requires no weary polishing, just ordinary washing. Wherever it's used,

Allegheny Metal delivers something extra in good looks, strength, service life and resistance to rust and wear. This time-tested stainless steel has given thousands of products a competitive edge . . . maybe there's a place in *your* business where it can boost sales appeal or reduce costs. Let's help you look. *Allegheny Ludlum Steel Corporation, Oliver Building, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.*

W&D 4933

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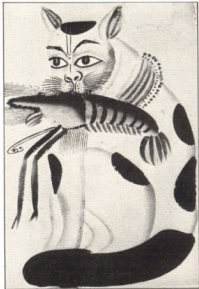
Warehouse stocks carried by all Ryerson plants



watercolors that had once sold for a penny and under. They dated from 1830 to 1930, and all came from the environs of a temple to Kali, wife of the Hindu god Shiva, in Calcutta.

The name of the temple was Kalighat, and the art that developed and died in its shadow has therefore been known (to the few specialists who ever heard of it) as "Kalighat painting." Kalighat pictures covered an extraordinary range of subject matter, from divinities to profanities. They were made to sell as souvenirs to pilgrims at the temple steps. The art first came into being when British colonists brought cheap paper and the technique of painting with transparent watercolor to Calcutta. It died when machine-printed cards and chromos undercut sales.

Until recently few connoisseurs paid much attention to Kalighat painting (though Rudyard Kipling's father did buy



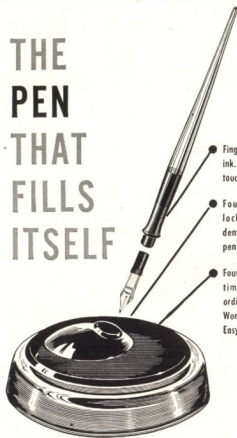
The Indian Institute, Oxford
KALIGHAT CAT

At the temple steps, a souvenir.

15 examples, which the son later presented without comment to the Victoria & Albert Museum). Fifty years ago anyone with half an eye, a few dollars and an old portfolio might have amassed a comprehensive collection of the art; today Kalighat pictures are hard to find.

What makes Kalighat art particularly appealing to moderns are its bold rhythms, clear colors and great economy of line. Actually, these qualities were dictated by necessity—the pictures had to be simple because they had to be done fast in order to make a profit. But, by coincidence, Kalighat painters advanced a long way on the road that School of Paris art was later to travel. They reduced limbs to the appearance of bent tubes, as has Fernand Léger, and delineated whole figures with two or three winding contours, as in some drawings by Picasso. The Kalighat *Cat with Prasen* (see cat) would seem perfectly at home in an exhibition of paintings by Henri Matisse himself.

THE PEN THAT FILLS ITSELF



Finger grip never touches ink. No chance for ink to touch you.

Fountain base "ink-locked" against accidental spillage. Only the pen unlocks the ink.

Fountain base holds 40 times more ink than ordinary fountain pen. Won't leak. Won't flood. Easy to clean as a saucer.

Model 444

CHOOSE the right point for the way you write...by number



Here's a desk pen that's always ready to write the instant you pick it up—a full page or more without redipping. Pen automatically fills itself from ink fountain in the base. Fountain base needs filling only 4 times a year in normal use.

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has Double the FILTERING ACTION to Double your SMOKING PLEASURE



1. NEW FILTER OF MIRACLE ESTRON!

It's 100% filter! Pure! Snow-white!
Supplies 20,000 tiny filter traps!
Yet VICEROYS draw so smo-o-o-th...

2. PLUS KING-SIZE LENGTH!

The smoke is filtered through this extra length of rich, costly tobaccos, then through VICEROY'S exclusive filter tip, to give you an extra-filtering action found in no other cigarette—yes, double the filtering action to double your smoking pleasure! No wonder VICEROY outsells all other filter cigarettes combined!



**KING-SIZE
FILTER TIP
VICEROY**

—only a penny or two more
than cigarettes without filters!

MEDICINE

Stress & Strain

*Sob, heavy world
Sob as you spin,
Mantled in mist, remote from the
happy ...*

—*The Age of Anxiety*,
by W. H. Auden

When the physicist wants to ascertain stress, he bows to the memory of Robert Hooke,* measures all the forces involved, and from them calculates the amount of pressure or tension in inanimate matter, up to the breaking point. Doctors have no such easy time of it. Ever since Montreal's Dr. Hans Selye announced his theory of how stress causes disease through the "general adaptation syndrome" (TIME, Oct. 9, 1950), physicians have recognized that people can get serious illnesses simply from the "stress" put on the system by emotional pressures, shock, physical fatigue, or even bad eating habits. But the exact causes and effects of stress, and how it works on different subjects, are still matters of tantalizing speculation.

In their January issue, the editors of Britain's 86-year-old medical journal, *The Practitioner*, have tried to cram the available information on stress and its medical importance into an 80-page nutshell. The experts reporting on stress include Dr. Selye himself, specialists in rheumatic diseases, heart diseases and psychiatry, and the Rt. Rev. William Greer, Anglican Bishop of Manchester, who reports that stress can have spiritual as well as temporal origins.

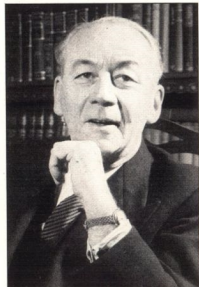
Sugar & Wall Street Worries. The stress diseases are a fast-growing modern problem. As famed Surgeon Sir Heneage Ogilvie puts it, "They are a problem of the so-called civilized races ... They are diseases of young people, but of people old enough to have undertaken responsibility ... yet not old enough to have won through or given up the struggle—say of people between the ages of 14 and 40. They are diseases of educated people, or rather of people who think, which is by no means the same thing."

A child may get stomach cramps before a school examination. A housewife develops rheumatoid arthritis worrying over her relationship with her husband. A soldier cracks under the strain of waiting for battle. All these are stress diseases. So, in various cases, are asthma, duodenal ulcers, hypertension, some heart diseases and ulcerative colitis. "Some," says Surgeon Ogilvie, "would add diabetes in younger

people, for it is a well-known saying among the physicians of New York that 'When stocks in Wall Street go down, sugar in the urine goes up.'"

Broadly speaking, stress diseases are caused when the "combat mechanism" of the body goes into action under some shock, the thyroid demanding a "purposeless increase" in metabolic output, the pituitary sending ACTH flooding to the adrenals, and the blood pressure, blood salt and blood sugar increasing. Once stimulated by shock, the mechanism keeps on going. The human system is exhilarated, but badly unbalanced. Exhaustion usually follows, often with a dangerous lowering of the body's normal resistance to infection.

Exactly how stress then goes on to do its damage is a matter of disagreement



SURGEON OGILVIE
Leisure can break the chain.

among the experts. Heart Specialist Clarence J. Gavey says that even in heart disease stress is not usually associated with physical overexertion, because shortness of breath and exhaustion serve as automatic checks on the heart patient's activities. Dr. Gavey concedes, however, that shocks and anxiety can easily precipitate heart attacks. Anxiety, many of his colleagues agree, is the most dangerous form that stress can take.

Buddhists & Freethinkers. What can be done to reduce the ravages of stress? There is no single rule, for as Psychiatrist Douglas R. MacCalman points out, some men thrive on distractions and dangers that would send others to hospital beds. Suggested the bishop of Manchester: "The church is meant to supply, though I freely admit it does not always do so, one of those deficiencies of modern life which ... cause stress and anxiety ... Within the family life of the Christian Church,

* Robert Hooke, a 17th century British scientist-of all-trades, first announced the formula that stress set up within an elastic body is proportional to the strain to which the body is subjected by an applied load. He also partially anticipated Newton's law of gravity, published original discoveries about fossils and the rotation of the planet Jupiter, invented the double barometer and the universal joint, and worked out a practical system of semaphore telegraphy.



They're pioneering jet-to-jet aerial refueling

Aerial refueling has been described as one of the most significant advances in recent aviation. It progressed another important step forward when a specially fitted Boeing B-47 bomber made the world's first jet-to-jet transfer of fuel aloft—refueling first a jet fighter and later a companion B-47 Stratojet.

The modified Stratojet that acts as tanker in this continuing test program is a 10-mile-a-minute medium bomber fitted with fuel tanks, high-pressure pumps and lines. Designated the KB-47, it is demonstrating the practicability of aerial refueling at the extreme altitudes and high speeds at which modern jet aircraft normally operate.

While Boeing's piston-powered KC-97,

the standard Air Force tanker, is admirably suited to the needs of today and the immediate future, tests with the experimental KB-47 prove the feasibility of transferring fuel at jet speeds. These tests also pave the way for the development of a jet-powered tanker large enough to carry ample cargos of fuel, and fast enough to deliver it aloft to jet fighters and jet bombers at the speeds and altitudes at which they function most efficiently.

Such a jet-powered tanker would be capable of accompanying jet aircraft on their missions, and refueling them by one of several proved methods without the necessity of cutting back to lower speeds and dropping down to lower altitudes.

Recognizing the coming need for an advanced jet transport, Boeing is constructing a prototype aircraft designed to be adaptable for either military or commercial use. This undertaking, in which Boeing is investing its own funds, grows naturally out of the company's leadership in the field of large, multi-jet aircraft, and out of its unparalleled background of experience designing and building aerial tankers and aerial refueling equipment.

The integrity of Boeing design, research and production is assurance that the coming Boeing jet tanker-transport—like the earlier Flying Fortresses and Superfortresses, and the new B-47 and B-52 jet bombers—will be an aircraft on which America can depend.



This crest is symbolic of the Strategic Air Command's strength and global achievements. It is found on such Boeing planes as the B-29, B-50, KC-97, B-47 and shortly will take its place on the B-52.

BOEING

Through the years...



the picture stays clear and steady!

Sentinel TV is the famous Picture-Sealed TV. Years pass, yet it faithfully delivers clear, steady pictures *always*. It's different...it's the reason Sentinel is so praised by its owners. Now, for 1954, new **Picture Depth Control** adds realism that's sheer delight! See it 'in your home...just call your Sentinel dealer.

Sentinel Radio Corporation • Evanston, Ill.

Model S32-CM illustrated, 24-inch screen. Choose from 23 models, starting at \$179.95. All Sentinel prices include Federal Tax and one year warranty on picture tube and all parts.

Owners proudly recommend

Sentinel TV

Premier Quality Radio and Television for More than a Quarter of a Century

many men and women have been freed from the fetters of anxiety and self-absorption."

Surgeon Ogilvie, while partially conceding the bishop's point, offers a remedy equally possible for Buddhists and free-thinkers. His solution to the high toll of modern stress: leisure. Said he: "If we cannot relieve stress, we must break it somewhere in the chain... Only leisure can rehabilitate the overstressed mechanism of the mind..." But mere idleness is not the answer. The kind of leisure men need in a machine-age civilization is rather some spare-time task or occupation "that makes some call on their intelligence and restores their self-respect, transforming them once more from cogs in a machine to men among men."

Enzyme Treatment

In the running medical fight over the therapeutic value of enzymes as natural catalysts (*TIME*, July 13), the leading spokesman for the affirmative fired off some new evidence last week. Dr. Irving Innerfield of New York Medical College told the Toledo Academy of Medicine that new methods of administering enzymes to patients are faster than the old, and no less effective in speeding recovery from a variety of diseases, including thrombophlebitis, diabetes, rheumatic fever, arthritis and acute eye infections.

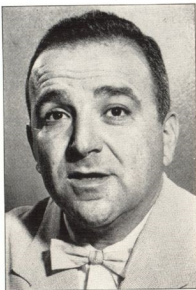
The specific enzyme on which Dr. Innerfield has been working is trypsin, a secretion of the pancreas. In some situations, claims Dr. Innerfield, trypsin can be the answer to a doctor's prayer. As a therapeutic agent, it effectively speeds up the body's host reaction to injuries. Moving in the blood stream to an area of inflammation, trypsin can stimulate the white corpuscles there to prodigious feats of valor against invading organisms.

At first Dr. Innerfield and his associates at Manhattan's Flower and Fifth Avenue Hospital gave trypsin to patients by intravenous drip. Other medical researchers objected that this method was unsafe, and a possible cause of blood clots. While not expressly conceding the point, Innerfield worked out another way of administering trypsin—intramuscularly.

Dr. Innerfield cautions that trypsin must be used with care, and only in cases of acute inflammatory reaction where the cells undergoing changes are not irretrievably damaged. If this is done, he told his Toledo audience, intramuscular trypsin is "safe and effective." Asked one doctor: What about using trypsin for coronary thrombosis, a disease for which it was once thought to be valuable? Answered Researcher Innerfield, who is just beginning a long series of tests in this matter: "In three years I hope to be able to help you out."

Capsules

Most acne sufferers waste their time and money looking for magical skin nostrums. The University of Virginia's Dr. Clayton E. Wheeler, writing in the current *G.P.*, the magazine of the American Academy of General Practice, offers sim-



Richard Meek
RESEARCHER INNERFIELD
Proceed with care.

pler advice: use ordinary toilet soap. Only in severe cases of inflammatory skin disease is a doctor's prescription necessary. People bothered with any sort of acne, however, should avoid letting furs and wools come in contact with the skin and should keep away from oils and greases. Since acne yields slowly, Wheeler also warns that the treatment must be persistent and the patients patient.

¶The Kentucky Health Department has asked the state assembly to enact drastic anti-tuberculosis legislation. The proposed bill would: 1) require a medical examination of people suspected of having infectious TB, 2) set up locked sections in state TB sanatoriums for victims of infectious TB who refuse voluntary isolation, 3) give health officers authority to confine violators of the act in a state TB hospital for from 30 days to six months. ¶Said Health Commissioner Bruce Underwood: "This legislation makes it a crime to spread tuberculosis."

¶General Electric's X-ray department in Milwaukee announced this week that, in cooperation with both government and private organizations, it would produce a new 6,000,000-volt electron gun for treating cancer. The gun was designed by Professor Edward L. Ginzton, head of Stanford's Microwave Laboratory, and Radiologist Henry S. Kaplan of Stanford Medical School. Treating cancer with X-rays has always been a tricky business, due to the danger of radiation injuries to healthy tissue while trying to reach the cancerous areas. The new gun, using high-voltage rays, minimizes the danger of injuring skin and bone marrow. As electron guns go, it is a pocket-size model—only 6 ft. long.

¶If the health officers are efficient, the legislature will soon have to appropriate funds for more TB beds in state hospitals. The 750 beds available at present are far short of the number of estimated cases.

air conditioning

**helps attract 4 million customers
to new big-city shopping center**

In metropolitan Chicago is a new and dramatic example of retail selling geared to the automobile—the Evergreen Plaza Shopping Center. Four million people turned up during the first twenty weeks to shop in the comfort provided by Carrier air conditioning at such famous stores as The Fair, Lytton's and Carson Pirie Scott & Company. Each has the type which best meets its needs. Particularly newsworthy is the air conditioning at The Fair. Here air is distributed by a high-velocity, small-duct system especially suitable for department stores. These small ducts save space, and higher pressure permits air flow to



first name in air conditioning

be easily adjusted to meet the changing physical requirements of the store, without affecting the performance of the rest of the system. ■ Whether you plan to air condition a multi-million-dollar shopping center or a small store—a large factory or towering office building—you'll find Carrier able to meet the most exacting requirements. ■ There is *more* Carrier air conditioning serving *more* people and *more* purposes than any other make. Carrier people founded the air conditioning business over 50 years ago. All this experience is yours to command. Look for Carrier in your Classified Telephone Directory. Or write to: Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, New York.

WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE PIE?

by
J. P. Van Winkle
President
Stitzel-Weller
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Between races at the country fair, a little fellow carried a basket up and down the rail, shouting "Hot pie... get yo' hot pie!"

A hungry customer took his first bite, and promptly spit it out. "Hey, boy!" he spat. "This pie ain't hot... it's cold as a frog!"

"I know it boss," grinned the youngster. "Dat's jess de name ob de pie!"

Likewise, if you're a man who likes Bourbon, make sure that the seller spells out the name of his pie.

First off, who made it, and where? Does it come from the state whose peculiar characteristics of climate, limestone water, grain, closely-guarded family formula and native know-how give it that authentic Kentucky Bourbon flavor?

Second, is it all Bourbon, or more straight alcohol than whiskey? The back label will tell you.

Third, is it made and mellowed in the slow, costly original sour mash way, or hurried through a "factory" to meet competition at a price?

As a wise business man I expect you buy even your office pencils on specification. Why not the same sensible precaution on the Bourbon you provide for important business entertaining?

Kentucky Bourbon Whiskey, according to rigid government regulation, must be made only in Kentucky, with 51% or more corn, aged only in new charred oak barrels, and bottled straight from the wood.

For more than a hundred years our family-owned distillery has specialized in the production and perfection of this one kind of whiskey only. It is bottled-in-bond as OLD FITZGERALD.

We invite you to join a select "fraternity" of business executives who have inquired into the specifications of our special kind of "pie," and have found it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon

Like a Divorce

Whenever he is displeased by public curiosity, Arthur Godfrey disappears behind a velvet curtain of pressagents, vice presidents and well-rehearsed secretaries. Godfrey did his vanishing act once again last week when Liggett & Myers (Chesterfield cigarettes) withdrew its \$4,000,000-a-year sponsorship from his Friday radio show, his Monday and Wednesday radio & TV shows, and the Wednesday night *Arthur Godfrey & His Friends* TV show.

Backstage Battle. What had ruptured the seven-year association between Godfrey and Chesterfield? Arthur's great & good friend Walter Winchell rushed into print with an explanation: "Godfrey quit his ciggie sponsors. They didn't quit him. He didn't like the commercials." New York *Journal-American* Columnist Dorothy Kilgallen had a different version: "Around CBS they say the split... was preceded by a sizzling backstage battle just before airtime," but Dorothy failed to say what the sizzling battle was about or whom it was between. Fred H. Walsh, president of the advertising agency concerned (Cunningham & Walsh), insisted that he was completely in the dark: "Nobody here knows anything. It's a matter between Liggett & Myers and CBS." At Liggett & Myers, Advertising Manager Lawrence Bruff was not answering his phone.

The whispers grew louder in Manhattan. Godfrey was reported to have said that he was giving up smoking. Alternatively, he was said to have switched from Chesterfields to a pipe. Some pundits sagely viewed the incident as a sign of Godfrey's decline: "Coming after the LaRosa rumpus, it's another blow at Godfrey's prestige." Godfrey was rumored to be leaving CBS for NBC, to be retiring from radio & TV, to be thinking of entering 1) the Government or 2) a monastery.

Hidden Bodies. By week's end the dust was settling a little. General Motors eagerly jumped in to fill the sponsor's gap on the *Godfrey & His Friends* show and other advertisers were lining up to replace Chesterfield in the open radio & TV segments. CBS President Frank Stanton saw the rupture merely as a matter of personalities: "There are no hidden bodies. It was just a lot of little things. For over two years we couldn't get together on renewing a contract. It's a little like a divorce is sometimes—I don't know who called who what first. There has been an accumulation of small irritations, but I couldn't point to any one thing." What about the rumor that Godfrey was giving up smoking? Replied Stanton: "If he said that, it was probably a joke. I can't believe Arthur would be that rude to a personal friend like Ben Few [Liggett & Myers president]. And there's nothing new about his smoking a pipe—he does it every now & then."

Lioness in the Living Room

Tallulah Bankhead last week made most TV screens seem far too small. On the *U.S. Steel Show* (alt. Tues. 9:30 p.m., ABC-TV), starring in a production of *Hedda Gabler*, Tallulah turned Ibsen's devious, subtly evil heroine into a flamboyant, shouting hussy. It was like a lioness playing *Puss in Boots*. To TV audiences educated to the quiet underplaying of such shows as *Dragnet*, watching Actress Bankhead was a startling experience.



George Joseph
TALLULAH BANKHEAD
Too big for suicide.

The very bigness with which she played her part was the show's greatest weakness. For it seemed inconceivable that any of the other characters could have given Tallulah a moment's trouble. When Ibsen's Hedda finds herself in the power of the villainous Judge Brack (Luther Adler), she commits suicide. For Tallulah's Hedda to do the same seemed preposterous: obviously she could have clawed the judge to bits (or shot him between the eyes) in the time between tea and supper.

The New Shows

Bing Crosby Show (CBS-TV). The Crooner's first regular telecast, a long time abrewing, arrived last week with an unmistakable thud. The filmed show was reminiscent of many of the earliest TV efforts: Crosby spent much of his time standing in front of a stage curtain, delivering mild jokes that were greeted with uproarious laughter supplied by a film sound track. Jack Benny appeared as a foil and traded fairly predictable banter with Crosby. Bing sang four songs, danced with a chorus, and was so smothered in facial makeup as to be expressionless. The most exciting thing in the show was long-legged Sheree North, a pretty girl

The other home you live in.. 1954 Model



ALL AMERICA now opens its arms in eager welcome to the splendid new cars of 1954.

And complementing their superb performance come the new 1954 U. S. Royal Tires with wonderfully increased protection *For The Other Home You Live In*; advanced in over-all performance; a further increase in mileage; modern slim, trim Whitewalls that make any car look longer and lower; finer steering response, with almost complete silence on turns.

For Every Car Owner, these new U. S. Royals with their greater safety and mileage, are ready now at your local U. S. Royal Dealer's.

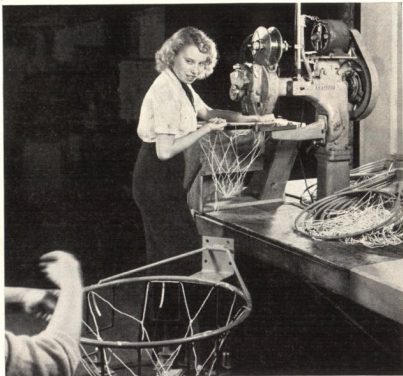


UNITED STATES
RUBBER COMPANY

U.S. ROYAL

The protection that's always with you!





Girl using staples beats girl using tape 2 to 1

...and cuts costs in half!

This is a net-fastening race between two girls who assemble basketball goals for a leading New England sporting goods manufacturer.

The hands in the corner belong to a girl who is the plant's champion tape-twister. But even her nimble fingers can't fasten half so fast as a less experienced operator using a Bostitch wire stitcheer... which makes its staples from a coil of wire.

Fastening with staples, of course, is less tiring. The finished fastening is neater, more enduring and prolongs the life of the net. So Bostitch helps everyone along the line—especially the plant owner who saves 50% of his former fastening cost.

Bostitch cuts costs and speeds fastening in many fields. In fact, this same machine can fasten metal, plunging up to 400 staples a minute through 2 or 3 thicknesses of sheet metal, in a fraction of the time required for welding or riveting.

Perhaps you can save time and money on your fastening operation with one or more of 800 kinds of Bostitch staplers. Check over your fastening methods with one of our 325 Economy Men who work out of 123 U. S. and Canadian cities. As a member of the largest and most carefully trained group of its kind, he'll tell you *honestly* whether it will pay you to switch to stapling.

Look up "Bostitch" in your phone directory or write us.

Fasten it better and faster with

FREE time and money saving bulletins tell how stapling can cut your costs.

BOSTITCH, 461 Mechanic St., Westerly, R. I.

I want to fasten:

☐ light metals ☐ wood ☐ plastics ☐ leather ☐ cartons ☐ rubber ☐ fabric ☐ roofing

Name _____

Company _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

BOSTITCH®
STAPLERS AND STAPLES

with a modest ability to read funny lines and a whole-bodied way of dancing. Crosby's next TV show, to appear when he has digested the lessons learned in this one, cannot help but be better.

That's Rich (Fri. 9:30 p.m., CBS radio) stars Stan Freberg, known to televisioners as the voice of Cecil the Seaside Sea Serpent on *Time for Beany*, and to record fans as the author and star of the bestselling *Dragnet* parody, *St. George and the Dragonet*. In his new show, Freberg plays the part of Richard E. Wilt ("When you think of wilted lettuce, think of me"), a gentle bird watcher and shipping clerk, whose lack of aggressiveness makes Wally Cox's *Mr. Peepers* seem like a pushing extrovert. Scriptwriters Frank and Doris Hursley have supplied Freberg with some amusing situations and some funny lines. *That's Rich* should shake down into a successful radio show and may eventually make the move to TV. Currently the program is unsponsored.

Martin Block Show (weekdays 2:35 p.m., ABC radio) brings to the network a disk jockey who has dominated the Manhattan field for the past 18 years on station WNEW's *Make-Believe Ballroom*. Veteran Block, 50, has made few changes in his format for a national audience: there are still the same chatty introductions to records, interviews with musicians and singers, and such features as all-request shows, "Past-Year Favorites" and "Stars of Tomorrow." Block has not yet captured a single sponsor for his network program but when he does, ABC promises that he "can earn over \$3,000,000 in the course of the contract."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Jan. 15. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

House of Glass (Fri. 9:35 p.m., NBC). With Gertrude Berg, Joseph Bulloff.

Philadelphia Orchestra (Sat. 6 p.m., CBS). With Pianist Eugene Istomin.

Theater Royal (Sat. 7 p.m., NBC). Sir Laurence Olivier in *Little Louise*.

NBC Symphony (Sun. 6:30 p.m., NBC). Conductor: Arturo Toscanini.

Hall of Fame (Sun. 9 p.m., CBS). A tribute to Mark Twain, with Lionel Barrymore, Macdonald Carey.

Suspense (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). Jack Benny in *The Face Is Familiar*.

Telephone Hour (Mon. 9 p.m., NBC). With Contralto Marian Anderson.

TELEVISION

Dave Garroway Show (Fri. 8 p.m., NBC). Guest: Ballerina Maria Tallchief.

Youth Wants to Know (Sun. 1 p.m., NBC). Interview with C.I.O. President Walter Reuther.

President's Week (Sun. 3 p.m., NBC). Highlights of President Eisenhower's first year in office.

Jack Benny Show (Sun. 7:30 p.m., CBS). Guest: Pianist Liberace.

Four Star Playhouse (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). *A String of Beads*, with Ronald Colman, Angela Lansbury.

Any way you figure— it's Marchant!

Whatever your figurework requirements, there's a Marchant exactly suited to your needs... at a price soon repaid in greater work output.



It's Simple!

Operating a Marchant is as simple as child's-play. With a little practice, anyone in your office can become an efficient operator.



It's Fast!

Marchant's quiet, smooth-running dial design gives you calculating speed up to twice that of other calculators.



It's a Buy!

Dollar for dollar, Marchant gives you more time-saving, built-in automatic features with guaranteed accuracy control.

There's a Marchant Man nearby. He's ready to prove — by a free trial on your own work — that Marchant's your answer... any way you figure!

MARCHANT

AMERICA'S FIRST

Calculators



Just mail this coupon with your business letterhead to get your free...

GUIDE TO MODERN FIGURING METHODS ☐

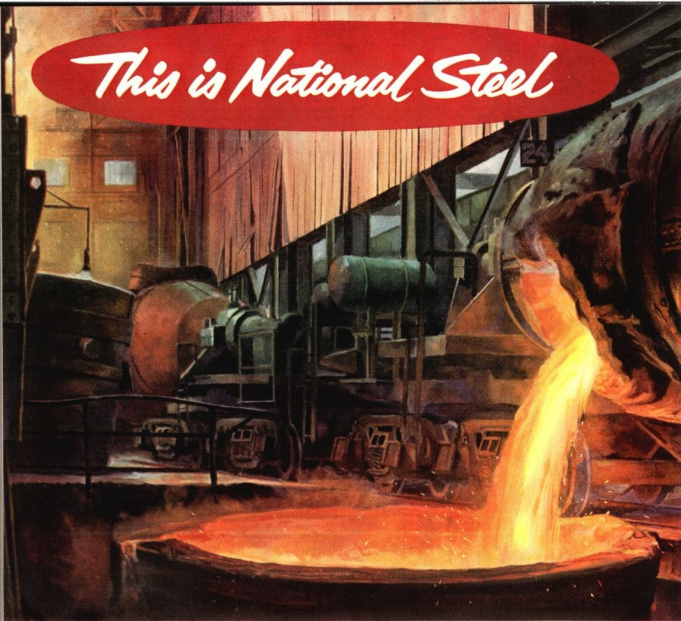
ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET ABOUT MARCHANT CALCULATORS ☐

T-1

MARCHANT CALCULATORS, INC.

OAKLAND 8, CALIFORNIA

This is National Steel



Where bottle cars help mix a molten cocktail

It takes a lot of space to hold a steel plant, especially one as big as Great Lakes Steel, division of National Steel. Here materials must frequently be moved over considerable distances, from one part of the plant to another. This calls for speed and accuracy in material handling if all the carefully meshed steel-making operations are to be kept in balance.

An example is the giant bottle cars used on Great Lakes' own private railroad. Holding more than 100 tons of molten pig iron in a single load, cars such as the artist has pictured here

transport the "hot metal" over two miles from blast furnaces to open hearth furnaces where it is combined with other materials and made into steel.

Lined with firebrick, these ingenious cars operate somewhat like a gigantic vacuum bottle and can keep their loads in a molten state for many hours if the need arises. The magnitude of this steel-making operation is emphasized by the fact that three and one-half of

these bottle cars are needed to transport the pig iron from a single tapping of one of the Great Lakes' four giant blast furnaces.

Here, as in all its far-flung operations, National Steel uses the most modern methods and equipment to produce more and better steel. Completely integrated and entirely independent, National Steel continues to go forward in the vanguard of steel progress.

NATIONAL STEEL
GRANT BUILDING



CORPORATION
PITTSBURGH, PA.

AN INDEPENDENT COMPANY OWNED BY MORE THAN 19,000 STOCKHOLDERS



**SEVEN GREAT DIVISIONS
WELDED INTO ONE COMPLETE
STEEL-MAKING STRUCTURE**



GREAT LAKES STEEL CORP.

Detroit, Mich. A major supplier of standard and special carbon steel products for a wide range of applications in industry.



WEIRTON STEEL COMPANY

Weirton, W. Va. World's largest independent manufacturer of tin plate. Producer of many other important steel products.



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Ecorse, Mich. and Terre Haute, Ind. Exclusive manufacturer of famous Quonset building and Stran-Steel nailable framing.



HANNA IRON ORE COMPANY

Cleveland, Ohio. Producer of iron ore from extensive holdings in the Great Lakes area.



THE HANNA FURNACE CORP.

Buffalo, New York. Blast furnace division for production of various types of pig iron.



NATIONAL MINES CORP.

Supplies high grade metallurgical coal for the tremendous needs of National Steel mills.



NATIONAL STEEL PRODUCTS CO.

Houston, Texas. Warehouse and distribution facilities for steel products in the Southwest.



Plan for tomorrow—buy U.S. Savings Bonds today!

"Thanks for a Wonderful Experience"

"Saturday didn't loom up as a great day in my book, the usual errands to do, nothing significant. But if I'd known what was going to happen to me! I went downtown, parked the old bus, and went on my way. Later, one of the fellows at the office passed me and offered me a lift. He was driving a new AERO WILLYS. As I stepped in, I cracked: 'Musta gotta raise, huh? Some buggy'. Joe said no, no raise, and reminded me he makes less than I do. Then he told me how little it cost him to trade in his old obsolete kind of car on this terrific streamlined job I was riding in. I must have looked envious, for Joe let me drive while he told me the gas mileage he was getting. Well... you know what happened. I couldn't be satisfied another day with my old car.

And thanks to that wonderful experience,

I'm enjoying an **AERO WILLYS**"



TO MEN OF EXPERIENCE:

Walk into a Willys showroom today. Drive out with the Beautiful Sister of the Famous 'Jeep'.

MUSIC

What It Is, Is Talk

For the jukebox and disk-jockey trade, record companies are reviving an old idea: "talk" records. These are comedy sketches or monologues of the type that helped kill vaudeville and weakened radio to the point where television became inevitable. Last week one of them, *What It Was, Was Football*, was striking for the bestselling list.

Football, the creation of a 27-year-old North Carolina singer and former teacher named Andy Griffith, is a straight monologue purporting to be a wandering hill-billy's wide-eyed reactions to his first sight of a crowded college stadium, and is notable chiefly for Griffith's relentless rural drawl. Sample:

"What Ah seen was this whole raft o' people a-settin' on these two banks and a-lookin' at one another across this pretty little green cow pas.ure. Well, they was. And somebody had tuk and drawed white lines all over it and drove posts in it and Ah don't know what-all, and Ah looked down thar and Ah seen five or six convicts a-runnin' up & down and a-blowin' whistles. They was . . . And friends, Ah seen that evenin' the awfulest fight that Ah have ever seen in mah life. Ah did. They would run at one another and kick one another and th'ow one another down and stomp on one another and grind their feet in one another and Ah don't know what-all—and jest as fast as one o' them'd get hurt, they'd tote him off and run another on."

Andy Griffith has moved to Manhattan, is planning to investigate subways, automats, tipping, etc. Backing him up is Capitol Records Inc., which has signed Griffith to an unusual contract: Capitol will pay him a straight weekly salary ("over \$100") instead of the usual percentage of sales, will also manage his career. Probably nothing can be done about it.

Dutchman's Debut

The Philadelphia Orchestra had a new guest conductor last week. His name: Eduard van Beinum, principal leader for the past eight years of Amsterdam's famed Concertgebouw Orchestra. The concert was Van Beinum's first in the U.S. (it was his first visit to the country as well), and the 53-year-old Dutchman got bravos and raves from critics, audience and the musicians themselves. Beamed one orchestra member: "The boys are daffy about him."

Van Beinum's first concert (of seven) was typical: Haydn's lighthearted *Symphony No. 96*, Anton Bruckner's somber *Symphony No. 7*. Each gave the conductor plenty of opportunity to show his capabilities, and his reading of the long, difficult Bruckner work gave the audience some special excitement. Wrote one critic of Van Beinum's style: "Refreshingly free from excessive gesticulations . . . His cues are crisp and clear, his beat firm, and his



Russell C. Hamilton
CONDUCTOR VAN BEINUM
He knows what he wants.

authority is absolute. His conducting is intensely individual. He knows what he wants, and gets it."

Van Beinum, who went to the Concertgebouw under famed Willem Mengelberg in 1931, took over the orchestra after the difficult war years and reconstructed it. For several years he also commuted to London's Philharmonic as a principal conductor, but gave that assignment up when the strain of his double-conducting load became too great. The Concertgebouw's regular season is taxing enough: more than 100 programs in eight months. What really bothers Van Beinum, however, is playing festival concerts. "I don't like it," he says. "I play all year. Why have



Don Weiner—Bruckman Associates
VIOLINIST STERN
He wants what he knows.

a special festival to play the same thing?"

Van Beinum's short stint with the Philadelphia is giving him a useful chance "to sniff the air, feel around," for he will be bringing the 100-man Concertgebouw Orchestra to the U.S. next fall for a 42-concert tour. Van Beinum is eager to get started, and hopes that his men will learn to enjoy barnstorming. "In Amsterdam," he explains, "the musician who lives farthest from the hall is just 15 minutes away on a bicycle. Once every three weeks we go to The Hague for a concert—a 43-minute trip." And he laughs: "The next day, the orchestra is very tired."

Buttered Beethoven

At 33, Isaac Stern is one of the world's finest violinists. He has a big tone, an impressive technique and immense warmth. In Manhattan's Carnegie Hall one afternoon last week, Stern and his fiddle were in top form. Playing Beethoven's Violin Concerto with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony under George Szell, Stern flaked warm, buttery tones off the violin with deep tenderness. As his bow drew the music from the strings, his body seemed to play its own accompaniment. Now he rose on his toes, now he shrugged with a phrase, now he twisted and bent forward. The hall's matinee audience had not often heard Beethoven tinged with anything so remarkably like *schmaltz*, but it loved every minute of it.

"Today," bubbled one overwhelmed fan to violinist Stern, "you scaled Mt. Everest." Stern, a little weary from his climb, was pleased too, but not altogether satisfied. Said he: "We were experimenting a little . . . You can work on the Beethoven concerto for 50 years and never find a final answer. It is capable of any kind of expansion and new ideas. It's an alive thing."

Stern is a voluble, pudgy man with dimples and a cheery, puckish smile. His family brought him to the U.S. from Russia when he was only a year old, and not long after that, decided that he should be a violinist. In the course of time, Isaac dutifully obliged. Trained wholly in the U.S., he has become the special idol of a big following of younger American musicians; he feels that they have gained hope from his success.

Just returned from a 60-concert world tour, Stern is now beginning another series, this one to total about 200 appearances. After that, he will take a year off. He wants to rest, restudy his technique and absorb new ideas. Says he: "I've been on the stage professionally for 18 years, and developed a certain attitude just to be a professional concert player. But I don't want to be known only as a violinist. I want to be a player of music—one whose instrument just happens to be the violin." Now that he is established, he feels an "inward calm" that comes, he says, "from getting away from purely commercial competitiveness. I've now arrived at the point at which the only thing that can stop you is your brain—and how keenly you are aware of the possibilities in music."

PHOTOGRAPHY AT WORK—
No. 7 in a Kodak Series



Photography reads the meters *2500 an hour!*

**Dial a call—an accurate register counts it—
then each month photography records the total,
precisely right, ready for correct billing.**

TWENTY-FOUR hours a day, hundreds of thousands of dial phones click their demands in many central offices of the New York Telephone Company.

Little meters keep careful tally of the calls. Then the night before each bill is dated, photography reads the up-to-the-minute totals in a fraction of the time it could be done in any other way. Here is an idea that offers businesses everywhere simplification in copying readings on meters, dials or other recording instrumentation.

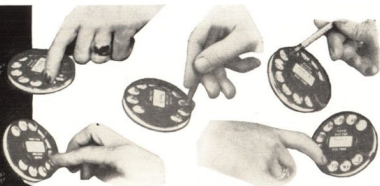
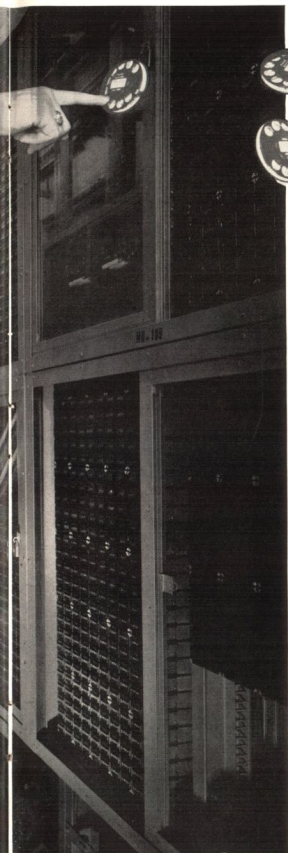
Photography fits this task especially well for two reasons. It is lightning fast. It can't make a mistake.

This is another example of the ways photography saves time, cuts costs, reduces error, improves output. In large businesses—small businesses—your business—photography can do big jobs. Check the list and see.

Eastman Kodak Company
Rochester 4, N. Y.

At New York Telephone Company exchanges a unique camera records the dial message register readings—up to 25 at a clip—saving countless man-hours of labor, assuring utmost accuracy and at the same time providing a permanent record.





...and here are 16 basic places where photography can work for you

... 5 minutes with this checklist can be the soundest business move you've made this year.

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- ☐ **Administration** • File debulking • Purchase schedule • Office layout • Interior decoration • Form printing
- ☐ **Public Relations** • News releases • Institutional • Community relations • Public service
- ☐ **Personnel** • Identification photos • Job descriptions • Orientation • Payroll records • Employee personal records • House organs • Health records • Bulletins
- ☐ **Training and Safety** • Safety campaigns • Teaching • Maintenance • Reports • Fire prevention
- ☐ **Purchasing** • Schedules • Duplicate engineering prints • Specifications • Source information
- ☐ **Plant Engineering & Maintenance** • Plant layout • Repair proposals • Piping & wiring installations • Progressive maintenance • Record debulking
- ☐ **Research** • Reports • Flow studies • Process charts • Library • Photomicrography, electron-micrography, x-ray diffraction, etc.
- ☐ **Service** • Manuals • Parts lists • Installation photos • Training helps • Records
- ☐ **Product Design & Development** • Styling • Consumer testing • Motion studies • Stress analysis • Performance studies
- ☐ **Engineering** • Drawings • Specification sheets • Drawing protection • Pilot radiography
- ☐ **Warehousing & Distribution** • Inventory control • Damage records • Waybill duplicates • Flow layouts • Packing & loading records
- ☐ **Production** • Time study • Work methods • Legible drawings • Schedules • Process records
- ☐ **Testing & Quality Control** • Test set-ups • Standards library • Radiography • Instrument recording
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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Seesaw

In some sections of the U.S. last week, the rumble of recession grew. But in most the sounds were still faint and far away. Largely because of seasonal layoffs, unemployment jumped to 1,830,000 during the month of December, leading Government experts to forecast a total of 2,000,000 jobless by the end of January.

Autoworkers were hit hard, as carmakers began laying off men and cutting back production. Studebaker planned to drop 3,000 workers; Hudson laid off 4,500 men and shut down completely for seven days. The big surprise was Chrysler, which laid off 7,650 men and cut back to one shift at its main Plymouth assembly plant. Though Chrysler gave no explanation, other automen said that Chrysler's 1954 models were not selling as well as ex-

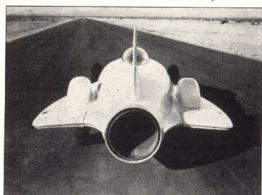
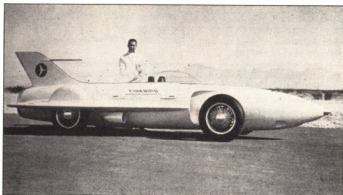
las' supersonic F4D Skyray, with its sweptback delta wings (for stability), its vertical tail fin, and plastic bubble enclosing the driver's seat. Behind the driver's seat, the Firebird has a gas turbine engine, the first in a U.S. car. The small, kerosene-burning engine drives a turbine that transmits power directly to the wheels.

At full throttle, the Firebird can do 150 m.p.h. on a straight track. But motorists will probably never see it on a highway. Even though the hot gases blasted out of the Firebird's huge tail go through a cooling unit first, they are still hot enough to burn clothing or flesh several feet away. Explained G.M. President Harlow Curtice: "This is not a car of tomorrow, but a laboratory on wheels. . . . We are not trying to develop overwhelming horsepower or tremendous speeds, but are trying to determine whether the turbine

machines. The four seemingly did nothing but watch the machines work. Yet in an eight-hour shift, each turned out about five times as many records as the sweating men on the floor above.

The new Columbia record line is the latest "automated" production line in U.S. industry and a prime example of the trend toward automatic factories. For Columbia, it means that skilled press operators no longer need go through six steps to make a record. The new machine does the job in an uninterrupted flow; it automatically feeds the right amount of plastic into a mold, cools it, and ejects the records. Each of the machines costs \$25,000 (v. \$3,000 for an old-style press), but they make better records about 30% faster, and four men can watch over the entire operation.

The record industry is only one hundreds turning to automatic production.



GENERAL MOTORS' EXPERIMENTAL FIREBIRD
Too hot for the highway.

pected. But Ford and General Motors still roared ahead, and total auto production jumped 66% from the previous week.

Railroad traffic was still dropping and steel production was rising more slowly than expected after the holiday lull. Credit was still easing, and in Manhattan interest rates on commercial loans dropped to the lowest point ($2\frac{1}{4}$) in three years. However, consumers showed no signs of easing up their big buying. Department store sales were climbing; they edged up 1% over the same week a year ago. A poll of 250 big retailers showed that most expected to sell more goods in the first half of 1954 than they did in 1953. The stock market also took an optimistic view. The Dow-Jones industrials jumped 3.29 points to 284.19 before a late dip knocked two points from the gain.

AUTOS

Whoosh!

General Motors this week rolled out the most Buck Rogersish automobile ever to come out of Detroit, its experimental XP-21 Firebird (see cut). The plastic-bodied Firebird closely resembles Doug-

las' supersonic F4D Skyray, with its sweptback delta wings (for stability), its vertical tail fin, and plastic bubble enclosing the driver's seat. Behind the driver's seat, the Firebird has a gas turbine engine, the first in a U.S. car. The small, kerosene-burning engine drives a turbine that transmits power directly to the wheels.

Packard Motor Car Co. took the wraps off its 1954 models and a new Clipper Super series which will give it a complete range of cars from medium-priced (\$2,500) to luxurious (\$7,200) custom models. Except for rounding off the boxy look of earlier models, most of the changes were under the hood. Into Packard's Caribbean convertible has been put a new straight-eight, 212-h.p. engine with the highest compression ratio (8.7 to 1) in the industry.

INDUSTRY

Automatic Factories

At its sprawling plant in Bridgeport, Conn. last week, Columbia Records Inc. made phonograph records in two surprisingly different ways. On the third floor, 250 men in grimy work clothes labored amid the ear-shattering hammer of hydraulic presses and the stench of burned rubber. On the floor below, four neatly dressed men stood by 16 softly purring

Such industries as oil, chemicals, and atomic energy, where materials are dangerous for men to handle but easily adaptable to machines, have necessarily become almost completely automatic. Some are even using TV to keep an eye on remote-control processes. The Army is building a completely automatic TNT factory in Joliet, Ill., while work on an atomic engine for the AEC includes such contraptions as General Electric's "O-Man," a 15-ton remote-controlled claw to handle radioactive material. (It can screw a nut on a bolt, and can even be made to pick up an egg.) Oil refineries, which used to crack oil by laborious batch methods, now do it in one steady, automatic flow; a few skilled workers sit at a master-control panel, guide the crude oil through many intricate steps to high-octane gasoline, or any one of a dozen other major petroleum products.

Other new automatic processes: A push-button hide-tanning process developed by the Colonial Tanning Co. and just installed at its Milwaukee plant. Instead of curing hides by a great deal of manual work, Colonial now has a conveyor belt to carry hides past splitting and

TIME CLOCK

shaving machines, uses automatic controls to mix acids and oils in correct proportion to tan them, and still more automatic controls to circulate just the right amount of warm air in drying rooms to finish curing the hides. In the past, it took six men eight hours to tan 50,000 square feet of leather; now two men do a better job 20% faster.

Q A new Ford Motor Co. plant in Cleveland, where rough engine-block castings are fed into one bank of 26 linked machines which hone, broach, drill and prepare the blocks for assembly, all automatically. Then the machines feed the blocks out the other end on conveyor belts, where still other machines and workers install pistons and carburetors. Formerly 117 machinists needed 4½ hours to finish an engine block; now with 41 men, the machines do the work in less than three hours.

Q A "record-playback control" developed by General Electric, which promises to cut much of the time required for fine machining. The control works something like a home recorder. A skilled operator records all the machine motions required for a machining process on a tape that is hooked up to the machine. When the tape is played back, the machine faithfully repeats the original motions down to the last detail. The first such unit will go to the Giddings & Lewis Machine Tool Co. at Fond du Lac, Wis., where it will be used to turn out self-reinforced skins for jet planes.

The greatest immediate new field for automation is in electronics. Raytheon Manufacturing Co.'s radio and television division in Chicago already has an automatic radio chassis assembly line geared to 1,000 units a day, runs it with two workers instead of the 200 formerly needed. General Electric, Motorola and RCA are all working toward more automatic production. Instead of turning out radio circuits assembled with wires and solder, they are working on printed circuits which can be manufactured much more cheaply and rapidly.

G.E.'s new tape and the Navy's Project Tinkertoy (TIME, Sept. 28) are some of the keys to the factory of the future. But it will be a long time before most U.S. industries are generally automatic, their operations run by a whole new group of controls such as "servo-mechanisms," which not only correct their own errors but perform a series of logical operations. Machines run by such controls are often fantastically expensive to produce; M.I.T. has developed a servo-controlled milling machine, so flexible that it can make 150 different products, but it costs \$400,000. In many industries, the volume of production is too small to make such machines pay. In others, products must be completely redesigned before they can be turned out automatically. Furthermore, labor unions worry about the effects of automation on employment. Actually, the

D R. Kinsey's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, which was expected by booksellers to sell 1,000,000 copies, is a comparative flop. Though 210,000 copies have been bought (v. 280,000 printed), the demand has dropped sharply, and many book stores are now overstocked.

COLOR TV sets, soon to go on the market, will be high-priced, as predicted. CBS will bring out a 15-in. open console set for \$975 and a deluxe cabinet model for \$1,200. Admiral has a 15-in. set for \$1,175, and Majestic's first 14-in. set will cost about \$1,000.

NASH and Hudson have agreed to merge. Boards of both firms have already approved the sale of Hudson to the Nash-Kelvinator Corp. through a stock transfer, but lawyers are still hammering out the exact terms.

MOVIE box-office receipts are on the upswing again. After a steady four-year drop, Hollywood reports a 10% to 15% increase at box offices in the last two months of 1953. Moviemakers' reasons: 3-D and CinemaScope, better pictures, and the first signs of weariness with TV.

BELGIUM is the latest NATO nation to drum up trade with Russia. A Belgian shipyard signed a \$19,000,000 contract in Moscow, with government approval, for ten cargo ships (five of 3,000 tons, five of 5,000 tons), to be delivered by 1957.

DETERGENTS now outsell soap. Total detergent business for the first nine months of 1953 hit a record 1.4 billion lbs., topping natural soap for the first time, with an estimated 53% of the U.S. washday market.

RHEINGOLD, fourth biggest seller in the U.S., is jumping into the battle for West Coast beer markets (TIME, Oct. 26). Brooklyn's Liebmans Breweries has paid \$6,000,000 for Los Angeles' and San Francisco's Acme Brewing plants and will spend \$4,000,000 more for expansion (planned capacity: 1,400,000 bbls. a year). The Los Angeles plant will

convert to Rheingold, while the San Francisco brewery will continue to sell for a time under the old names, Acme Gold Label and Bulldog.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA, the last remaining Iron Curtain nation in the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, has been suspended for not paying the \$625,000 balance of its capital subscription when due. Czechs have one year to pay up or be dropped permanently.

DISCOUNT houses will soon find detectives checking up on their activities. The W. A. Shaeffer Pen Co. has hired three agencies (Burns, Pinkerton, Willmark) to find out how discount men get hold of Shaeffer pens (some \$125,000 worth in 1953) to sell below Fair Trade minimums.

SOUTH Dakota became the 28th oil-producing state in the U.S. when the Shell Oil Co. brought in the first producing well at 8,600 feet, in the northwest part of the state close to the Montana border.

PREWAR German bonds will be listed this week for trading on the New York exchanges for the first time since World War II. After months of checking (TIME, Aug. 18, 1952), the SEC validated five series of bonds for trading, hopes soon to okay 45 more issues.

EDIBLE fats and oils will be in record supply in 1954, but not necessarily cheaper. Though a total 10.4 billion lbs. (100 million above 1953) of such vegetable oils as soybean and cottonseed (both used in margarine and shortening) is forecast, Government price props will probably keep prices buoyed up.

FIRST antitrust suit against a major airline was filed by the Government against Pan-American World Airways, the W. R. Grace & Co. and Pan American-Grace Airways (Panagra). The suit charges that the airline and the Grace shipping company formed Panagra to monopolize air transport between the U.S. and South America.

effect would be small, at least in the near future; only a fraction of the 17 million Americans who work in manufacturing industries are in any immediate danger of losing their jobs to machines. And the business of making and servicing the new machines themselves would take up most of the slack.

Turnabout

Like several other Southern states seeking to lure Northern industry, Tennessee in 1951 passed a law allowing local communities to issue revenue bonds to finance industrial expansion. Last week the law was used in a way Tennesseans never expected. Citizens of Sevierville (pop. 1,700) voted unanimously (\$44 to 0) to issue \$2,000,000 in bonds to build a new plant

for the Cherokee Textile Mills—which is moving, not from the North, but from Knoxville, just 24 miles away.

When the bonds are sold, it is likely that Cherokee Mills will buy the biggest portion. The rent the company will pay for the plant will be just enough to cover maintenance, bond interest and amortization. Thus, most of the rent the company pays Sevierville will go back to Cherokee as interest and amortization on its bonds. In effect, the company, which employs 700, will get a modern, tax-free plant, instead of an older building on which it paid taxes in Knoxville. While Knoxville was angry about the deal, Sevierville was jubilant, figured it meant hundreds of new jobs for the townpeople and more money in the pockets of merchants.

BUSINESS & THE COLLEGES

Needed: More Help from Corporations

AS every schoolboy knows, the important raw materials of industry are coal, oil and iron. But, as every businessman knows, the most important raw material of all is the schoolboy who, as a trained college graduate, will run the U.S. industry of the future. Today, U.S. industry is faced with a tight shrinkage of such manpower; it needs not only more but better trained college graduates.

To help get them, many a businessman believes that corporations must 1) provide much of the cash needed by colleges to expand their facilities and improve their teaching, and 2) work more closely with colleges on business' needs. As Robert R. Young pointed out at a White Sulphur Springs conference of businessmen and educators, industry and education have a clear mutuality of interest.

Businessmen and educators have not always recognized this. While there are a few businessmen who still regard college professors as fuzzy-minded and likely to be radicals, and a few educators who still look on businessmen as mere money-grubbers, the mutual distrust has generally disappeared in the mutual need. The rapidly expanding U.S. economy has made college graduates more important than ever to industry. In turn, universities must depend increasingly on corporations for contributions, since high taxes have all but cut off the flow of the big individual contributions that built the private schools.

Few people know how much industry already contributes. In 1954 business will donate well over \$60 million to private U.S. colleges, plus additional funds for research and equipment. Du Pont will parcel out more than \$700,000, most of it for chemistry students and research. Union Carbide has gone even further. It is planning a \$500,000 program which will eventually provide 400 scholarships a year for more than 30 colleges to administer without strings of any kind.

But even this help is not nearly enough. The U.S. private educational plant is in financial trouble. An estimated 50% of the private colleges operate in the red. At present, a large amount of corporate help covers just tuition, about half the cost of putting a student through school. Educators are also concerned about the sporadic nature of donations—a flood in high-profit years, a trickle in bad. Furthermore, too many contributions are donated for specific scientific projects which tend to unbalance the college as

a whole by building up one department at the expense of the others. Universities need unrestricted funds.

Businessmen themselves are not happy with the results of heavy specialization. They have found that engineering graduates are often so unschooled in the humanities that they talk and write badly, have not the wide background needed to become executives. Says A. A. Stambaugh, board chairman of Standard Oil of Ohio: "Real leadership is compounded of the broadening cultural influences of liberal arts colleges. Industries have lots of men worth \$10,000 a year, but can't find many worth \$100,000."

But while businessmen recognize the dangers of overspecialization, they have been reluctant to commit their firms to large-scale support of the liberal arts, partly because they have feared stockholders' suits over college contributions that did not have crystal-clear benefits to the company. This worry was lessened only 23 months ago when the New Jersey Superior and Supreme Courts both rejected, and the U.S. Supreme Court refused to review, a stockholder's suit against the A. P. Smith Manufacturing Co. The stockholder claimed that a \$1,500 gift to Princeton University for general education purposes was illegal because there was no direct benefit to the corporation. Ruled the court: "What promotes the general good inescapably advances the corporate weal."

U.S. business is taking the lesson to heart. Corporate gifts are not regarded merely as a means of spending cheap tax dollars, but as a blue-chip investment that will eventually pay heavy dividends. Some 1,500 companies have learned that the best way to give is through corporate foundations, such as U.S. Steel set up only three weeks ago. By investing heavily in periods of high earnings, a backlog can be accumulated to insure a steady stream of funds, thus enable educators to plan years ahead. But corporations still contribute far less than they are entitled to by law as a tax deduction (5% of their net income). In urging them to give more, Irving Olds, former board chairman of U.S. Steel, said: "Every American business has a direct obligation to support free, independent, privately endowed colleges in this country to the limit of its financial ability and legal authority. And unless it recognizes and meets this obligation, I do not believe that it is properly protecting the long-range interests of its stockholders, its employees and its customers."

AVIATION

Flying Tiger & Slick

After six months of study, the CAB last week unanimously approved the merger of the nation's two biggest all-freight air carriers, Flying Tiger Line and Slick Airways. Despite loud protests of other airlines, CAB said that the merger would not "result in a monopoly or... jeopardize other air carriers."

The new company, to be known as Flying Tiger-Slick Airways, will be the world's biggest air-freight carrier, with a fleet of 60 planes, assets of about \$22 million, and approximately 46% of the U.S. cargo business. Revenues of the two companies have been running at the combined rate of \$36 million a year. The merger,



Murray Garrett—Graphic House
PRESIDENT PRESCOTT
Eliminate the duplicate.

according to Flying Tiger President Robert W. Prescott, who will run the new company, should result in the saving of some \$750,000 by eliminating duplicate facilities. Said he: It is "a major step toward the creation of a strong, independent branch of the air-freight industry."

RESEARCH

Electronic Translator

Seated at an International Business Machines Corp. electronic computer last week, a girl who understands not a word of Russian punched out the message: *Mi pyeryedayem mislyi posredstvom ryechy.* In a few seconds the mechanical "brain" spewed out a translation from Russian to English: "We transmit thoughts by means of speech."

It was a big step for a computer to venture from the relatively precise fields of mathematics and physics into the more nebulous realm of language translation. But the IBM scientists and Georgetown University linguists who had helped set up the experiment thought it was an

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WORKS, Baltimore, Maryland

CONSOLIDATED GAS, ELECTRIC LIGHT
AND POWER CO., Baltimore, Md.

PUBLIC WORKS DEPT., WATER DIV.
Boston, Massachusetts

BOSTON CONSOLIDATED GAS CO.
Boston, Massachusetts

PUBLIC SERVICE ELEC. & GAS CO.
Bound Brook, N. J.

BRIDGEPORT GAS LIGHT COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn.

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WATER WORKS DEPARTMENT
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Detroit, Michigan

FALL RIVER GAS WORKS COMPANY
Fall River, Massachusetts

CITY OF FREDERICK WATER DEPT.
Frederick, Maryland

GAS DEPARTMENT
City of Fredericksburg, Virginia

PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION
City of Halifax, N. S., Public Water
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Hartford, Connecticut

MUNICIPAL WATER WORKS
Huntsville, Alabama

BUREAU OF WATER
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

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Lynchburg, Virginia

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Madison, Indiana

MOBILE GAS SERVICE CORP.
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MOBILE WATER WORKS COMPANY
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QUEBEC HYDRO-ELECTRIC COMM.
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WATERWORKS DEPARTMENT
City of Nashville, Tennessee

PUBLIC SERVICE ELECTRIC & GAS CO.
New Brunswick, N. J.

NEW HAVEN GAS COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.

NEW ORLEANS PUBLIC SERVICE, INC.
New Orleans, Louisiana (gas)

PUBLIC SERVICE ELECTRIC & GAS CO.
Newark, New Jersey

DEPT. OF WATER, GAS & ELECTRICITY
New York, New York

PHILADELPHIA ELEC. CO., Gas Dept.
Narritown, Pa.

CITY OF PAINESVILLE, Gas Dist. Dept.
Painesville, Ohio

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WATER, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS CO.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

BUREAU OF WATER, DEPT. OF PUBLIC
WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

PLYMOUTH GAS LIGHT COMPANY
Plymouth, Mass.

POTTSVILLE WATER COMPANY
Pottsville, Pennsylvania

PROVIDENCE GAS COMPANY
Providence, Rhode Island

QUEBEC POWER COMPANY, GAS DIV.
Quebec, Canada

BUREAU OF WATER
Reading, Pennsylvania

DEPT. OF PUBLIC UTILITIES (gas)
Richmond, Va.

DEPT. OF PUBLIC UTILITIES (water)
Richmond, Va.

ROCHESTER GAS & ELECTRIC CORP.
Rochester, N. Y.

WATER & SEWERAGE DEPARTMENT
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DIVISION, St. Louis, Missouri

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Salem, Mass.

WATER DIVISION, Dept. of Engineering
Syracuse, New York

THE CONSUMER'S GAS CO. OF
TORONTO, Toronto, Ontario

DEPT. OF PUBLIC WORKS
Tray, New York

CITY OF UTICA, BOARD OF WATER
SUPPLY, Utica, New York

CITY OF WHEELING WATER DEPT.
Wheeling, West Virginia

WILMINGTON WATER-DEPT.
Wilmington, Delaware

WATER DEPARTMENT
City of Winchester, Virginia

WATER DEPARTMENT
City of Winston-Salem, N. C.

YORK WATER COMPANY
York, Pennsylvania

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City of Zanesville, Ohio



The Cast Iron Pipe Century Club is probably the most unusual club in the world. Membership is limited to municipal, or privately-owned, water and gas supply systems having cast iron mains in service for a century or more.

In spite of the unique requirement for membership, the Club roster grows, year by year, from 18 in 1947 to 60 in 1954. And why not, when a survey sponsored by three water works associations, indicates that 96% of all 6-inch and larger cast iron water mains ever laid in 25 representative cities are still in service. And when answers to a questionnaire, mailed to gas officials in 43 large cities, show that *original* cast iron mains are still in service in 29 of the cities.

If your records show a cast iron main in service, laid a century or more ago, the Club invites you to send for a handsome framed Certificate of Honorary Membership. Address Thomas F. Wolfe, Recording Secretary, Cast Iron Pipe Century Club, Peoples Gas Bldg., Chicago 3, Illinois.

CAST IRON PIPE
SERVES  FOR CENTURIES

auspicious start. With a vocabulary of only 250 words, the machine was able to translate sentences dealing with politics, law, mathematics, chemistry, metallurgy, communications and military affairs. Samples: "Magnitude of angle is determined by the relation of length of arc to radius." "Starch is produced by mechanical methods from potatoes." "A military court sentenced a sergeant to deprivation of civil rights." To translate clearly, the machine had to have some simple translation rules (i.e., how to choose one of several meanings) impressed on its "memory" apparatus. And Russian letters had to be converted to their English alphabet equivalents.

The computer is far from ready to translate a book from Russian to English. But, says Georgetown Scholar Leon Dostert: "Five, perhaps three, years hence, interlingual meaning conversion by electronic process . . . may well be an accomplished fact."

BUSINESS ABROAD

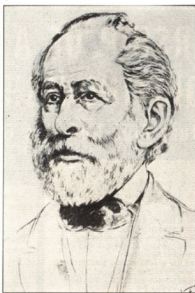
Camera Comeback

Few cameras have greater appeal to shutterbugs around the world than Germany's famed Zeiss Contax. But Zeiss has had its troubles making it. At war's end, it lost its huge plant at Jena, along with 288 of its key designers and scientists, to the Russians; on top of that, its Contax patents expired, and competitors flooded the market with imitations.

Last week, after nine years of development work, Zeiss brought out a new camera with which it hopes to regain leadership in the high-quality candid-camera market. From its \$2,000,000 plant in Stuttgart the first production models of the Contaflex were shipped to the U.S. A precision instrument with watchwork-size screws and springs as delicate as a snail's antenna, the 35-mm. Contaflex weighs only 18 oz., v. 34½ oz. for the Rolleiflex and 29½ oz. for the Leica. It combines the simplicity of operation of the Contax with the easy focusing and accurate view finding of a reflex camera. Price of the new camera with f/2.8 lens: \$169.

War & Peace. While Zeiss has long been Germany's biggest cameramaker, and is the second largest in the world,* the camera business is only one part of its optical empire. Founded more than 100 years ago by Instrument-maker Carl Zeiss and Physicist Ernst Abbe, it is controlled by the nonprofit Carl Zeiss Foundation, which taps off the earnings of eleven owned or controlled factories "for the furtherance of the precision-instrument industry and science in general."

In its time, Zeiss has turned out periscopes for the U-boats of two World Wars, along with gun sights, range finders and other optical aids to destruction. But between the wars, it achieved its greatest name and fame with such peacetime products as telescopes, binoculars, microscopes and planetarium equipment. At the top of the combine today—and responsible



CARL ZEISS



ZEISS CONTAFLEX

For shutterbugs, a snail's antenna.

for the rebuilding of Zeiss—are two crusty septuagenarians: Walter Bauersfeld, 72, inventor of the planetarium and a 46-year Zeissman; and Paul Henrichs, 71, who joined the company in 1901 and was longtime boss of its British operations.

East & West. Zeiss's postwar comeback started from scratch, after the U.S. occupation forces pulled back from Jena and the Russians took over. But the U.S. had managed to salvage something. It sent a fleet of trucks to Jena and moved 124 top Zeissmen into the Western zone. Under the leadership of Bauersfeld and Henrichs, they rented floor space in a Heidenheim cigar factory, borrowed tools and lathes, hired a secretary and put her to work at a borrowed typewriter. Within a year, more than 145,000 sq. ft. of space was rented in an empty arms factory in nearby Oberkochen. Operating on loans from German banks, plus \$2,000,000 in Marshall Plan money, the plant employed 2,800 by 1952. About a third were experienced Zeiss hands who managed to flee East Germany, both repelled by Communist domination and lured by the memory of their past treatment by Zeiss, which was one of the first companies in the world to provide pensions, free medical care,

profit sharing, paid vacations and overtime pay.

Last year, the Oberkochen plant, plus the new one at Stuttgart, turned out \$24 million worth of lenses, surveying instruments, microscopes and other goods, half of which were sold abroad; the Zeiss Ikon (camera) division at Stuttgart, turning out everything from a \$15 box camera to the \$300 Contax, was able to declare an 8% dividend.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Surgical Spray. A plastic surgical dressing that can be sprayed on wounds was put on sale to physicians by Aeroplast Corp., Dayton. First developed in cooperation with the Air Force Aero Medical Laboratory for mass treatment of burns, such as in an atomic attack, the spray dressing has since been used on all types of wounds. The transparent plastic permits a check without changing the dressing, can be stripped off easily. Price: \$6.67 a 6-oz. can.

Electronic Sterilizer. A portable water sterilizer that kills bacteria by means of ultraviolet lamps inside a stainless steel cylinder was put on sale by Los Angeles Aquafine Corp. The 133-lb. unit can handle 7,000 gallons an hour. Price: household model, \$140; industrial model, \$1,200.

Soup's On. A condensed onion soup was brought out by Campbell Soup Co., the first new Campbell soup in six years. Price: 18¢ a can.

Power Afloat. An inboard marine engine that its makers say delivers more power per pound than any other small marine engine was put on sale by Aerojet-General Corp., Cincinnati, bossed by former Navy Secretary Dan A. Kimball. The engine weighs 160 lbs., develops 26.5 h.p., and can push a 20-ft. boat, with four adults, at 30 m.p.h. Price: \$695.

Exhaust Defumer. A chimney device that eliminates chemicals and noxious fumes from the smoke of industrial plants has been adapted for use on diesel trucks and buses by Oxy-Catalyst Manufacturing Co. (TIME, June 9, 1952). Called the "oxycat," it consists of a series of alumina and platinum alloy-coated porcelain rods. The company plans a similar unit for cars.

GOVERNMENT

The New Labor Board

For the first time since the National Labor Relations Board was formed in 1935, the board has a majority of Republican appointees. Last week President Eisenhower named Missouri-born Republican Albert C. Beeson, 47, industrial relations director of the Food Machinery & Chemical Corp., San Jose, Calif., as the board's fifth member (he is Ike's third appointment).

Beeson, who succeeds resigned Board Member Paul L. Styles in the \$15,000-a-year job, is a lecturer on industrial management at Stanford University, and one-time president of the California Person-

* Largest: Eastman Kodak.



Business is humming to help Judy sleep

Judy's new pajamas will keep her snug for sleeping tonight. But only a few days ago the last seam was being stitched in a shop far from her home. The story of how clothes reach stores so fast may suggest ways to save time and money in your business.

Each season of the year you wear different clothes. So just before each season, the garment industry ships a complete new stock to your local store. Manufacturers call on Railway Express to help plan their shipments all over the country.

The role of Railway Express is to pick up, transport and deliver millions of garments to stores in thousands of cities and towns.



Only Railway Express can ship to so many places and be responsible for prompt, safe delivery.

Shipping clothes for a nation is one of the big jobs of Railway Express. But *your* shipping problem, large or small, is just as important to Railway Expressmen.

More than 45,000 Railway Expressmen are ready to give you start-to-finish shipping service—service with extra values at no extra cost. Your local Expressman represents the only business-managed transportation system that combines nationwide rail, air and truck service to meet all your shipping needs.

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nel Management Association. The board, weighted almost throughout its history on the side of labor, is now one which favors a minimum of government interference in business and labor relations, and is much more inclined to judge each case on its own merits. Said Beeson: "Regardless of what the members feel personally, they should . . . interpret the [Taft-Hartley] Act fairly."

Previous Eisenhower appointments to the board were Guy Farmer, a labor lawyer and onetime associate general counsel of the board who calls himself an "Independent," and Republican Philip Ray Rodgers, who was staff director of the Senate Labor Committee under Bob Taft.



NLRB's BEESON

Mal Vaughan

Ideologies should be submerged.

(Holdover board members are Utah's ex-Senator Abe Murdock, Democrat, and Ivar Peterson, Independent.) Farmer, now the board's chairman, chalked up a sizable record of dissents while Democrats were still in the majority, though he occasionally sided with them. Said he: "When you reach this place, your job is to submerge your ideology in favor of the law as it's written."

Sherman Act Redefinition

When businessmen of a feather flock together, does a conspiracy automatically exist? In the recent past, the answer of the U.S. Supreme Court has seemed to be yes. In the cement industry's basing-point price case five years ago, the Federal Trade Commission ruled—and the Supreme Court agreed—that the "parallel business behavior" of the cement companies in issuing identical price lists for their products was ample evidence of illegal conspiracy to restrain trade. But last week, in a decision that might set a far-reaching precedent, the Supreme Court had a change of heart.

The suit was brought by the Crest Theater, a movie house in the suburbs



Billion Dollar chicken feed

Read how banks help make corn available where, when or how it's wanted.

"White Rocks" included, the U.S.A. stowed away some 3.2 billion bushels of corn last year and exported 123 million of the total crop valued at \$5 billion.

On the cob, in the can, ground, mashed, popped or crisped into breakfast food—home-grown corn has four segments of free enterprise to thank for its high estate.

First there's agriculture, then merchandising, next manufacturing and finally banking.

Money by the Bushel

Ever since the steel plow broke through enough American soil to make corn a major food crop for ani-

mals, poultry and people, bank loans have played a part in almost every stage of its development.

For example, bank loans supply farmers with ready cash for the expensive job of planting, cultivating and harvesting. Bank loans provide money for merchants to buy up tons of corn on a week's—sometimes a day's—notice. Bank loans help cattle feeders, dairymen, hog farmers and poultrymen stock corn, and help processors and manufacturers convert, package and distribute the corn products that eventually reach your table.

You and Corn

Now, as to why bankers put so much time and effort into corn:

It's competitive banking's job to make the community's idle funds available wherever and whenever business finds

opportunities for profitable and constructive enterprise.

When this money—the money you invest or deposit in your bank—goes to work, there are jobs for men and women, returns for investors and a rich harvest of material advantages for Americans everywhere.

Corn is just one example—a good example. It serves to illustrate the simple fact that free American enterprise working with competitive banking can create and maintain the most bountiful society on earth.

The Chase National Bank, first in loans to American industry, is proud of banking's contribution to the progress of our country.

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FENCE



Investors MUTUAL, Inc.

Notice of \$3rd Consecutive Dividend.
The Board of Directors of Investors Mutual has declared a quarterly dividend of thirteen and one-half cents per share payable on January 21, 1954, to shareholders of record as of Dec. 31, 1953.
H. K. Bradford, President

Investors MUTUAL, INC.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

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TIME, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11.
The change-over will take about three weeks.

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of Baltimore. Getting ready for its big opening in 1949, the Crest's owners went around to the eight biggest film distributors: Loews, Paramount, RKO, Fox, Warner, Universal, United Artists and Columbia. The Crest asked for a crack at first-run movies. One by one the distributors turned down the request; first-run films, they said, were for first-run houses, and by that they meant the downtown theaters that did the biggest business.

The Crest Theater sued the distributors for treble damages, charging conspiracy and a breach of the Sherman Antitrust Act. In Baltimore's Federal District Court, the Crest lost; in the Court of Appeals

it lost again. Not many years ago, the Supreme Court might have upheld the Crest Theater just as it upheld Chicago's Jackson Park neighborhood theater when it sued in a somewhat similar case involving first-run movies (TIME, March 11, 1946). But last week, speaking for the majority, Justice Tom Clark dealt the final blow to the Crest's case. Said he: "This court has never held that proof of parallel-business behavior conclusively establishes agreement, or . . . that such behavior itself constitutes a Sherman Act offense." In short, actual agreement to conspire must be shown in addition to parallel behavior.

MILESTONES

Married. Maria Isabella Patiño y Bourbon, 18, Bolivian tin millionaire's; and James Michael Goldsmith, 20, son of a wealthy London hotelman; in Kelso, Scotland (see PEOPLE).

Divorced. Paul Gallico, 56, veteran sportswriter and popular author (*Trial by Terror*, *The Snow Goose*); by his third wife, Pauline Garibaldi Gallico, onetime Hungarian baroness; after nearly 15 years of marriage, no children; in Virginia City, Nev.

Died. Chester Wilmot, 42, Australian-born military correspondent, best-known in the U.S. for his bestselling 1952 book, *The Struggle for Europe*; in the crash of a British jet airliner off Italy's west coast (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. Aimé Felix Tschiffely, 58, Swiss-born British schoolmaster who emigrated to Argentina, won fame and fortune after he made a 10,000-mile trip on horseback from Buenos Aires to Washington, D.C. (1925-28), wrote two widely read accounts of his feat (*From Southern Cross to Pole Star*, *Tschiffely's Ride*); after an operation; in London.

Died. Walter James Vincent ("Rabbit") Maravino, 61, one of U.S. baseball's crack major-league infielders for more than two decades (1912-35); of a heart attack; in New York City (see SPORT).

Died. Countess Dorothy (Taylor) di Frasso, 66, fun-loving international hostess; of a heart attack; in a roomette aboard a train taking her from Las Vegas, Nev. back to her Hollywood playground. Inheriting an estimated \$12 million from her father, a New York leather manufacturer, she got her title with her second husband, Italy's Count Carlo di Frasso. A fervent believer in the strenuous life, she once hired prizefighters to entertain her guests; joined Cinemactor Gary Cooper on a big-game safari into the African jungle, with the late Mobster Bugsy Siegel set out in a schooner to search for a buried treasure off Costa Rica. When death came, the Countess was in full re-

galia: a full-length mink coat covered her, \$500,000 worth of jewels were on her person and in her luggage.

Died. Thomas Elmer Braniff, 70, Oklahoma City insurance man, founder-president of Braniff International Airways (1928), the nation's sixth largest airline; with eleven others in the crash of a privately owned Mallard amphibian plane which he'd up on the way home from a duck- hunting trip; on the shore of Lake Wallace, near Shreveport, La.

Died. Walter Edward ("Death Valley Scotty") Scott, 78, legendary California prospector-fraud; of a gastrointestinal ailment; at Scotty's Corner, Nev. Scotty first made headlines in 1905 when he rode into Los Angeles flourishing a fat roll of \$500 bills, reported that he had just found a fabulously rich Death Valley gold mine, hired a special train to take him to Chicago, and jovially flung \$100 tips to the crew. Thereafter he was a Sunday supplement stand-by. Revelling in his own publicity, he lived in a \$2,000,000 Moorish castle in Death Valley, once rode through the streets of Manhattan in a buckboard with a kegful of gold pieces between his knees, led behind a trail of \$50 bills whenever he hit town. In 1941 Scotty broke down and confessed that the gold mine was a myth; by he had been grubstaked "for laughs" by the late multimillionaire, Chicago Insurance-Tycoon Albert Johnson.

Died. Sir John Allsebrook Simon, 1st Viscount Simon, 80, veteran British lawyer-statesman, Foreign Secretary under Ramsay MacDonald (1931-35), Neville Chamberlain's Chancellor of the Exchequer (1937-40), who, in his memoirs, published in 1952, stoutly defended the "essential rightness" of the 1938 Munich pact with the Axis; in London.

Died. Oscar Straus, 83, famed Viennese composer (no kin to Walt King Johann Strauss or Bavarian Composer Richard Strauss) who wrote some 50 sparkling operettas (*The Chocolate Soldier*, *Waltz Dream*); of a heart ailment; in Bad Ischl, Austria.



Fun runs an exciting pace

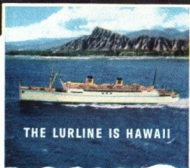
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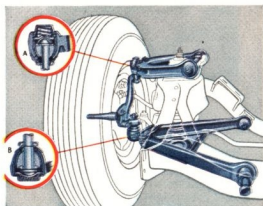
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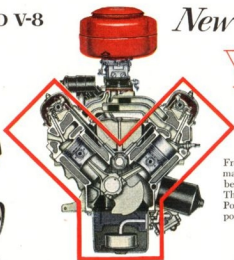
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New 130-h.p.

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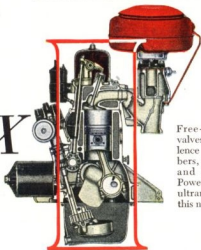
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RELIGION

Imprudent Priest

In the dark, medieval palace of the archdiocese of Seville, the aged (73) cardinal sat, throned on a dais of red velvet, his old eyes half-shuttered. To his right and left sat two rows of black-robed prelates, erect in straight-backed chairs.

Before them stood a radio receiver. Spain's arch-conservative Pedro Cardinal Segura had assembled his council to pass judgment on Father Venancio Marcos of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, the "radio priest" who in a few years had built up from a handful of listeners on a single private station to a series of half-hour broadcasts over a twelve-station national network, with an audience of more than 5,000,000. From the loudspeaker

sins against charity? It is my conviction that, as the hour of death draws near, believers repent of their sins against chastity, while those who have stolen money or the good reputation of neighbors rarely repent, and even more rarely do anything to restore what they have taken . . . Without belittling the dangers deriving from lust, we should watch out even more for the dangers of breaking the Seventh and Eighth Commandments. I fear it is a trick of the Devil to call attention to minor scandals and throw a smokescreen over sins that are much worse."

White-faced, Cardinal Segura rose. An attendant quickly switched off the radio. "That is sufficient," said the cardinal. "We must stop this." Solemnly, the council bowed their heads in approval.

The Leaves & the Roots. The following Sunday, from the 400-odd pulpits of the archdiocese of Seville, a pastoral letter was read, denouncing this "imprudent priest" and forbidding parishioners to listen to Father Marcos or discuss his broadcasts. Then Cardinal Segura instructed all his priests to deny absolution to any penitent who refused to pledge himself not to listen to the broadcasts.

The government-owned radio network stopped carrying Father Marcos on its Seville station, but the priest's fan mail doubled. In Madrid, outside the cardinal's jurisdiction, Father Marcos carried on with the approval of his superior, the Oblate Provincial, who last week sent a report on the matter to the Vatican.

"It's not the leaves on the tree of evil that are dangerous, but its roots," said controversial Father Marcos. "I am striking at the roots. The leaves will fall by themselves."

Death & Burial

Is death in the U.S. becoming a matter of merchandising instead of a holy thing? Plenty of U.S. clergymen think so, as they watch the profitable travesties of the funeral parlor take over more and more of the function of the church. The phenomenon bothered tweedy, pipe-smoking Alvin L. Kershaw when he was a theological student at the University of the South, and bothered him still more when he took over Holy Trinity Episcopal Church at Oxford, Ohio (pop. 6,944). Five years ago, in his second year at Holy Trinity, Rector Kershaw persuaded his vestry to approve the creation of a Church Social Relations Commission to study the problem and make a report.

"The Humane Thing." The twelve-member commission, mostly faculty members of Oxford's Miami University and Western College for Women, understandably got little help from the undertakers. But parishioners told them a great deal—about undertakers failing to display their more modest caskets, about cemetery associations lobbying in state legislatures for laws to make cemetery burial even of ashes compulsory, about high-pressure salesmanship of cement vaults and air-

conditioned caskets as "the humane thing."

Off the presses last week was the commission's final report, a preliminary draft of which has already been circulated among Holy Trinity's parishioners and sent to clergymen throughout the country. After examining "present-day funeral practice," the commission came to the conclusion "that the historic depths of Christian meaning are increasingly lost to the American, even the regular churchgoer, and that without the interpretation and dramatic support of the simple rites of the church, to receive whatever solace and comfort is available in the despair of death, more and more people look to the funeral director as pastor and priest."

"A new set of commercial symbols . . . and rites are rapidly replacing the church, the candles and the Psalms. These are the plush carpet, the exalted open casket, the



Dursey—Monkneyer

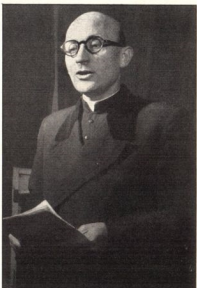
CARDINAL SEGURA
"We must stop this."

came Father Marcos' cheerful voice in one of his weekly "Chats on Religious Orientation."

The Devil's Smokescreen. "Dancing in itself is no sin. If dancing were a sin, every bishop in every see in the world would forbid it . . . But the prohibition of dancing can cause those very sins we try to avoid." The cardinal, who has forbidden all dancing in his diocese, even in private homes, frowned.

Father Marcos' voice went on. "Since women have been women, fashions have been like earthquakes. There is no stopping them. It is absolutely useless to censure them from the pulpit . . . Can anybody cite a case of a woman who lost her faith because she wore a sleeveless dress—or of a man who lost his faith from looking at her?" The cardinal joined his hands as if in prayer.

"One caballero has asked me who is the greater sinner," continued the radio voice, "he who sins against chastity or he who



Paul Pfetsch—Black Star

FATHER MARCOS
"There is no stopping."

heavily scented banks of funeral flowers, the dim, indirect light, distant recorded syrupy music replete with chimes and *vox humana*, all centered in the new dominant architecture of almost every community, the funeral home and chapel . . .

"The dominating concern for tip-toed entrances and exits, the emphasis on leak-proof caskets, and the display of the physical remains artfully improved by cosmetics and specially tailored casket apparel, represent essentially a reversal of Christian belief and its candid committal of the material body to ashes and dust."

Cosmetology & Canisters. The commission's research turned up such a sign of the times as a crematory that delicately refers to ashes as "cremains." Other promotion-minded funeral homes were going in for uniformed casket-bearers and parking directors, cosmetology service by specialists interested in "achieving perfection in preparing the deceased for exhibition," and caskets equipped with a built-in

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canister for a vellum record of the accomplishments of the deceased.

The report concluded with a recommended parish procedure for burials, urging that they be "as simple as possible." Highlights:

¶ "Call your minister immediately. Families are urged to invite him to share in the planning of the burial preparations and services."

¶ "Embalming is not necessary except in delayed burials and except when casket is shipped by common carrier for non-local burial . . ."

¶ "The simplest casket possible should be secured" and brought closed into the church immediately to wait for the service, "thus relieving the family of the distressing practice of open-casket viewing."

¶ "The burial service is a regular congregational service in the life of the church family . . . Since church services are integral centers of our parish life, fees to clergy, choir, organist or for use of church building for burial service must not be considered."

Words & Works

¶ The Vatican announced that Giuseppe Sartò, who as Pius X was Pope from 1903 to 1914, will be canonized next May—the 78th Pope to achieve sainthood, and the first since 1712.*

¶ The Rev. Hubert Thornton Trapp, vicar of London's Anglican Church of St. Mary Magdalene, challenged the Archbishop of Canterbury to "come out into the open" about Freemasonry. Declaring in his parish magazine that "the Christians' God and the Masons' God are not one and the same . . . the two loyalties are in conflict," he announced that he would bar any clergyman who is a Mason from preaching or ministering to his congregation. At Lambeth Palace it was announced that Dr. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, Mason and Archbishop of Canterbury, "does not wish to reply to the article."

¶ According to *Ecclesia*, official publication of Catholic Action in Spain, 353 Spaniards are well along the road to sainthood—among them, 186 priests and monks killed in the Spanish Civil War (1936-39). The announcement ended speculation on whether all 7,227 churchmen killed in the civil war would be canonized at once. Explained *Ecclesia*: "In the eyes of the church, martyrdom is obtained only when a life is given in defense of faith or Christian virtue."

¶ In Nashville, a group of leading executives organized a movement called "Businessmen for Religious Action." With the slogan "Worship God More in '54," they set about plans for selling religion like a new product, with film strips, pamphlets, window posters and car tags, speeches to civic clubs and printed inserts for electric and telephone bills.

* When St. Pius V (1566-72) was canonized. Ascetic Pius V, a friar of the Dominican order, and Inquisitor General for all of Christendom before he became Pope, is chiefly remembered by historians as the Pontiff who made the break between Rome and the Church of England irrevocable by excommunicating Queen Elizabeth.



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January 4, 1954.

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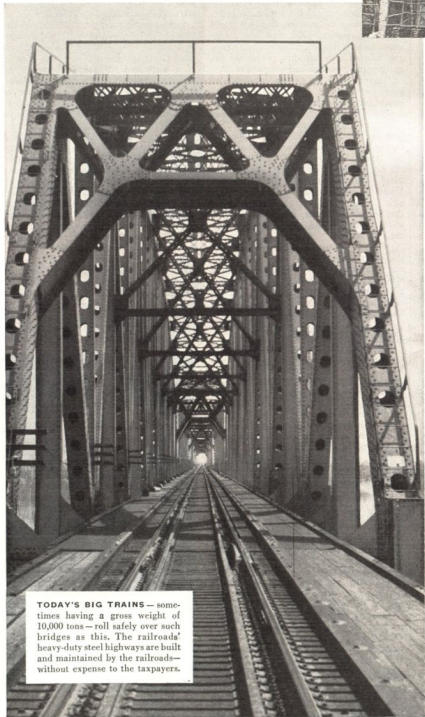
Association of American Railroads

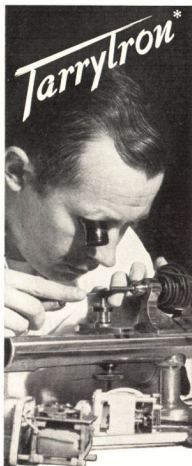
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Toil v. Fun

Grindelwald is a storybook village in Switzerland, nestling on the side of towering, 12,000-ft. mountains. It is Grindelwald's proud boast that it has one of the longest ski lifts in the world; people come from all over the world to enjoy it. Last week a six-woman Russian ski team arrived at Grindelwald for a warmup international meet before next month's world ski championships. They took one astonished look at the capitalistic contrivance and labeled Grindelwald's proud ski lift nothing but "mechanized amusement."

"Up by chair lift, down by force of gravity—what has that got to do with honest physical culture?" demanded Team Leader Constantin Sorokin, one of four "managers" accompanying the girls. "Ski lifts and the like would not be approved in the Soviet Union. Sports without toil and sweat, without the satisfaction of self-denial and self-conquest, are nothing more than an amusement." With that, Comrade Sorokin put his six strapping girls (four blondes, two brunettes) through conditioning exercises, starting at the crack of dawn, that left other competitors gasping.

After the 6.2-mile cross-country race, the other competitors (from Italy, Germany, Switzerland and Yugoslavia) were still gasping. The Russians entered five girls, and they flashed across the finish line in order, 1-2-3-4-5, a full four minutes ahead of the nearest fun-loving capitalist.

New Tennis Tour

When Promoter-Player Jack Kramer finished his professional tennis tour last May, he first jotted down the score that interested him most: an \$860,000 gross. Then he added up a secondary score: he had beaten Australia's Frank Sedgman 54 matches to 41, and had paid Sedgman more than \$125,000 for taking the bumps. For this season, Player Kramer decided to stick to being Promoter Kramer.

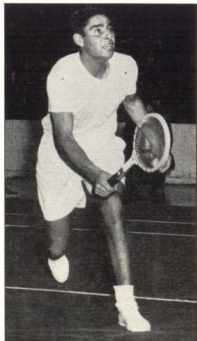
Last week Kramer & Co. (World Tennis, Inc.) opened their 1954 tennis tour at Madison Square Garden with a new cast of characters, "the four best tennis players in the world—five, if I play," says Kramer. The new cast included some old faces: Don Budge, now 38 and sadly slowed, but still master of the most devastating backhand in the game; Sedgman, an old pro of 26; Pancho Segura, 32, the most dogged retriever tennis has seen; and Richard ("Pancho") Gonzales, making a sensational comeback to the pro tour at the advanced age of 25.

Jackpot Prize. Even the youngest tennis fans could remember rangy (6 ft. 3 in., 180 lbs.) Pancho Gonzales, the self-taught youngster who smashed his way to the U.S. championship at 20, helped the U.S. successfully defend the Davis Cup, then cashed in by turning pro. The fans also remember a later, paunchy Pancho, a sullen, undertrained pro who got trounced by Kramer, 96 matches to 27, in a 1950

tour. Since then, Gonzales has been teaching and playing in occasional pro tournaments, out of the big-money league. But last week a reconditioned Pancho, fit and full of wallowing good tennis, was back in the headlines again, and with him a new way of rewarding the professionals.

Because sports skeptics have questioned the will to win of the play-for-pay boys, Promoter Kramer decided to set up a jackpot-prize tournament at each of the 88 U.S. cities the pros will visit in their 25,000-mile cross-country junket. Where the take is fat enough, as it has been in New York and Philadelphia, the players will be shooting for \$4,000 to the winner, will have to settle for \$2,500, \$1,500 or \$1,000 in defeat. In other cities, they will play for comparable percentages of the gate.

Generous Gesture. In last week's first match, a steady Segura beat a rusty Budge. Then it was up to Gonzales to launch his comeback against the world's second-best player (after Kramer), Frank Sedgman. Pancho dropped the first set, 3-6. Then he began to find the range with his booming serve, the fastest (112.88 m.p.h.) ever recorded electronically. He finally broke through in the twentieth game of the second set on his third set-point, to win it 11-9. Playing with a concentration he had seldom shown either as an amateur or a pro, Pancho stuck to his big guns and finally won the two-hour match, taking the deciding set 13-11. Next night, hampered by a torn callus and a lame ankle, big Pancho Gonzales nonetheless beat little Pancho Segura.



N.Y. Daily Mirror—International
PANCHO GONZALES
 He stuck to his big guns.



Underwood & Underwood
RABBIT MARANVILLE
He always had fun.

7-9, 6-4, 6-4, to make his comeback official—and to pocket some well-earned cash.

Promoter Kramer was delighted with Gonzales' performance and the tour's prospects. He then made a generous gesture to his amateur friends: Old Pro Kramer announced that he was willing to put up \$7,500 of his own money and give up two months of his own time to help coach youngsters to win the Davis Cup back for the U.S.

"A Lot of Laughs"

"Nobody gets any fun out of baseball any more," said Walter James Vincent ("Rabbit") Maranville, in a mood of gentle nostalgia after last year's World Series had been stowed away in the record books. "I guess a kid's crazy not to be serious about it when he's drawing down \$20,000 or \$30,000 a year, and any smart-aleck gag you try may be your last. But what's life without a laugh?"

Breadbasket Fielder. Life without a laugh was always unthinkable to Rabbit Maranville. The chunky little (5 ft. 4 in., 150 lbs.) infielder tried plenty of gags, on and off the baseball field, from the very first day he played and made his first "breadbasket" catch of a fly ball. The catch, with cupped hands resting on his belt buckle as the ball skimmed by his peaked cap, always brought a gasp and then a cheer from the crowds, and it became the Rabbit's trademark. He performed legendary fielding feats with George Stallings' famed Boston Braves of 1914, who got up from eighth place on July 4 to win the pennant. Though Shortstop Maranville's lifetime average as a hitter was just .258, his chips-are-down .307 average that year helped the Braves

sweep the World Series from the Athletics.

Rabbit's off-field capers also became a legend, even in baseball's rough and ready era. There was the time when the Boston police found Maranville and Jim Thorpe high in a treetop, yowling like banshees as they played Tarzan. There was the hot night in St. Louis when the Rabbit dived fully clothed into a fountain pool (though he always denied that he came gurgling to the surface with a goldfish clenched in his teeth). There was the time when he was playing in Brooklyn and staged a fake killing, complete with gunshot, that was daftly enough even by Dodger standards. And there was the time when he got news of his appointment as manager of the Chicago Cubs. "A nice way to celebrate this," mused the Rabbit, "would be to fight a couple of Irish cops." So he did.

League Leader. On the field, 14 years after his first World Series, the durable Rabbit hit .308 in a series for the St. Louis Cardinals. In 1923, he led all National League shortstops in fielding; nine years later, at 39, he was still nimble enough to lead all second basemen. Finally, after 23 years as a major leaguer (with five clubs), the Rabbit, still playing baseball to the hilt, broke his leg sliding into home plate in a spring exhibition game and ended his active career.

He finally took the pledge, too, though it did not seem to lessen his zest for fun or the game he loved. In recent years he directed the New York *Journal-American's* sandlot-baseball program. Among his alumni: Yankee Pitcher Whitey Ford, Brooklyn Pitcher Billy Loes. Last week, as baseball writers were sealing their ballots for elections to the game's Cooperstown Hall of Fame, Rabbit Maranville, among the leading candidates, died of a heart attack at 61 in his New York City home. There were many who fondly remembered the Rabbit's quick chuckle as he finished a story: "Well, we had a lot of laughs."

Scoreboard

¶ In Australia, the Sydney *Daily Mirror* headlined a tennis reversal: TRABERT PULVERIZES LEW HOAD. The U.S.'s Tony Trabert, bouncing back from his five-set Davis Cup loss to Hoad, whipped the youngster, 6-4, 6-2, 6-2, for the South Australian tennis title. Said Hoad: "I've had tennis for the moment."

¶ In Cincinnati, meeting at the N.C.A.A. convention, the unofficial Ivy League finally made it official. Beginning in 1956, the Ivies—Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton and Yale—will meet one another in football on a round-robin basis for a regular conference championship.

¶ In Melbourne, Australian Trackman John Landy, whose 4:02.1 mile is the third fastest on record, set an Australian two-mile mark of 8:58.2.

¶ In Rio de Janeiro, Emil Zatopek, Czechoslovakia's triple Olympic winner, running over a soggy track, missed his 10,000-meter world record (29:02.6) by less than a minute.

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EDUCATION

It Didn't Happen Here

Of all the ructions of 1953, few raised more dust than the fight over book burning. Last week the American Book Publishers Council reported that whatever danger there might have been has pretty well subsided. "The censors," concluded the council, "have won a few skirmishes but lost most of the important battles." Among the battles:

¶ In San Antonio, Mrs. Myrtle Hance, organizer of the San Antonio Minute Women, prepared a list of 600 library books that she thought should be "branded" as having been written or illustrated by "leftists." But the San Antonio *News* and the *Express* denounced her idea, and the library board turned it down.

¶ In Louisville, "the March grand jury recommended establishment of a committee to censor all magazines, comic books and other publications." The *Courier-Journal* . . . blasted the idea in an editorial asking: "Who should tell an American what he can read? Congress? The churches? . . . Our own grand jury? None of them, if you ask us." The committee was not formed."

¶ In Miami, the *News* and the *Herald* so severely attacked a censorship board set up by the city commission that the board's sponsor finally "declared that it would not attempt to interfere with legitimate books."

¶ In Milwaukee, "when the district attorney . . . attempted to ban three well-known novels by personal edict . . . he finally withdrew his ban under heavy fire from the Milwaukee *Journal* and citizens of the city."

¶ In Ohio, Federal Judge James McNamee set something of a precedent by barring the Youngstown police chief from setting himself up as a censor of "obscene literature." In New Jersey, a state judge slapped a prosecutor down for trying to ban books, ruled that he was violating the "constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press."

¶ In Texas, the state legislature killed three out of four bills restricting the "free circulation of books." The Vermont legislature, by a vote of 202 to 11, killed a proposal to set up a state censorship board on textbooks. The Pennsylvania legislature stopped a bill that would have banned certain types of magazines.

Concluded the Book Publishers Council: "As 1954 began, censors were still active in Detroit, Canton, Ohio . . . and other parts of the country . . . But 1953 showed that the defenders of freedom were far more numerous and vigorous than many people in the U.S. and other countries had believed."

Letter to Harvard

When Harvard's new President Nathan Pusey made his first major address at the Harvard Divinity School last fall (*TIME*, Oct. 5), his words had a reassuring sound to that long neglected institution. At 137

years of age, the Divinity School was hobbling along with only three full-time professors, and Dr. Pusey was the first Harvard president to speak before a Divinity School exercise since 1909, when revered Charles William Eliot delivered a discourse there on "The Religion of the Future." Though a small band of alumni had been valiantly trying to raise \$5,000,000 to make the school an "interdenominational" center of religious studies, they had found it hard going. Now Episcopalian Pusey quoted Unitarian Dr. Eliot on the New Religion (" . . . public baths, playgrounds, wider and cleaner streets, better dwellings . . ."), and bluntly said: "This faith will no longer do . . . It is leadership in religious knowledge, and



Walter Sanders—LIFE

PRESIDENT PUSEY

More than public baths and playgrounds.

more, in religious experience . . . of which we now have a most gaping need."

Last week Pusey's eloquent plea brought in some unexpected results—a gift that will boost the Divinity School's kitty to \$2,000,000, plus an additional \$500,000 from the Harvard Corporation.* The gift had come to Pusey in the form of a personal letter from a notable Baptist layman:

"Your profound belief in the underlying importance of the spiritual life promises to have a far-reaching influence on education . . . Because I so fully agree with you in that belief, I shall be happy . . . to contribute to Harvard University for its Divinity School . . . \$1,000,000 . . . In the position which Harvard University and you as its president have taken, I see the dawn of a new day in the educational world. With sentiments of high regard, I am, John D. Rockefeller Jr."

* Which had promised that amount when the fund got to \$2,000,000.

Last Word

In the case of Maurice Halperin, chairman of the department of Latin American regional studies, Boston University has all but fallen over backwards trying to be fair. In the past few years, ex-Communist Nathaniel Weyl has accused Halperin of attending Communist meetings in 1936; and ex-Communist Courier Elizabeth Bentley has testified that Halperin, while in the OSS, passed secret documents to her to be sent on to Moscow. But when Halperin took refuge behind the Fifth Amendment before the Jenner Committee last March, the university refused to fire him. Reason for its decision: lack of "definite evidence." Not until Attorney General Herbert Brownell brought the Harry Dexter White case out in the open did B.U. finally decide to suspend Halperin.



Associated Press

EX-PROFESSOR HALPERIN
Enough luggage for a year.

Reason: he was listed in the FBI's 1945 warning to President Truman, and B.U. wanted a "restudy."

Last week B.U. announced that the restudy never took place. A committee of review, and another of trustees, were all set to go, but when they went looking for Halperin, he was not to be found. Neighbors of the Halperins in suburban Brighton reported that they had seen the professor and his wife loading up their car at 3 a.m. Thanksgiving morning, and the two "had enough luggage in their car to outfit a large family for a year." The next thing B.U. knew, Maurice Halperin was in Mexico City.

For six weeks President Harold Case tried to get Halperin to face the committees. Case even offered to pay his fare up to Boston, but Halperin, pleading that his wife was ill, refused to come back. Last week the trustees of B.U. made their final decision: "For the good of Boston University, the services of Maurice Halperin are hereby terminated."

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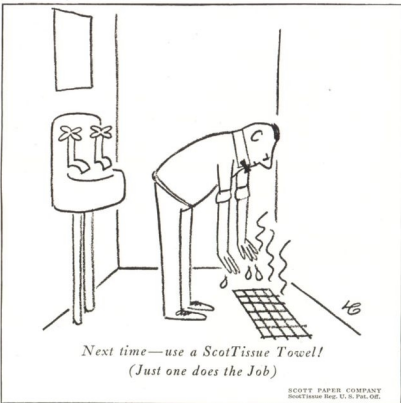
—G. A. Miller, V. P., Key Company

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Folly To Be Wise (Louver-Gilliat; Fine Arts Films). Whatever will become of the British drawing-room comedy now that hardly anybody can afford a drawing room? *Folly To Be Wise*, though it sometimes laughs a little too hard at its own joke, makes an amusing suggestion: use the same cast of characters, but turn the plot into a quiz show.

Enter the bustling chaplain (Alastair Sim), rubbing his hands. "Brissk! Ah! What have we here?" He has, for his first assignment as a World War II entertainment officer, a British army camp. The troops, he soon discovers, would rather have a pint at the village pub than enjoy the weekly entertainment provided for them by a group of patriotic ladies known as the May Savitt Quilthop String Quartet. The daring chaplain decides to compromise and give the boys a local talent quiz show.

In from the wings he calls a cast that looks as if it had been waiting there since Wycherley's last play folded. "My dear Lady Dodds" (Martita Hunt), a magnificent, antique iron doe, is followed on stage by Dr. McAdam (Miles Malleston), a lovable, bumbling country practitioner. The local "artist" (Roland Culver) is also there, and the artist's wife (Elizabeth Allan). The wife's lover (Colin Gordon), a big doublethink expert on the BBC, and the local Labor M.P., (Edward Chapman) complete the ambitious chaplain's board of experts.

Experts they are, at mugging if not at answering questions. From the moment somebody asks, "Is marriage a good idea?" the show falls gloriously apart. The artist and his wife's lover start by disagreeing about marriage in general, end by discussing their own particular situations in front of the enlisted personnel. Everything ends in a good, low brawl. Final shot: the chastened chaplain, a week later, seated primly in his empty auditorium, listening to the efforts of the May Savitt Quilthop String Quartet.

The Wild One (Stanley Kramer; Columbia) is a percussion piece played on the moviegoer's nerves, a kind of audiovisual fugue in which the themes of boogie and terror heap up in alternations of juke-yowl and gear-grash to a climax of violence—and then fall patly silent, leaving the audience to console its disordered pulse and unsweat itself from the seat.

The picture begins with the drum roar of motorcycle motors, as 30 or more of them pound over a highway between the crazy young legs of a bop-sent, trouble-hungry "sickle club" of teen-age boys. Pacing the pack is Marlon Brando, the wild one of the title, an actor whose sullen face, slurred accents and dream-drugged eye have made him a supreme portrayeur of morose juvenility. The motorized wolves burst into the small town of Wrightsville, stalk their machines along the curb, and



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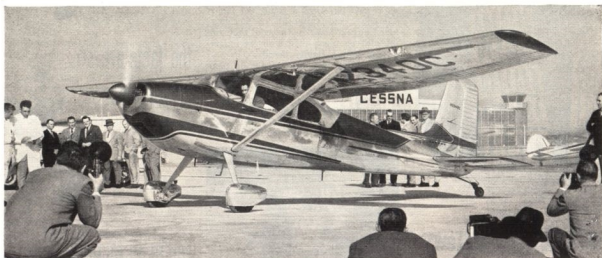
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pile into the local saloon to look for some action. They get it, and so does Wrightsville. The audience sits frozen with a growing horror as the abscess of violence swells and swells until the watcher almost cries out for it to burst and be done with. It bursts all right. Before the day and night are over, the young toughs have commandeered the tavern, wrecked a beauty parlor, broken into the jail, kidnapped and terrorized a young girl (Mary Murphy), and (although by accident) killed an old man. In the end, they ride off with no worse than a severe tongue-lashing from a county sheriff.

The script makes a couple of pious passes at pointing a moral; it says that the community—the greedy tavernkeeper, a weak cop, some hotheaded and vicious citizens—is as much to blame for what happens as the young delinquents are, but it is hard to believe in such talk.



MARLON BRANDO & WRIGHTSVILLE MOB
With yowl of juke and gnash of gear.

The effect of the movie is not to throw light on a public problem but to shoot adrenalin through the moviegoer's veins.

The movies have always accepted the notion that violence was its own excuse for being; they have said the same of love, too, and of holiness, and even sometimes of beauty—especially if it happened to appear in a female form. And yet, while Hollywood's expressions of love and holiness and beauty have remained in general on a level little above childishness, its methods of showing violence have evolved in adult and subtle variety.

The Wild One has the disturbing shock of reality (it is based on *The Cyclists' Raid* by Frank Rooney, about a gang of motorcycle hoodlums operating in California in 1949), but its main purpose seems to be to shock. No one can doubt that the movies are highly skillful at picturing brutality and violence, but *The Wild One* suggests that Hollywood may be making too much of a bad thing.

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**WESTERN
UNION**

All the Brothers Were Valiant (M-G-M) is the same salt solution, give or take a pinch, that the movie public has been contentedly gargling since *Mutiny on the Bounty* (1935). There are Robert Taylor and the usual miniature whale, the mutiny on the blood-slopped foredeck, the bad harpooner called Silva, the nice native girl (Betta St. John) and the sunken treasure—in this case so palpably a ball bearing that audiences may wonder why all the actors believe it to be a large black pearl.

The story tells what happens to some swine among whom the pearl is cast. Mostly, they kill each other to get it, but nobody does get it, because Stewart Granger, the last man left alive, has to run away from hostile natives, leaving the pearl at the bottom of a lagoon. Later he tries to persuade his brother, Captain Taylor, master of a whaling ship, to sail back and raise the treasure. When the captain refuses, Granger steals both Taylor's ship and his wife (Ann Blyth).

Since this movie has been made so often, it is curious that Hollywood cannot at least make it well. The long pearl-fishing flashback puts a potbelly on the middle of the film that never wears off. Actor Granger, admirably suited to British drawing-room movies, is badly miscast. And the derring-duo, Taylor and Actress Blyth, seem, in their big storm scene, while all the screen rocks wildly, as beautiful, as smilingly unperturbed and as lifeless as a manikin couple in a sporting-goods-store window.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Conquest of Everest. A heart-stirring camera record of the 1953 expedition to the top of the world's highest mountain (TIME, Dec. 21).

Escape from Fort Bravo. High-style horse opera, a worthy stablemate to *Shane* and *High Noon*; with William Holden, John Forsythe (TIME, Dec. 14).

The Living Desert. Walt Disney's first full-length film of nature in the raw; seldom mild, often cruelly beautiful (TIME, Nov. 16).

The Actress. Ruth Gordon's hit comedy about stagestruck adolescence; with Spencer Tracy, Teresa Wright, Jean Simmons (TIME, Oct. 19).

The Captain's Paradise. Alec Guinness as a ferryboat captain who manages to have a wife (Celia Johnson and Yvonne de Carlo) in each port (TIME, Oct. 12).

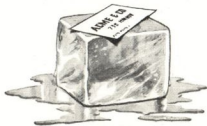
The Robe. The first CinemaScope film: a colorful, breathtakingly big production based on Lloyd C. Douglas' 1942 best-seller; starring Richard Burton, Victor Mature, Jean Simmons (TIME, Sept. 28).

Roman Holiday. Newcomer Audrey Hepburn goes on a hilarious tour of Rome with Gregory Peck and Eddie Albert (TIME, Sept. 7).

The Cruel Sea. One of the best of the World War II films, based on Nicholas Monsarrat's bestseller (TIME, Aug. 24).

From Here to Eternity. James Jones's novel about life in the peacetime Army, compressed into a hard, tensely acted movie (TIME, Aug. 10).

SOME SALESMEN MAKE COLD CALLS...



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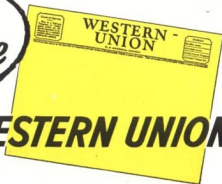
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They said it couldn't be done—but 105,000 soldiers and marines are living, fighting proof of the greatest naval evacuation in American history.

It began at dawn on the 12th of December, 1950. The 10th Corps was holding a tiny perimeter around the North Korean port of Hungnam, after a brilliant breakout from the Communist encirclement at Chosin Reservoir.

Then—behind a deadly wall of protective fire from the planes and guns of the World War II carrier Princeton and other 7th Fleet warships—a rescue fleet swarmed into the harbor and plucked five divisions of troops (plus 97,000 Korean civilians, 17,500 vehicles and 350,000 tons of cargo) out from under the guns of onrushing Chinese Communist hordes.

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U. S. S. Princeton and other ships of the "mothball fleet" preserved with Cocoon (above) in 1946. At left, the reactivated Princeton in action off Korea, 1950-53.

BOOKS

Virtues of Annihilation

TOMORROW (372 pp.)—Philip Wylie—Rinehart (\$3.50).

The news of this book is that splenetic Philip Wylie has 1) stopped harping on Mom-ism and sexual frigidity as the great enemies of the U.S., and 2) is now banging away at U.S. apathy in the face of the thermonuclear bomb. The heroes and heroines of *Tomorrow* are much the same as those in his previous polemics (e.g., *Generation of Vipers*, *Night Unto Night*). But where formerly they cried for a decrease in sexual pretense, they are now clamoring for an increase in Civil Defense.

The Conner family of the Midwest city of Green Prairie represent the new Wylie ideal. Father Conner is a sturdy sector warden who has kept his faith in C.D. throughout the dark years of cold war. So have his worthy wife and their sons Ted (a radio ham) and Chuck (an architect serving in Air Force intelligence). But their neighbors, the Bailey family, have spent the cold-war years lining their nests and crying haw-haw at C.D., except for daughter Lenore, who is devoted both to Chuck Conner and radiochemistry. Trouble is that Lenore is faced with the prospect of marrying a wealthy heel to save father Bailey from exposure as an embezzler.

All the rest of Wylie's characters—and they run into dozens of "representative" Americans—are divided like the Connors and the Baileys into C.D. sheep and irresponsible goats. When the Red bombers come roaring in from Canada and the Gulf of California, the sheep keep their heads and the goats go raving crazy. New York, Washington, Detroit and Philadelphia are wiped off the map; 20 million



AMBASSADOR BOWLES & NEW DELHI MOVIE ACTRESSES
He saved the sacred Ganges water.

Gopal Chitra Kuteer

people are annihilated by a combination of bombs, fire, germ warfare and national hysteria. Luckily a U.S. submarine, containing "the largest hydrogen bomb ever assembled," is lying handy in the North Sea. It enters the Baltic, submerges, and explodes itself. The whole northeast of Russia goes up in smoke—and the "last great obstacle to freedom had been removed . . ."

The best bits of *Tomorrow* are Wylie's orgiastic descriptions of falling bombs and U.S. cities going up in sky-high sheets of fire. They are effective for the simple reason that Wylie has been expecting a large-scale annihilation of his erring fellow men for many years and can therefore write of it with passionate intensity. Indeed, he concludes that bombing may be regarded as an "ultimate blessing," because total devastation provides "opportunity for young men" and gives architects a chance to design better cities. Moreover, by obliterating Mr. Bailey and his embezzlements, it gives Lenore the chance to marry Chuck. So, on the whole, perhaps the only really terrifying thing about *Tomorrow* is a statement on the jacket which says that Author Wylie is "an expert in Civil Defense matters and serves the Government in the capacity of Consultant."

Discovery of India

AMBASSADOR'S REPORT (415 pp.)—Chester Bowles—Harper (\$4).

When Fair Dealer Chester Bowles, onetime ad-agency tycoon, onetime OPA administrator and ex-governor of Connecticut, asked Harry Truman for the ambassadorship to India, he let himself in for some unexpected complications. Spending their first night on Indian soil, Bowles, his wife and their three younger children huddled together in one room of Bombay's Taj Mahal Hotel, awed and made uncomfortable by the five barn-sized rooms of the vicerey suite, in which their attendants had distributed them. Bowles faced his first formal call on President Rajendra

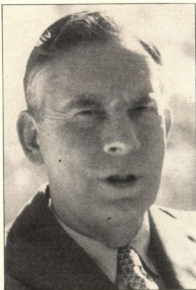
Prasad with his cutaway and striped pants still in transit from the U.S. The honor of U.S. protocol was saved only by the fact that the obliging Italian ambassador happened to have the same suit size.

But the new U.S. ambassador did have a clear idea about what he wanted to do in his new job. "An ambassador's job," writes Bowles, "is no longer the relatively simple one of carrying out the policy of his government on a high level . . . As I see it, his job is also to reach the people and give them some understanding of the objectives and policies of the United States. And it is his job, too, to help work out programs of economic cooperation which would strengthen democracy in the country of his assignment."

After 18 months on duty, Bowles left India in March 1953, confident that the Indians, at least, thought he had done this job exceptionally well. Bowles, in turn, liked the Indians. His book, while it offers some useful comment on the day-to-day hustle of a modern U.S. ambassador, is primarily the well-told story of an intelligent American's discovery of India. There are not many like it, for Bowles is able to admire the Indians with honest enthusiasm, without spluttering his readers with over-generous portions of sacred Ganges water. He can also give the Indians their lumps for obvious shortcomings—among other things, for the "almost pathologic dominance of nationalism" in their thinking.

Russia & Uncle Fitzgerald. At home in New Delhi, the Bowles family took to India with enthusiasm. They studied Hindi, and Bowles organized language classes for the embassy staff. The children went to Indian schools, and the girls threw away their bobby-sox for flowing local costumes. Cynthia, aged 16, did public-health work with Indian nursing students and spent her vacations in Indian villages. When Bowles was recalled, she stayed behind to finish her first-year studies at the Santiniketan Indian college.

In his public life, the ambassador found



Stan Wayman—Kapha-Guillamette

NOVELIST WYLIE

The goats go raving crazy.

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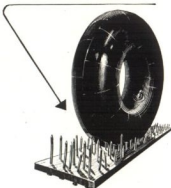


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the Indians not quite so ready to take to him. The newly independent Indians were ready to impugn U.S. motives and policies even before Bowles was able to explain them. The worst side of racial discrimination in the U.S. was worked into daily, throbbing headlines by the sensational Indian press and often by the more responsible papers. At every meeting he addressed, Bowles was for his chance to explain the inevitable question: "What about the discrimination against American Negroes?"

Bowles did what he could to answer all objections personally. He logged 60,000 miles traveling through the different states of India, and he never passed up a chance to address an Indian group, from Marxist students to movie actresses. When the embassy got out a series of pamphlets explaining U.S. policies in simple terms, old Adman Bowles, for 13 years a partner in Manhattan's Benton & Bowles, could not resist writing three of them himself. On the economic front, he put teeth in the Point Four program of technical and agricultural assistance, concentrating on work at local levels. Like Gandhi, Bowles came to believe that the long-term hope of India lies in improving the lot of its farming villagers.

Wherever he went, Bowles found himself fighting a defensive battle against the smooth-running propaganda machines of both Russia and Communist China, which supplement the activities of India's well-watched but potentially dangerous Communists. He had a hard time matching the opposition's propaganda output (representing an expenditure ten times the amount of all USIS appropriations). The city of Trivandrum, in the heart of a strong Communist area, had its bookstores packed with cheap Marxist literature. Before Bowles set up a USIS station there, the only piece of American reading material to be found was a copy of *Uncle Fitzgerald's Bedtime Stories*.

Democracy & Madan. As part of his mission, Bowles did some spare-time digging in Indian history and literature—enough, at least, to spice his conversation with apt quotations from Hindu proverbs of the Sanskrit scriptures. His historical research strengthened his faith in the Indians, especially what he learned about the modern phenomenon of Gandhi and his non-violence movement. Writes Bowles: "Gandhi's revolt had not only overthrown an empire, but had laid the foundations, in the mind and habits of the people, for democracy."

To ex-Ambassador Bowles, the democracy of the Indian government is the greatest ally of the U.S. in Asia, whether or not its foreign policy makes immediate formal commitment against the Communists. Democratic India is the direct rival of Communist China. He quotes approvingly an Indian statesman's remark: "Our ability through democracy to surpass, or at least equal, China's development under a dictatorship will determine our ability to survive as a free nation, and if we fail, Asia goes, too."

Just before the Bowleses left India, they

were gratified to learn that they had taught their Indian hosts a personalized bit of democracy at home. When they arrived, Madan, the untouchable sweeper, got the worst menial jobs in the house from the other servants, who were contemptuous of his low caste. Mrs. Bowles, by doing some of Madan's jobs herself, had worked hard to disabuse the others of their old caste prejudice. When the Bowles family said goodbye to their servants, it was Madan, the untouchable sweeper, who, with the others' approval, spoke the farewells for the group.

An Ode to Hippocrates

NOT AS A STRANGER (948 pp.)—Morton Thompson—Scribner (\$4.75).

At an age when his contemporaries dreamed of becoming cowboys or firemen, seven-year-old Lucas Marsh already knew his life work: he would be a doctor. He was handicapped from the first. Mamma,



NOVELIST THOMPSON
A triumph of I-Will-Be-Heard.

a neurotic and mystic who believed that only the spirit could heal, hated the very idea of medicine and hysterically begged Luke to forget it. Daddy Marsh, the crude, unscrupulous owner of a string of harness shops, insisted that Luke shift his sights to business and the big money. Luke obediently said yes, mother, yes, dad; but what his parents never knew was that they had produced one of life's rare ones: a truly dedicated man.

Lucas Marsh is the hero of Morton Thompson's vast, sprawling novel, *Not as a Stranger*, a book as fantastically sincere as its hero. When Novelist Thompson died last summer at 45, he had to his credit an intense, rough-edged novel about Dr. Ignaz Semmelweis, the identifier of child-bed fever (*The Cry and the Covenant*; TIME, Nov. 14, 1949). One thing Thompson had obviously wanted to be: a doctor. Failing that, he had desperately wanted

to write well, especially about doctors and medicine. He never became a doctor, and he never became a top writer, but what he lacked in craft was more than made up in sincerity. If *Not as a Stranger* is nothing else, it is a triumph of I-Will-Be-Heard.

When Lucas' father stopped sending money during his college pre-med course, the boy borrowed; and when he failed to borrow enough, he married for money—not much money, and not, by his standards, much of a woman. Kristina was a well-built Swedish girl from Minnesota who had read nothing, talked and dressed like an immigrant, and called him "Luke." But she was the head operating-room nurse at the university hospital, and she loved Luke in spite of all his inhuman fanaticism for his career. She put him through medical school. For Luke, it was the last that mattered.

When in school, Luke saw tarnish on his ideal: students faking their way through, professors who did not know their business, a fine professor of pathology scorned because he was a Jew. But when he went into practice as a small-town doctor's assistant, Lucas came upon more shocking specimens: doctors who let old, indigent patients die to get them out of the way, doctors who refused to answer night calls, a doctor who was a thief. As for Kristina, she was a wonder as a part-time nurse in the shabby county hospital, but as a doctor's wife she was a social embarrassment.

At novel's end, Dr. Lucas Marsh has learned that most men are compromisers, has learned to live with the facts of life without compromising too much himself. He has even learned that Kristina's virtues have it all over drawing-room talents. Most of all, *Not as a Stranger* is a heart-warming though crudely repetitive story of a passionate idealist whose passion is medicine. No novel ever written has contained more authentic, hard-won facts about doctors, patients, hospitals. Hypochondriacs will devour it; few of those who are not will consider its nearly 1,000 pages a waste if they stick it out. With all its literary embarrassments, *Not as a Stranger* speaks up for life as few recent literary successes have done.

Philadelphia Story

THE SAVING GRACE (287 pp.)—McCready Huston—Lippincott (\$3.50).

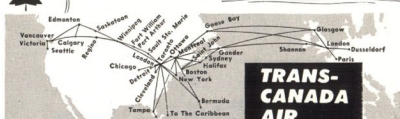
Change, as it must to all communities, has come to Philadelphia's Main Line, but along the Line can still be found French châteaux bordering colonial farmhouses, Moorish palaces nudging Scottish castles. And the old-style breed of Main Line aristocrat can still be found, holding on. In *The Saving Grace*, Novelist McCready Huston conducts a guided tour in the manner of a regional John P. Marquand. At the windup, Novelist Huston's poor but honest working girl has side-tracked her Main Liner into matrimony without even trying.

The girl is pretty Rose Martin, a blue-eyed brunette who comes from a coal patch in western Pennsylvania. The Main

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Liner is Hume Probyne, a gentleman steeped in the genteel tradition. ("It had been a better world when John was John or Jack, he ruminated. If this fad for men's names in 'y' or 'ie' was not a sign of decay, it was, he thought, proof that male infancy was being prolonged.") They meet when Hume is sent to New York on a family mission: to pry his nephew from Rose, who is presumed to be using her assets to earn Main Line dividends. Since she is really trying to dissolve the partnership, Hume's mission is easily accomplished.

Soon Rose's job brings her to a Main Line mansion, and the Main Liners parade in their native habitat: Hume's father, a Victorian-minded patriarch who has always acted like a father "and not that odious distortion called a 'pal'"; Hume's mother, a forthright, witty woman with unpredictable ideas whose ironic attitude toward inheritance taxes is: "We'd be better off if we could take the taxes and let the government have the inheritance"; Hume's nephew, who wants a job to prove that, despite his wealth, he can do something useful and creative; a pretty, 17-year-old neighbor with a wooden head and a seven-ply body that is calculated to make "you understand why the universe continues in spite of wars, famines and pestilence."

Before Rose accepts Hume's offer of marriage, she has refused proposals from two other Main Liners. Her "simple unaffectedness" seems to be irresistible. As for Main Liners, Hume defends them against the common accusation of being lordly by firmly declaring, "We are plain people." Within Novelist Huston's one-dimensional range, they are so plain as to seem commonplace, but that may not be entirely the author's fault.

RECENT & READABLE

The Greek Passion, by Nikos Kazantzakis. The temptation, betrayal and death of a Passion-play Christ; an impressive modern parable by the author of *Zorba the Greek* (TIME, Jan. 11).

The Life and Death of Sylvia, by Edgar Mittelholzer. A tragedy of shades of color in British Guiana (TIME, Jan. 11).

The Nemesis of Power, by John W. Wheeler-Bennett. The superbly told story of the German army's maneuverings in German politics from 1918 to 1945 (TIME, Dec. 28).

Someone Like You, by Roald Dahl. First-class short stories with bizarre, sometimes macabre plots and often surprise endings (TIME, Dec. 28).

Triumph and Tragedy, by Winston Churchill. Sixth and last volume of the best of all World War II accounts (TIME, Nov. 30).

The Journals of Lewis and Clark. The engrossing story of the first exploration of the Louisiana Purchase, skillfully culled by Bernard DeVoto from the original seven volumes (TIME, Nov. 23).

Except the Lord, by Joyce Cary. How poverty and a sense of predestination sent a young Englishman out into the world with a fire in his heels (TIME, Nov. 16).

The Second Biggest Year

Behind you lies the biggest year U.S. business has ever enjoyed. Ahead lies the second biggest. Not so prosperous as 1953, but encouragingly better than any other year in our business history. Such is the judgment of the editors of FORTUNE.

To help you appraise the opportunities and obstacles that will confront you in 1954, FORTUNE in the January issue offers seven short articles in a special section titled, "A Focus on '53 and '54."

Here FORTUNE's editorial specialists take a forward-backward look at some crucial areas of business interest. This two-way perspective is applied to science and technology; to businessmen's public relations; to major management problems; to defense and strategy; to labor; to economic conditions in Western Europe.

Added to these is FORTUNE's annual Business Roundup, in which FORTUNE's editors forecast the major economic developments of the twelve months to come. Their past record is one of outstanding accuracy. Mature interpretation of trends and judicious analysis of really important business factors is a special FORTUNE mission.

ALSO IN THE JANUARY FORTUNE:

SIXTY-SIX MILLION MORE AMERICANS: The post-war babies have changed the U.S. market as much as they have changed the lives of their parents. Everyone with something to sell will be affected by these babies, by the moderate dip in the birth rate now in sight—and by the second great baby boom that will follow. Here is a report on the one market ingredient more basic than money: people. (Sixth installment in FORTUNE's continuing series on the Changing American Market.)

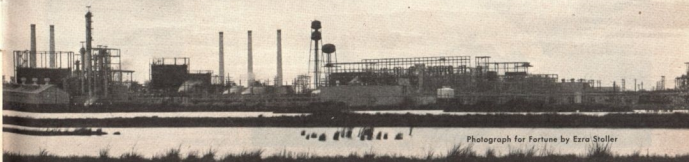
HOW HARD DO EXECUTIVES WORK?: Take work home with you? Get butterflies worrying over office situations? Neglect outside interests? Here, a study of how such problems affect other executives—and are likely to affect future ones.

CLARENCE RANDALL: STATESMAN FROM STEEL: As chairman of the Commission on Foreign Economic Policy, a Chicago steelmaker, broad of mind and tart of tongue, will have a lot to say on whether tariffs go up or down, and the fate of "trade not aid."

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Right of Way. Near Peru, Ind., Charles Windoffer was arrested for drunken driving after he mistook the Chesapeake and Ohio tracks for the road to his home, forced an oncoming train to stop, then bawled out the engineer for not dimming his lights.

Package Deal. In Atlanta, the Jack Salmon (Realty) Co. advertised in the *Constitution*: "Beautiful Estate . . . Astounding Value, including two wonderful maids and other interesting features . . . can be seen any time . . ."

A Votre Santé. In Dijon, France, to provide American tourists with a substitute for ice water, the Terminus Hotel installed a new piping system, in each bathroom provided two additional faucets, one for white wine, one for red.

Shortchanged. In Miami, three nights after he robbed Mack's Liquor Store of \$46, a holdup man returned, pointed a pistol at Proprietor Herman Mack, told him: "I read in the papers where I got \$600 . . . I came back for the rest," made off with \$115.

Honeymoon. In Chicago, seeking annulment of her marriage, Mrs. Patricia Kolarik testified that her husband Louis kissed her on their wedding day in May, had never kissed her since.

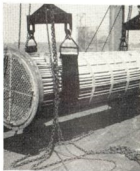
Tactical Withdrawal. In Kansas City, Mo., arrested after leading eleven police cars on a 17-mile, 100-m.p.h. chase through the city and suburbs, Motorist Donald C. Mangus told the judge: "I thought the siren was an ambulance's and I was just trying to get out of the way," got a \$325 fine and 60 days in jail.

The Scholar. In East Orrington, Me., 22 years after he failed to graduate from Brewer High School because he had not written an assigned book report, Avery D. Olmstead Jr., 40, turned in the essay, got his diploma.

Transfer. In Paris, Optatus Bastet, former chief bursar of the De la Santé Prison, wound up in a cell after officials discovered that he had taken 1,200,000 francs (\$3,428), from the prison safe for "travel expenses."

Late for Dinner. In Los Angeles, seeking a divorce, Mrs. Honor Landier testified that her husband Felicien called from the office one night in 1943, told her he would be working late, has not yet come home.

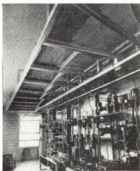
The Record. In London, police finally caught up with Peter Keane, 25, charged him with 1) turning in 118 false alarms, 2) sending 200 taxis on phony errands, 3) taking 300-odd letters from private mailboxes, 4) committing some 130 additional crimes.



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